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POETICAL RECREATIONS:

Confifting of

ORIGINAL POEMS, songs, odes, &c.

With feveral

New TRANSLATIONS.

In Two PARTS.

PART I.

Occasionally Written by Mrs. JANE BARKER.

PART II.

By feveral Gentlemen of the UNIVERSITIES, and Others.

Incedit, magna Juvenum stipante caterva. Virg.

LONDON,

Printed for Benjamin Crayle, at the Peacock and Bible, at the West-end of St. Pauls. 1688.

M. Muygorave!



MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

PUBLISHER

TO

The Reader.

EST the Book might appear Naked, and unfashionable, I thought it could not be altogether unnecessary to say something by way of Preface; Therefore, not to be tedious, and pedantickly stuff it up with Quotations of several Languages, (as some affect, to shew Learning) I shall only say this of the enfuing Poetical Recreations, That the kind reception some other things of this nature have found, encouraged me in the attempt of Publishing these; and

The Publisher to the Reader.

I hope they may give as equivalent satisfaction as any that have preceded them: for the ensuing Verses have pass'd the test of several that know how to judge of Poetry, and that was sufficient to prompt me to the adventure.

The First Part of these Miscellanies are the essects of a Ladies Wit,
and I hope all the Courtly will (though
out of a Complement) allow them for
valuable: But however, not to say
much more of her Verses, I doubt not
but they will commend themselves far
better than I can pretend to; for all
good things carry with them a certain
irresistable Authority, not to be oppos'd.

The Second Part flows from the Pens of those whose Educations gave them the opportunity of improving their

their natural Endowments at the Universities, and some others who wanted those advantages; and by reading you may find the difference of Parts improv'd, and Parts as barely natural: And as Learning is but a way to set off Nature, so very often we see Nature naked to appear more beautifull than when confin'd or daub'd by auker'd and unnecessary Art, which makes it often prove like a good Face spoil'd by ill Paint, and injurious Washes. But not to pretend to give you a particular Harangue of each Authour, and an account of their Writings, who have been so kind to the World as to contribute to this Piece; I Shall only say that that which Horace said of himself, is applicable to them:

Libera per vacuum posuiVestigia princeps.

Non aliena meo pressi pede.———

4 They've

The Publisher to the Reader.

They've trod new Paths, to others Feet unknown, And bravely ventur'd to lead others on.

If you that read, like, and recommend, so that the Book sells, I am oblig'd, and you pleas'd: And therefore I shall leave you to the tryal. Vale.

suffered and markeela v Art, which

particular Hardnesse of each Eur

tings I who is the been lo land to the

paroli daid i mon the thornes

Inibera per vacuulumbliniV chigis of opene.

francilla applicatero mema

A dunt to be B. CRAYLE.

of le as to contribute to this Piece; &

To Madam JANE BARKER,

On Her Incomparable

POEMS.

Cloon as some envious Angel's willing hand Snarch'd Great Orinda from our happy Land; The Great Orinda, whose Seraphick Pen Triumph'd o'er Women, and out-brav'd ev'n Men. Then our Male-Poets modeftly thought fit, To claim the honour'd Primacy in Wit; But, lo, the Heiref. of that Ladies Mufe, Rivals their Merits, and their Sence out-do's; With swifter flights of fancy wings her Verfe, And nobler Greatness valiant Acts reherse. Her Modish Muse abhors a constant dress, Appears each day in fineries afresh: Sometimes in pompous Grandeur she do's nobly stalk. Then clad in tragick Buskins do's Majestick walk; She fwells in blufhing Purple, or looks big in Arms, Proclaims destructive Wars, & triumphs in Alar ms; Denounces

Denounces fall of States, and fate of greatest Kings, Ruin of mighty Monarchs, and of mighty Things. Sometimes her angry Muse, fill'd with Satyrick rage, Lashes the frantick follies of a froward Age; Then whips, and fiery Serpents ev'ry Verse entwine, And sharpest-pointed Vengeance fills each threatning Sometimes her kinder Muse do's softly sing Of native joys, which in the Country spring: Snarch'd Great Oxivels from our h, ashTand; Noiseless as Planets, all her Numbers move, Or filent breathings of a fleeping Dove; flemuit Soft as the Murmur of a gentle din M mo ned I Or Mid-nights whifpers 'twixt an Amorous pair. A genuine sweetness through her Verses flow, And harmless Raptures, such as Shepherds know; She fills each Plain, each Wood, each shady Grove, With wearied Echoes of repeated Love. Bald and Bombastick equally you shun, In ev'n paces all your Numbers run, Spencer's aspiring fancy fills your Soul, Whilst lawfull Raptures through your Poems rowl, Which always by your guidance do fubmit, To th' curb of Judgment, and the bounds of Wit-

Ontrono(

When

When in a Comick sweetness you appear,

Ben Johnson's humour seems revived there.

When lofty Passions thunder from your Pen,

Methinks I hear Great Shakespear once again.

But what do's most your Poetry commend?

You ev'n begin where those great Wits did end.

Your infant fancy with that height is crown'd,

Which they with pains and cost (when old) scarce found.

Go on, Dear Madam, and command our praise, Our freshest Laurels, and our greenest Bays.

(Madain) in all thinks elle but only Wir :

We not i far early all light your Pow't,

Nix do the collegional the finallest part

As to dank Osites delouved Praise;

Such we our vila Self-love, and Rubborn Pride,

But Heaven was pleas also take the weakest fide,

Bet out a with hame, and praise your great Defect.

St. John's Colledge.

PHILASTER.

Tor are you to deficeus of the Bays

To the Ingenious Mrs. BARKER,

On Her Excellent

POEMS.

The Muses wou'd their Governours expell,
And raise a Female Heir unto the Crown,
One of their Sex to sit upon the Throne:
And now the time is come, we say to see
We're Subjects to so great a Queen as thee;
Before in all things else we did submit,
(Madam) in all things else but only Wit:
Such was our vain Self-love, and stubborn Pride,
But Heav'n was pleas'd to take the weakest side.
And now as Captives to our Conquerour,
We must surrender all into your Pow'r,
Not daring to keep back the smallest part,
But own with shame, and praise your great Desert.

Nor are you so desirous of the Bays,
As to deny Others deserved Praise;

But giving them an Everlasting Name,
You merit to your self a nobler Fame;
While your own Glory you so much neglect,
And Others with such skill and care protect,
More lasting Trophies to your self erect.

But ah, how high your Fancy takes its slight,
Whilst they admire at you, gone out of sight:
So all in Fire Elijah sled unkind,
And lest Elisha wond'ring here behind:
They, like Elisha, for a Blessing call,
You hear their Pray'rs, and let the Mantle fall.
With this they strange unheard-of things can doe,
Had they a fiery Coach, they'd be Elijah's too.

Farther oblige the World (good Madam) still By divine Raptures of your warbling Quill.

Restore the Muses, and true Poetry,

And teach what Charms do in true Measures lye:

And when you find a time best to retreat,

Spin out into a Web of Fancy, and of Wit.

Let me your Muse a Legacy inherit,

A double Portion of your sacred Spirit.

C. G.

To the Ingenious AUTHOUR,

Mrs. JANE BARKER,

ONHER

POEMS.

or wond hint here

As in the ancient Chaos, from whose Womb
The Universe did come;

All things confus'd, disorder'd were,
No signs o'th' luster, which did after grace
The whole Creation's face;

Nothing of Beauty did appear,

But all was a continu'd boundless space,

Till the Almighty's powerfull Command,

Whose Action ev'r more quick than thought,

The Infant World out of confusion brought;

Whose all-commanding hand,

With Beafts & Trees did bount oully adorn the fruit-

(full Land-

So where my Thoughts, if Thoughts can be Design'd from Wit, and Poetrie,
Nothing but Ignorance appear'd,
Dull ignorance, and folly too,
With all that Crew,

And home-bred Darkness held the regencie,
Till your Almighty Pen
This Chaos clear'd,

And of old arm'd Men,
Strange Miracles rose out o'th' Earth:
So to your charming Wit I owe

These Verses, 'tis your Word that makes them so;
Which rais'd from such a barren ground,
Strive to resound

Your praise, who by such harmless Magick gave III. (them Birth.

And as the Heav'ns, to which we all things owe, Scarce own those Bounties which they do bestow:

So you're as kind as they, Submit your kinder influence, To be by us determin'd, us obey; And still from them

Give us ev'n for our weakness a reward,

Without regard

To Merit: Or if any thing we doe,

Worth praise, though solely it proceed from you, Yet for our smallest diligence you doubly do repay.

St. John's Colledge.

EXILIUS.

In Elegantem JANÆ BARKER Poeticen Epigramma.

Ponte Caballino Janam cum cerno lavatam,
An Sappho est, inquam, qua rediviva canit?
Non, ait, at parere ut possim praclara Virorum
Facta datum; hand aliis, sed peperisse viros.

M. Heliogenes de L' Epi. Philos. at Med. P.

To Mrs. JANE BARKER,

On Her Ingenious

POEMS.

E Men wou'd fain monapolize all Wit, Ande'er fince Adam nam'd the Beafts, claim'd Thinking in that, by him, our Patent writ. (it,) How grofly we mistook, Orinda knew, We are convinc'd too by your Verfe and Too. Tis true, at Ten, we're feat to th' whipping fry,? To rug at Claffick Oars, and trembling lye Under Gill's heavy lash, or Buzby's Eye. At Einbteen, we to King's or Trinity are fent, And nothing less than Laureate will content; We fearch all Sects, (like Systematick Fools) And fweat o'er Horace for Poetick Rules. Yet after all these Mountain-throes and din, At length drops out some poor crude Sooterkin, And makes ---- tob Tonson vex't he e'er put in.

2

But here a Lady, with less noise and pain,
Lays by her Bobbins, Tape, and Point-Lorrain;
Attends her serene Soul, till forth she brought
Fancy well-shap't, and true digested Thought.
Shadwell and Settle yield she hath the knack,
And swear she will out-doe Revolting Jack;
She cloaths her Sence in such a modest Style,
That her chast Lines no Reader can defile.

Madam, your happy Vein we all admire,
Pure unmix't rays (just so Ethereal fire
Will shine above the Atmosphere of gross desire,)
Brisk Ayrs, chast Sence, and most delighting Lays;
Take off your Top-knots, and put on the Bays.

S. C. Efq.

To the Incomparable GALÆCIA,

On the Publication of Her

POEMS.

When a new Star do's in the Skies appear,
And to some Constellation, shining there,
New lustre adds, and gilds the rowling Sphere.
Then all the Sons of Art, wond'ring to see
The bright, and the amazing Noveltie;
By most accurate Observations, try
To search, and find its perfect Theory;
To know its colour, form, place, magnitude,
And from strange Causes strange Effects conclude:
So all Men, pleas'd with thy ingenuous fire,
Who beauteous Verse, and happy flights admire;
With joy behold a Wit so pure as thine,
In this dark Age of Ignorance to shine,
And scatter Rays so dazling and Divine.

All think it glorious, and with vast delight, Gaze on a Star so channing, and so bright; Nor are amaz'd that Wits less gay and clear, At the approach of thine, shou'd disappear. That Poetafter's of a low degree, Shou'd now negle fed, and unvalu'd be, And spreading Fame confin'd alone to thee; Since none fo nicely are observ'd, and view'd, As the large Stars of the first Magnitude. And may your piercing Wit shine always bright As th' Ev'ning Star in a clear frosty Night, Unrival'd by the Moon's faint borrow'd light. May never interpoling ferrows meet, To cloud, or to obscure your growing Wit. But may your Rhimes be still imploy'd to tell, What fatisfaction do's in Knowledge dwell; And as you have begun, so yet go on, To make coy Nature's secrets better known; And may we learn in purest Verse, from thee, The Art of Physick, and Anatomie; While the much-pleas'd Apollo smiles to see Medicine at once improv'd, and Poetrie.

FIDELIUS,

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and son.

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Miscellany POEMS.

PART I.

By Mrs. JANE BARKER.

An Invitation to my Friends at Cambridge.

IF, Friends, you would but now this place accost,
E're the young Spring that Epithet has lost,
And of my rural joy participate;
You'd learn to talk at this distracted rate.

Hail, Solitude, where Innocence do's shroud Her unvail'd Beauties from the cens'ring Croud; Let me but have her Company, and I Shall never envy this World's Gallantry:

We'll

We'll find out fuch inventions to delude And mock all those that mock our solitude, That they for shame shall fly for their defence To gentle Solitude and Innocence: Then they will find how much they've been deceiv'd, When they the flatt'ries of this World believ'd. Though to few Objects here we are confin'd, Yet we have full inlargement of the Mind. From varying Modes, which do our Lives inflave, Lo here a full Immunity we have. For here's no pride but in the Sun's bright Beams; Nor murmuring, but in the Crystal streams. No avarice is here, but in the Bees, Nor is Ambition found but in the Trees. No Wantonness but in the frisking Lamb, Nor Luxury but when they fuck their Dans. Nor are there here Contrivances of States, Only the Birds contrive to please their Mates; Each minute they alternately improve A thousand harmless ways their artless love. No Cruel Nymphs are here to tyrannize, Nor faithless Youths their form to exercise; Unless Narcissus be that fullen he That can despise his am'rous talking fhe.

No Emulation here do's interpose, Unless betwixt the Tulip and the Rose; But all things do conspire to make us bless'd, (Yet chiefly 'tis Contentment makes the Feast) 'Tis fuch a pleasing solitude as yet Romance ne're found, where happy Lovers met: Yea fuch a kind of folitude it is, Not much unlike to that of Paradife, Where all things do their choicest good dispence, And I too here am plac'd in innocence. I shou'd conclude that such it really were, But that the Tree of Knowledge won't grow here : Though in its culture I have spent some time, Yer it disdains to grow in our cold Clime, Where it can neither Fruit nor Leaves produce Good for its owner, or the publick ufe. How can we hope our Minds then to adorn With any thing with which they were not born; Since we're deny'd to make this small advance, To know their nakedness and ignorance? For in our Maker's Laws we've made a breach, And gather'd all that was within our reach, Which fince we ne're could touch; Altho' our Eyes Do serve our longing-Souls to tantalize,

Whilft

Whilst kinder fate for you do's constitute
Luxurious Banquets of this dainty Fruit.
Whose Tree most fresh and slourishing do's grow,
E'er since it was transplanted amongst you;
And you in Wit grow as its branches high,
Deep as its Root too in Philosophy;
Large as its spreading Arms your Reasons grow,
Close as its Umbrage do's your Judgments show;
Fresh as its Leaves your sprouting fancies are,
Your Vertues as its Fruits are bright and fair.

To Mr. HILL, on his Verses to the Dutchess of YORK, when she was at Cambridge.

What Wit for Subject could be for thy Wit?
What Wit for Subject could there be more fit.
Than thine for this, by which thou'st nobly shew'd
Thy Soul with Loyal Sentiments endew'd?
Not only so, but prov'd thy self to be
Mirrour of what her Highness came to see:
VVho having seen the Schools of Art, the best
She found concenter'd in thy matchless Breast;

And doubtless when she saw the eager joys Of Ears no less ambitious than their Eyes, She did conclude their coming was not there To fee her only, but thy Wit to hear: Thine whose ascent shall learned Cambridge grace, And shew it's no fuch foggy level place As most affirm; for now the VVorld shall know That * Woods and Hills of wit in Cambridge grow, *woo VVhose lofty tops such pleasing Umbrage make, As may induce the Gallants to forfake Their dear-lov'd Town, to gather in this place Some witticisms of a better race, Than what proceed from swearing Criticks, who Kick Tavern Boys, and Orange-Wenches wooe, Are Machavillians in a Coffee-house, And think it wit a poor Street-Whore to chouse; And for their Father Hobbs will talk so high, Rather than him they will their God deny: And lest their wit should want a furer proof, They boast of crimes they ne're were guilty of. Thus hellish cunning drest in Masquerade Of Wit's difguise, so many have betray'd, And made them Bondslaves, who at first did fly Thither Wit's famine only to supply.

But now I hope they'll find the task too great,
And think at last of making a retreat:
Since here's a Pisgah-Hill whereon to stand
To take a prospect of Wit's holy Land,
Flowing with Milk of Christian innocence,
And Honey of Cic'ronian Eloquence.

To my Cousin Mr. E. F. on his Excellent PAINTING.

Should I in tuneless lines strive to express. That harmony which all your lines confess, Ambition would my judgment so out-run, Ev'n as an Archer that would hit the Sun. My Muse, alas! is of that humble size, She scarce can to a Counter-tenour rise; Much less must she to treble notes aspire, To match the Beauties of your pencil's Quire: Yet quite forbear to sing, she can't, since you such ample objects for her praises shew. No Poet here can have his tongue confin'd, Unless he's, like his Master Homer, blind,

But must in spight of all his conscious sears,
Say something where such Excellence appears.
VVhere each line is in such due order plac'd,
Nature stands by asraid to be disgrae'd.
Lo in the Eye such graces do appear,
As if all Beauties were united there.
Yet different Passions seem therein to move,
Grave even as VVissom, brisk and sweet as Love:
The lips; which always are committing rapes,
(To which the Youths fly more than Birds to the Grapes)

With colour that transcends the Indian-lake,
And harmless smiles they do their Conquests make.
I should be tedious should I mention all
VVhich Justice would the chiefest Beauties call,
VVhose line ments all harmony do shew,
And yet no less express all Beauty too,
A strange reverse of nature seems to be,
That now we Beauty hear, and Musick see;
Yet just proportion in true numbers meet,
VVhich make a Chorus even heavinly sweet.

Could I think Antient Painters equall d thee,
I should conclude Romance true History;

Not

Not think it strange that Pictures could excite Those Gallant Hero's then to love and fight;
Nor say that Painters did on them impose,
Since they made Gods and Mortals like to those;
As Poets did create the Deities,
So Painters gave them their ubiquities:
For had not Painters them to th' Vulgar shown,
They only to the Learned had been known:
Nor are we less than they oblig d to you,
VVho give us Beauty, and immortalize it too.

To my Reverend Friend Mr. H---.
on bis Presenting me The Reasonableness
of Christianity, and The History of
King CHARLES the First, &c.

Good Sir, if I could my Resentments shew In words, how much I am oblig'd to you, I wou'd invoke some Muse to teach me how T' express my gratitude in number now; But, Sir, the kindness which to me you shew'd, Transcends the bounds of finite gratitude:

What number then, alas, can there be fit To cypher kindness which is infinite? And fuch is that which teaches us to know God and our felves, and what we ought to do: For whilst I in your Parish spent my Youth, I gain'd the knowledge of all faving Truth; . And when my Exit was by fate design'd, To shew, you'd not impos'd upon my Mind (In its Minority, what Reason might In its mature and full-grown vigour flight) You kindly gave me in Epitome, The Reasonableness of Christianitie. Which shews there's no necessity to make Us discard Reason when our Faith we take. For God, who knew how apt we were to flide From Faith, if we'd no reason for our Guide, Made all his Precepts, which on Faith were fix'd, To be with reason, and our int'rest mix'd; For howfoe'er by fome they're understood, I'm fure it is our int'rest to be good: And left Example should be wanting to Excite us to what Precepts bid us do, He always gave us some, whose Virtues did Exalt good deeds, and wicked ones forbid;

Whose Christian strength was able to subdue The busie World, Flesh, and the Devil too. 'Mongst whom there's none more Eminently good Than he who feal'd the Truth with's Royal Blood; Who prov'd himfelf by's Royal Sufferings The best of Men, as well as best of Kings: As David was Chrift's Sire, and Servant, fo Charles was his Brother, Son and Servant too. Much might be faid to call our Wonder forth, And fall much short of his transcendent VVorth; For he fo far all praises do's furpais, That who speaks most, speaks short of what he was. For nothing can his matchless worth express, Nor characterize his mighty Soul, unless VVisdom her self assume religious dress. Thanks then, Good Sir, to you, for giving me This compleat Mirrour of Christianitie.

oddeeds, and whome

To Mr. G. P. my Adopted Brother; on the nigh approach of his Nuptials.

Dear Brother,

"Hy Marry'ng humour I dare scarce upbraid, Lest thou retort upon me Musty Maid; Yet prithee don't its joys too much esteem, It will not prove what distance makes it feem: Bells are good musick, if they're not too nigh, But fure'ts base living in a Belsery. To see Lambs skip o're Hills is pretty sport But who wou'd justle with them in their Court? Then let not Marriage thee in danger draw, Unless thou'rt bit with Love's Tarantula; A Frenzy which no Phytick can reclaim, But Crosses, crying Children, scolding, Dame: Yet who would fuch a dang'rous Med'cine try, Where a difease attends the remedy; Whilft Love's Diaryan it affays to cure, It introduces Anger's Calenture. Ah, pity thy good humour should be spoil'd, The glory of thy wit and friendship soil'd:

From Married Man wit's Current never flows,
But grave and dull, as standing Pond, he grows;
Whilst th' other like a gentle stream do's play,
With this World's pebbles, which obstruct his way.
What should I talk, this and much more you know
Of all the troubles you must undergo.
Yet if we'll eat Tythe-pig, we must endure
The punishment to serve the Parson's Cure.

A VIRGIN LIFE.

Since, O ye Pow'rs, ye have bestow'd on me So great a kindness for Virginity, Suffer me not to fall into the Pow'rs Of Mens almost Omnipotent Amours; But in this happy Life let me remain, Fearless of Twenty five and all its train, Of slights or scorns, or being call'd Old Maid, Those Goblings which so many have betray'd: Like harmless Kids, that are pursu'd by Men, For safety run into a Lyon's Den. Ah lovely State how strange it is to see, What mad conceptions some have made of thee, ٧

As though thy Being was all wretchedness, Or foul deformity i'th' ugliest dress; Whereas thy Beauty's pure, Celestial, Thy thoughts Divine, thy words Angelical: And fuch ought all thy Votaries to be, Or else they're so, but for necessity. A Virgin bears the impress of all good, In that dread Name all Vertue's understood: So equal all her looks, her mien, her drefs, That nought but modesty seems in excess. And when she any treats or visits make, 'Tis not for tattle, but for Friendship's fake; Her Neighb'ring Poor she do's adopt her Heirs, And less she cares for her own good than theirs; And by Obedience testifies she can Be's good a Subject as the stoutest Man. She to her Church fuch filial duty pays, That one would think she'd liv'd i'th' pristine days. Her Closet, where she do's much time bestow, Is both her Library and Chappel too, Where she enjoys society alone, Ith' Great Three-One She drives her whole Lives business to these Ends, To serve her God, enjoy her Books and Friends.

To my Friend EXILLUS, on bis persuading me to Marry Old Damon.

HenFriends advice with Lovers forces joyn, They'll conquer Hearts more fortify'd than For mine lyes as it wont, without defence, (mine: No Guard nor Art but its own innocence; Under which Fort, it could fierce storms endure, But from thy Wit I find no Fort secure. Ah, why would'st thou assist my Enemy, Who was himfelf almost too strong for me? Thou with Idolatry mak'ft me adore, And homage do to the proud Conquerour. Now round his Neck my willing Arms I'd twine. And fwear upon his Lips, My Dear, I'm thine, But that his kindness then would grow, I fear, Too weighty for my weak defert to bear. I fear 'twou'd even to extreams improve, And Jealousie, they fay, sth' extream of Love; That after all my kindness to him shown, My little Neddy, he'll not think't his own: Ev'n thou my Dear Exillus he'll fuspect, If I but look on thee, I him neglect:

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Not only He-friends innocent as thou, But he'll mistruft She-friends and Heav'n too. Thus best things may be turn'd to greatest harm, As faying th' Lord's Prayer backward proves a Or if not thus, I'm fure he will despise, Or under-rate the easie-gotten prize. These and a thousand fears my Soul posses, But most of all my own unworthiness; Like dying Saints, I wish for coming joys, But humble fears that forward wish destroys. What shall I do then? bazard the event? You fay, Old Damon's, all that's excellent. If I miss him, the next some Squire may prove, Whose Dogs and Horses shall have all his love; Or some debauch'd pretender to lewd wit, Or covetous, conceited, unbred Citt. Thus the brave Horse, who late i'th' Coach did Is forc'd at last to tug a nasty Dray.

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of all those of the linguistical

To Dr. R. S. my indifferent Lover, who complain'd of my Indifferency.

7 Qu'd little reason to complain of me, Or my unkindness or indiffrency, Since I by many a circumstance can prove, That int'rest was the motive of your love; But Heav'n it felf doth ever hate th' address, VVhose crafty Motive's only interess; No more can honest Maids endure to be, The objects of your wife indiffrency. Such wary Courtship only should be shown To cunning jilting Baggages o'th' Town: For faithfull Love's the rhetorick that persuades, And charms the hearts of filly Countrey Maids. But when we find your Courtship's but pretence, Love were not Love in us, but impudence. At best I'm sure it needs must prove to us (VVhat e're you think on't) most injurious. For had I of that gentle nature been, As to have lov'd your Person, Wit, or Mien, How

How many fighs and tears it would have coft, And fruitless expectations by the Post, Saying he is unkind; oh, no, his Letter's loft; Hoping him fick, or lame, or gone to Sea, Hope any thing but his inconstancy. Thus what in other Friends cause greatest fear, To desp'rate Maids, their only comforts are. This I through all your Blandishments did see, Thanks to ill nature that instructed me: (you, Thoughts of your fighs, would plead sometimes for But fecond thoughts again would let me know, In gayoft Serpents strongest Poysons are, And sweetest Rose-trees sharpest prickles bear : And so it proves, for now it do's appear, Your Flames and Sighs only for Money were. As Beggers for their gain turn Blind and Lame; On the same seore a Lover you became: Yet there's a kindness in this false Amour, It teaches me ne'er to be Mistress more. Thus Blazing Comets are of good portent, If they excite the People to repent.

On the DEATH of my Dear Friend and Play-fellow, Mrs E. D. having Dream'd the night before I heard thereof, that I had loft a Pearl.

Dream'd I loft a Pearl, and fo it prov'd; I loft a Friend much above Pearls belov'd : A Pearl perhaps adorns some outward part, But Friendship decks each corner of the heart: Friendship's a Gem, whose Luftre do's out-shine All that's below the heav'nly Cryftaline : Friendship is that mysterious thing alone, Which can unite, and make two Hearts but one; It purifies our Love, and makes it flow I'th' clearest stream that's found in Love below; It sublimates the Soul, and makes it move Towards Perfection and Celestial Love. We had no by-defigns, nor hop'd to get Each by the other place amongst the great; Nor Riches hop'd, nor Poverty we fear'd, Twas Innocence in both, which both rever'd:

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Witness this truth the Wilfthorp-Fields, where we So oft enjoy d a harmles Luxurie; Where we indulg'd our easie Appetites, With Pocket-Apples, Plumbs, and fuch delights: Then we contriv'd to spend the rest o'th' day, In making Chaplets, or at Check-stone play; When weary, we our felves supinely laid On Beds of Vilets under some cool shade, (Rays, VVhere th' Sun in vain strove to dart through his Whilft Birds around us chanted forth their Lays; Ev'n those we had bereaved of their young, VVould greet us with a Querimonious Song. Stay here, my Muse, and of these let us learn, The loss of our deceased Friend to Mourn: Learn did I fay? alas, that cannot be, We can teach Clouds to weep, and Winds to figh at Teach Brooks to murmur, Rivers to o re-flow, VVe can add Solitude to Shades of Teaugh. VVere Turtles to be witness of our moan, They'd in compassion quite forget their own: Nor shall hereafter Heraclitus be, Fam'd for his Tears, but to my Muse and Me j fate shall give all that Fame can comprehend, h poor repair for th' loss of such a Friend.

The Prospect of a LANDSKIP,

Beginning with a GROVE.

7Ell might the Antients deem a Grove to be The Sacred Mansion of some Deity; For it our Souls infenfibly do's move, At once to humble Piety and Love, The choicest Bleffings Heav'n to us has giv'n, And the best Offring we can make to Heav'n; These only poor Mortality make bles'd, And to Inquietude exhibit reft; By these our rationality is shown, The cognisance by which from Brutes we'r known. For who themselves of Piety devest, Are furely but a Moral kind of Beafts; But those whom gentle Laws of Love can't bind, Are Salvages of the most sordid kind. But none like these do in our Shades obtrude, Though scornfully some needs will call them rude Yet Nature's culture is so well exprest, That Art her felf would wish to be so drest:

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For here the Sun conspires with every Tree, To deck the Earth with Landskip-Tapiftry. (pear, Then through some space his brightest Beams ap-VVhich do's erect a Golden Pillar there. Here a close Canopy of Bows is made, There a foft graffie Cloth of State is spread, VVith Gems and gayest Flow'rs embroider'd o're, Fresh as those Beauties honest Swains adore. Here Plants for health, and for delight are met, The Cephalick Cowflip, Cordial Violet. Under the Dimetick Woodbine grows The Splenetick Columbine, Scorbutick Rose; The best of which, some gentle Nymph doth take, For faithfull Corydon a Crown to make; Whilft on her Lap the happy Youth's head lves, Gazing upon the Afpetts of her Eyes, The most unerring, best Aftronomy, VVhereby to Calculate his destiny; VVhilft o're their heads a pair of Turtles Coo, VVhich with less zeal and constancy do wood; And Birds around, through their extended throats, In careless Consort chant their pleasing Notes; Than which, no sweeter Musick strikes the Ear, Unless when Lover's sighs each other hear;

VVhich

Which are more foft than Austral Breeses bring, Although they say they're harbingers of th' Spring.

Ah filly Town! wil't thou near learn to know, What happiness in Solitude do's grow? But as a hardn'd Sinner for's desence, Pleads the insipidness of innocence; Or some whom Vertue due respect would grant, But that they seign they're of her ignorant: Yet Blindness is not laudable to plead, When we're by wilfull Ignorance mis-led. Should some, who think't a happiness to get Crouds of acquaintance, to admire their Wit; Resolve their Sins and Follies to discard, Their Cronies quickly would them disregard.

'Tis hard we must (the World's so wicked grown)
Be complaisant in Sin, or live alone:
For those who now with Vertue are endu'd,

Do live alone, though in a multitude.

Retire then all, whom Fortune don't oblige, To suffer the distresses of a Siege.

. Where strong temptation Vertue do's attacque,

Put where no Conquest can be hop'd by fight,
Tis honourable, sure, to 'scape by flight.

Fly to some calm retreat, where you may spend Your life in quietude with fome kind Friend; In some small Village, and adjacent Grove, At once your Friendship and your Wit improve; Free from those vile, opprobrious, foolish Names, Of Whig or Tory, and from fordid aims Of Wealth, and all its train of Luxuries; From Wit Sophisticate, with fooleries. (Wine, From Beds of Luft, and Meals o're-charg'd with Here temp'rately thou may'ft on one Dish dine: In wholfome Exercife thou may'ft delight Thy felf, and make thy rest more sweet at night. And if thy mind to Contemplation leads, Who God and Nature's Books has, furely needs No other Object to imploy his thought, Since in each leaf fuch Mysteries are wrought; That whoso studies most, shall never know Why the straight Elm's so tall, the Moss so low. Oh now, I could inlarge upon this Theam, But that I'm unawares come to the stream, Which at the bottom of this Grove do's glide; And here I'll rest me by its flow'ry side.

Sitting

Sitting by a Rivulet.

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A H lovely stream, how sitly may'st thou be,
By thy immutability,

Thy gentle motion and perennity,

To us the Emblem of Eternity:

And to us thou do'st no less

A kind of Omnipresence too express.

For always at the Ocean thou

Art always here, and at thy Fountain too;

Always thou go'ff thy proper Courfe,

Spontaneously, and yet by force,

Each Wave forcing his Precurfor on;

Yet each one runs with equal hafte,

As though each fear'd to be the last.

With mutual strife, void of contention,

In Troops they march, till thousands, thousands past.

Yet gentle stream, thou'rt still the same,

Always going, never gone;

Yet do'ft all Constancy disclaim, (Song;

Wildly dancing to thine own murmuring tunefull Old as Time, as Love and Beauty young.

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II.

But chiefly thou to **Unity* lay'st claim, -For though in thee,

Innumerable drops there be,
Yet still thou art but one,
Th' Original of which from Heav'n came:
The purest Transcript thereof we
I'th' Church may wish, but never hope to see,
Whilst each Pretender thinks himself alone
The Holy Catholick Church Militant;
Nay, well-it is if such will grant,
That there is one elsewhere Triumphant.

By thy Enamel d Bankum

But gent'e stream, if they,

As thou do'st Nature, would their God obey;

And as they run their course of life, would try

Their Consciences to purify:

From self-love, pride, and avariey,

Stubbornness equal to Idolatry;

They'd find opinion of themselves,

To be but dang'rous fandy Shelves,

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To found or build their Faith upon,
Unable to refift the force
Of Prosperity's swelling violent force,
Or storms of Persecution:
Whose own voracity (were't in their power)
Wou'd not only Ornaments devour,
But the whole Fabrick of Religion.

IV.

But gentle stream, thou'rt nothing so,
A Child in thee may safely go
To rise thy rich Cabinet;
And his Knees be scarcely wet,
Whilst thou wantonly do'st glide,
By thy Enamell'd Banks most beauteous side;
Nor is sweet stream thy peacefull tyde,
Disturbed by pale Cynthia's influence;
Like us thou do'st not swell with pride
Of Chastity or Innocence.

But thou remain's still unconcern'd,
Whether her Brows be smooth or horn'd;
VVhether her Lights extinguish'd or renew'd,
In her thou mindest no Vicissitude.

Happy if we, in our more noble State, Could so slight all Vicissitudes of Fate.

A HILL.

O'H that I cou'd Verses write,
That might express thy praise,
Or with my Pen ascend thy height;
I thence might hope to raise
My Verse upon Fame's soaring wing,
That it might so advance,
As with Apollo's Lyre to Sing,
And with the Spheres to Dance.

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This was never Finished.

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To Sir F. W. presenting him Cowley's first Works.

Hen vacant hours admit you to peruse,
The mighty Cowley's early Muse;
Behold it as a bud of wit, whose growth
O're-tops all that our Isle brought forth:
And may it still above all others grow,
Till equall'd, or out-done by you.

To Ovid's HEROINES in his Epistles.

As with spollo's Lyce to Star

Bright Shees, what Glories had your Names acquir'd,

Had you confum'd those whom your Beauties sir'd,

Had laugh'd to see them burn, and so retir'd:

Then they cou'd ne'er have glory'd in their shames, Either to Roman, or to English Dames, Had you but warm'd, not melted in their slames. You'd not been wrack dthen on despair's rough coast, Nor yet by storms o. erjuries been toss'd, Had you but fix'd your flowing Love with Frost.

Had you put on the Armour of your scorn, (That Gem which do's our Beauties most adorn). What hardy Hero durst have been for sworn.

But fince they found fuch lenity in you, Their crime so Epidemical do's grow, That all have, or do, or would be doing so.

To my Honourable Unkle Colonel C--- after his Return into the Low-Countries.

DEar Sir, the joys which range through all your Troops;

Express'd by Caps thrown up, and English Whoops, Were the old marks of Conquest, which they knew They should obtain, when they obtained you;

As being the Soul, which animation gave To all their Valours, and to all their brave Atchievements, by which your honour'd Name Shall be Eternaliz'd in th' Book of Fame : Though we partakers of your Glories are, And of your Joys by sympathy do share; Yet Absence makes the pleasure but in part, And for your fafety, Fear our joys do's thwart: Fear, which by you's the worst of Sins esteem'd, At best is a Mechanick Passion deem'd; Yet when your danger she presents to us, She's then both good and meritorious. Think then how we're excited by this Fear, To mourn your Absence, though your Worth revere: Besides, methinks 'tis pity that you shou'd, For fordid Boors, exhauft your Noble Blood. Think then, dear Sir, of making your return, And let your Presence Britain's Isle adorn.

On the Apothecary's Filing my Bills amongst the Doctors.

Hope I shan't be blam'd if I am proud, That I'm admitted 'mongst this Learned Croud; To be proud of a Fortune fo fublime, Methinks is rather Duty, than a Crime : Were not my thoughts exalted in this state, I should not make thereof due estimate: And fure one cause of Adam's fall was this, He knew not the just worth of Paradife; But with this honour I'm fo fatisfy'd, The Antient's were not more when Deify'd: For this transcends all common happiness, And is a Glory that exceeds excess. This 'tis, makes me a fam'd Physician grow, As Saul'mongst Prophets turn'd a Prophet too. The sturdy Gout, which all Male power withstands Is overcome by my foft Female hands: Not Debra, Judith, or Semiramis Could boast of Conquests half so great as this; More than they slew, I save in this Disease.

Man-

Mankind our Sex for Cures do celebrate, Of Pains, which fancy only doth create: Now more we shall be magnified fure, Who for this real torment find a Cure. Some Women-haters may be fo uncivil, To fay the Devil's cast out by the Devil; But so the good are pleas'd, no matter for the evil.) Such ease to States-men this our Skill imparts, I hope they'll force all Women to learn Arts. Then Bleffings on ye all ye learned Crew, (knew! Who teach me that which you your felves ne'er Thus Gold, which by th' Sun's influence do's grow, Do's that i'th' Market Phabus cannot doe. Bless'd be the time, and bless'd my pains and fate, Which introduc'd me to a place fo great. False Strephon too I now could almost bless, Whose crimes conduc'd to this my happiness. Had he been true, I'd liv'd in sottish ease; Ne'er study'd ought, but how to love and please: No other flame my Virgin Breast had fir'd, But Love and Life together had expir'd. But when, false wretch, he his forc'd kindness paid, With less Devotion than e'er Sexton pray'd.

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Fool that I was to figh, weep, almost dye, Little fore-thinking of this prefent joy: Thus happy Brides shed tears they know not why. Vainly we blame this Cause, or laugh at that, Whilst the Effect with its how, where and what, Is an Embryo i'th' Womb of Time or Fate. Of future things we very little know, And 'tis Heav'ns kindness too that it is so. Were not our Souls with Ignorance fo buoy'a, They'd fink with fear, or over-fet with pride. So much for Ignorance there may be faid, That large Encomiums might thereof be made. But I've digress'd too far, so must return, And make the Medick Art my whole concern; Since by its Aid I've gain'd this mighty place Amongst th' immortal Asculapian Race; That if my Muse will needs officious be, She too to this must be a Votary. In all our Songs its Attributes reherse, Write Recipes (as Ovid Law) in Verse; To measure we'll reduce Febrifick heat, And make the Pulses in true measure beat: Asthma and Phthisick shall chant lays most sweet, The Gont and Rickets too shall run on feet :

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In fine, my Mufe, such Wonders we will doe,
That to out Art Mankind their ease shall owe;
Then praise and please our selves in doing so:
For fince the Learn'd exalt and own our Fame,
It is no Arrogance to do the same,
But due respects and complaisance to them.

To my Unkind STREPHON.

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Thy Friendship & thy Mirth so unconfined. Thy Mind serene, Angelical thy Face, Wit and good humour every part did grace; That nought unkind appeared to my dull sence, To cloud the Glories of Love's Excellence. Thus e're the Sun his leave of us he takes, Behind the Trees a glorious Landskip makes; So in thy Mien those Glories did appear, To shew it seems Friendship was setting there: But now't's obscured, whether it descends Into the Ocean of more worthy Priends;

Or that it do's to State or bus'ness move; Those Regions of th' Antipodes of Love, I know not, only it withdraws its light, Exposing of our Microcosm to night : A night all clad in Sorrows, thickest Air, Yet no less cold than those that are most clear ! But as when hear by cold contracted is, Grows stronger by its Antiperistas; So shall my Passion in this frigid state Grow strong in fervent love, or torrid hate; But should I frown, or fcorn, or hate, 'twould be But laughter and divertisement to thee : Then be thou still unkind, I am refoly'd I'th' like unkindness ne'er to be involv'd; But these whom Frowns and Anger cannot move, It is but just to persecute with Love, Like good Old Romans, although banish'd I Shall still retain my first integrity. But what should make thee thus to banish me, Who always did do, and will honour thee; Unless thou'rt like those jealous Romans grown, And falfly fear I should erect a Throne Within thy Breast, and absolutely prove My felf the mighty Monarch of thy Love:

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d;

No fure, thy Judgment never could be wrought, To think that I should harbour such a thought; Thou could'st not think I aim'd at such a state, Who in thy Breast had no Confederate; Nor Worth wherewith the * Nobles to engage, Nor Wealth to stifle the Plebeian Rage : Nor had I Troops of Beauties at Command, For Grief long fince those Forces did disband : Besides, thou know'st I always did despise, In Love, those Arbitrary tyrannies: Nor do I less abhor the Vulgar croud Of fordid Passions, which can bawl so loud For Liberty, that they thereby may grace Pride, Luft, or Av'rice, with a Tribune's place ; But might I chuse, Love's Regiment should be, By Friendship's noble Aristocracy. But now, alas, Love's Powers are all deprest, By th' pow'rfull Anarchy of Interest : But although Hell and Earth therein combin'd, I little thought what now too well I find, That ever Strephon could have been unkind.

^{*} The noble and fordid Paffions.

To my Friend Mr. S. L.

O-N- H I-S

Receiving the Name of Little Tom King.

Ear not, dear Friend, the less'ning of thy Fame, Because here's Little fix'd upon thy Name; Thy matchless Worth, alas, is too well known, To suffer damage by detraction.

Nor can the Splendour of thy glorious Rays
Gain Augmentation by our worthless praise;
But as the faithfull Diamonds luster's shown,
Whether set on Foils, or in the Fire thrown;
So art thou Little King, whose Worth cross Fate,
By no Vicissitude can vitiate:

So sweet thy Humour, so genteel thy Mien;
So wise thy Actions, all thy Thoughts serene;
That Envies self, who do's all praise regret,
Must own in thee Virtue and Wisdom's met;
For were't thou really such as is thy Name,
I'm sure thy Wisdom wou'd adorn the same;
And to the silly World it shou'd be shown,
That Virtue cou'd add Splendour to a Throne.

Necessit

Necessity of Fate.

I.

In vain, in vain it is, I find,
To strive against our Fate,
We may as well command the Wind,
Or th' Seas rude Waves to gentle manners bind,
Or to Eternity prescribe a date,
As frustrate ought that Fortune has design'd.
For when we think we're Politicians grown,
And live by methods of our own;
We then obsequiously obey
Her Dictates, and a blindfull Homage pay.

II,

For were't not so, surely I cou'd not be
Still slave to Rhime, and lazy Poetry;
I who so oft have strove,
My freedom to regain;
And sometimes too, for my assistance took
Business, and sometimes too a Book;
Company, and sometimes Love:

All which proves vain,

For I can only hake, but not cast off my Chain.

III.

Ah cruel Fate! all this thou did'ft fore-show,
Ev'n when I was a Child;
When in my Picture's hand
My Mother did command,
There shou'd be drawn a Lawrel-bough:
Lo then my Muse sat by and smil'd,
To hear how some the Sentence did oppose,
Saying an Apple, Bird, or Rose
Were objects which did more best
My childish years, and no less childish wit.

IV.

But my finiling Muse well knew that constant Fate,
Her promise wou'd compleat;
For Fate at my initiation,
In the Muses Congregation,
As my Responsor promised then for me,
I shou'd forsake those three,

Soaring honours, and vain sweets of pleasure,

And vainer fruits of worldly treasure;

All for the Muses Melancholy Tree,

E're I knew ought of its great Mystery.

Ah gentle Fate, since thou wilt have it so,

Let thy kind hand exalt it to my brow.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. E. S—t.

To lay those spirits which are rais'd by yours;

I would employ them all, rather than now
Suffer my babbling Rhimes to trouble you:
But ah! alas my Spells are all too weak,
To keep a silence which you urge to break;
Though I remember justly where and when
I promis'd ne'er to trouble you agen;
And when I spoke, I meant my words for true,
But those Resolves were cancell'd at review
Of your obliging Lines, which made me know
Silence to be the greater fault o'th' too:

I

For where Perfection do's in triumph fit, 'Tis rude to praise, but sinfull to omit. I often read your Lines, and oft admire, How Elequence and Fancy do conspire, With Wit and Judgment to make up a Quire, And grace the Musick of Apollo's Lire. But that which makes the Musick truly fweet, Virtue and Innocence in Chorus meet : So smooth, so gentle all your Writings are, If I with other Authors them compare, Methinks their Modish Wit to me do's shew, But as an Engyscope to view yours through: Nor do your Writings only fmoothly glide, Whilst your whole life's like some impetuous tide; But both together keep a gentle pace, And each other do each other grace. There's very few like you that do possess The Stoicks strictness, Poets gentleness. I much admire your Worth, but more my Fate, That worthless I thereof participate; Ev'n so the Sun disdains not to dispence On meanest Infects his bright influence; But gives them animation by his Rays, Which they requite, like me, with worthless praise; Which Which now I'm fure's grown troublesome to you, But you must bear that fate which others do: For those that needs will taste of Parents joys, Must too indure the plague of Cradle-noise.

On my Mother and my Lady W----.
who both lay sick at the same time
under the Hands of Dr. Paman.

Ah happy Paman, mightily approv'd, Both by thy Patients, and the Poor belov'd. Hence let no Slander light upon the Fame Of thy great Art, much less upon thy Name: Nor to bad Druggs let Fate thy Worth expose, For best Receipts are baffl'd oft by those: Nor let no Quack intrude where thou do'ft come, To crop thy Fame, or haste thy Patients doom; Base Quackery to Sickness the kind Nurse, The Patients ruine, and Phylicians curse: Let no infectious Sickness seize thy Blood, But that thou may'ft live long to do much good. May all the Bleffings light on thee that can Attend a Doctor, or a Christian Man. Since by thy care thou hast restor'd to us, Two in whom Virtue's most conspicuous: Better, I'm sure, no Age can ever shew, Whose Lives are Precepts, and Examples too.

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d.

Ah

In Commendation of the Female Sex.

Out of SCIPINA.

H Beauteous Sex, to you we're bound to give Our thanks for all the Bleffings we receive; Ev'n that we're Men, the chief of all our boast Were without you, but a vast blessing lost. In vain would Man his mighty Patent show, That Reason makes him Lord of all below; If Woman did not moderate his rule, He'd be a Tyrant, or a foftly fool. For e'er Love's documents inform his Breast, He's but a thoughtless kind of Houshold Beast. Houses, alas, there no such thing wou'd be, He'd live beneath the umbrage of a Tree: Or else usurp some free-born Native's Cave; And so inhabit, whilst alive, a Grave: Or o'er the World this Lordly Brute wou'd rove, Were he not taught and civiliz'd by Love. 'Tis Love and Beauty regulate our Souls, No rules so certain as in Venus Schools:

X.

ive

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Your Beauty teacheth whatfoe'er is good, Else good from bad had scarce been understood. What's eligible by your smiles we know, And by your frowns refuse what is not so. Thus the rough draught of Man you have refin'd, And polish'd all the Passions of his mind. His Cares you leffen, and his Joys augment; To both extreams fet the just bounds Content. In fine, 'tis you to Life its relish give, Or 'twere infipid, not worth while to live? Nay more, we're taught Religion too by you: For who can think that fuch Perfections grew By chance? no, 'twas the divine Pow'rs which thus Chose to exhibit their bright selves to us: And for an Antepast of future blis, Sent you their Images from Paradife.

We as'd to walk together kindly

And think each plade of Gorna Genedid

Juffeed of this, and thy Philagonby,

Nought Backer of the St. of a now I

 T_o

ality read ath whatfor'er a good.

To my BROTHER, whilst he was in France.

baim aid to endibat con list of Ear Brother, So far as you advance Your knowledge, by your Journey into France; So far and more I'm fure I backward go, For I can't say As in prasenti now; Nor ever shall (I am so much concern'd For your dear fafety) whilst you are return'd. Nothing at present wonted pleasure yields, The Birds nor Busbes, or the gaudy Fields; Nor Ofier holts, nor Flow'ry banks of Glen; Nor the foft Meadom-grafs feem Plufb, as when We us'd to walk together kindly here, And think each blade of Corn a Gem did bear. Instead of this, and thy Philosophy, Nought but my own false Latin now I see ; False Verse, or Lovers falsest of the three: Ev'n thoughts of former happiness augment My Griefs, and are my present punishment;

F

As those who from a state of Grandeur fall,

Find adverse Hate hard to dispence withall.

Had Devils never Heaven seen,

Their Hell a smaller Curse had been.

e

On the DEATH of my Brother.

of him whose I proping Yatch plass a cach Mile

'He fhou'd be van juiffed, and us Throne berray'

Than Sercould be infined by Capital Day

Ome Sorran, come, embrace my yielding heart, For thou'rt alone, no Passion else a pant; II Since of my Dear by Death I am bereft, In 1111 Thou art the faithfull'it Lover I have left; And so much intrest thou hast got in me; not bak All thoughts of him prove only Pimps to thee; If any job feer to lancoft my Soul, sold visyand off One thought of him do's prefently controle Those fawning Rivals; all which steal away, Like wand'ring Ghosts at the approach of day. But hold, fond Grief, thou must forbear a while, Thy tooltoo kind Careffes, which beguile Me of my Reason, - retire whilst I Repeat the Life, the Death, the Elogy, Of

Of him my Soul ador'd with fo much pride, As makes me slight all worldly things beside; Of him who did by his fraternal Love, More noble Passions in my Bosome move, Than e'er cou'd be infus'd by Cupid's Darts, Or any feign'd, adulterate, fordid Arts; Of him whose blooming Youth pleas'd each Man's And tempted Women to Idolatry; Of him whose growing Art made Death afraid, He shou'd be vanquish'd, and his Throne betray'd 'Cause with success, and yet no less applause, He rescu'd many from the Tyrant's jaws: At last the Tyrant raging full with spight, Affaults his Enemy with all his might; And for his Second brings a Feavour too; In this Attacque what could our Champion doe? He bravely fights, but forc'd at last to yield, Nature, his Second, having loft the Field: * Many bring in their Aid, but 'tis too late, Grim Death had gotten a Decree from Fate; Which retrograded all that g eat supply, (fly. Whose pow'rfull Arms makes Death and Feavers

^{*} Dofters.

But why, great Fate! would'ft thou fo cruel be, Of Joy at once to rob the World and Me! What joys foe'er we to our felves propose, Fate still will frustrate, or at least oppose; 'Tis her Ambition fure to let us know, She has the Regiment of all below. If it be fo, command some mournfull Muse T'inspire my Soul, and then my Heart insuse With Essence of some Dirges, that I may His Matchless worth to all the World display. Nor Fate, nor Mufe will help us now, I find, All flee the Wretched, ev'n as Ships the Wind. My Dear, had'st thou to me bequeath'd thy Wit, Thy Character had long ago been writ I'th' most sublime and lasting Verse, That e'er Adorn'd the greatest Hero's Herse. Eut were thy great Encomium writ by me, 'Twou'd be the ready way to lessen thee: Therefore I must desist from that design, And the attempt to better hands refign; Only repeat what mournfully was faid, As in thy cold and narrow Bed was't laid

e,

t

[50]

By the Apollo's (a) of thy noble Art,

(Who seem'd to grudge me in their grief a part)

Alas, he's gone who shou'd have liv'd to be

An honour to our Great Society.

- " Alas, he's gone who shou'd supply the place
- " Of some of us, when time has left no space
- " Betwixt us and the Grave; but now we fee
- " How they're deceiv'd, who hold no vacancy:
- " And all the Gallant Afculapian (b) Crew,
- " Whose great Example from Spectators drew
- " Such floods of tears, that some mistook their aim,
- "And thought a real show'r from Heav'n came,
 But I, as if the Fountain of this Source,
 With Handkerchiefs strove to retard the course;
 But all in vain, my real loss was great,

As many thought, whose Words I here repeat:
"I cannot blame you for lamenting so,

- " Since better friend no friend did e'er forego;
- " A publick Sorrow for this loss is due,
- " The Nation furely, Madam, mourns with you.

⁽a) Old Doctors.

⁽b) Young Phylicians.

On the same.

A Pindarique ODE.

T.

Hat have I now to hope or fear, Since Death has taken all that's dear In him, who was my joy, my love, Who rais'd my Passion far above What e're the blind God's shafts cou'd doe, Or Nymph or Swain e'er knew: For Friendship do's our Souls more gently move, To a Love more lafting, noble, and more true, Than dwells in all the Amorous Crew; For Friendship's pure, holy, just, Without canker, foil, or ruft Of Pride, Covetouinels, or Luft; It to Ambition makes no room, Nor can it be by Int'rest overcome, But always keeps its proper state, I'th' midst of most injurious Fate; Ev'n Death it self to 'ts Bonds can give no date.

E 2

But

m,

u.

On

II.

But O Tyrant! thou

Canst at one blow

Destroy Fruition's happiness,

Wherein we Lovers place our bliss;

For without it, Love's but an ample theam

Of Imaginary joys,

Those gay-deluding toys,

By which our most fix'd thoughts are cross'd;

Or as one that wakes out of a dream,

Finds all the pleasing Objects lost;

Or as Sodom's beauteous fruit,

Whose out-side makes a fair pretence,

To gratise another sence;

But touch it, and you'll find how destitute

It's of all good,

Much more unfit for food:

To th' vulgar view;
But his absence whom I now deplore,
Makes all my Joys but Ashes at the core.

III.

Ah Death, thou wast severe,
Thus from me to tear,
The Hopes of all my future Happiness,
The Co-partner of my present Bliss,
The Alleviator of my Care,
The partaker of what ever Fate did share,
To me in my Life's progress;
If bad, he wou'd bear half at least,
Till the Storm was over-blown or ceas'd;
If good, he wou'd augment it to excess,
And no less joy for me than for himself express.

IV.

Of my Youth he was the Guide,

All its extravagance with curious eye,

He wou'd fee and rectify:

And in me he infus'd fuch humble pride,

As taught me this World's pleafures to deride:

He made me know I was above

All that I faw or cou'd enjoy,

Ah

d;

E 3

Tn

In this giddy toy,

Of the whole World's happiness:

And yet again this Paradox wou'd prove,

That to my self shou'd seem less,

Than ought I saw i'th' mighty Universe.

V.

Nor was his kindness only fix'd on me, For freely he Did on all friends his Love and Wit dispence, As th' Heavens do their influence; And likewise did no diminution know, When his Wit he did bestow, Amongst his wond'ring Auditors, Who cou'd not chuse where Wit was so prosound, And Vertue did fo much abound, But to become his faithfull Plauditors: All which he did receive, With less concern than they could give; Which proves that Pride his Heart did never touch: For this he always understood, That best Ambition still was fuch,

As less desir'd to be wife than good.

The list best I all the

A American Bund

several to estimostic major and in

But thus his Vertues to enumerate, Serves but my Sorrows to accumulate, As cyphers in Accompt, Till the Sum ad infinitum mount; A Sum which none but Death can calculate; Which he most dext'rously can doe, By fubstracting the one Figure from the row; For one's but one, if taken from the train Of Pleasures, Riches, Honours, Wit: Nor can a King his Power maintain; If all these cyphers should recede from it. What matter then what our attendance be, Whether happiness or miserie: For when the mighty Leveller do's come, It feems we must be all but one, One in equality.

VII.

How foon he comes, I need not care, Who may to me a better fortune share;

nd,

h:

For

E 4

For of all happiness I here despair,
Since he is gone who Animation gave
To all that's pleasant to my thoughts, or brave:
Ev'n my Studies he inspir'd,
With lively vigour, which with him retir'd,
And nought but their Bodies (Books) remain:
For Sorrow do's their Souls inchain
So fast, that they can ne'er return again.

Part of the XIX. PSALM.

I.

THE Heav'ns declare the Glory of God,
And th' Firmament doth shew
To all Mankind dispers'd abroad,
What Works his mighty hands can doe:
The silent Nights and speechless Days,
To each other chant their lays,
Which make a tunefull Serenade,

To th' mighty Universe;
And find a Language to reherse

The praise of him who them and us has made.

II.

And in them he hath fix'd a place
For the Glorious Sun, (grace,
Which comes forth with Bridegroom's strength and
The Earth his happy Bride t' imbrace.
And as a Gyant do's rejoyce to run
His course, where he is sure to be
Crown'd with glorious Victory:
For nothing in this World's circumference,
Can be hid from his bright influence.

Coming

Coming from in a Dark Night.

I.

Arewell, O Eyes, which I ne'er saw before, And 'tis my int'rest ne'er to see ye more; Though th' deprivation of your light, I'm sure, will make it doubly Night; Yet rather I'll lose my way i'th' dark than stay, For here I'm sure my Soul will lose her way.

V and think bane 2

courle, where he is fire to

Oh'tis not dark enough, I wish it were,
Some Rays are still on my Eyes Atmosphere;
Which give sufficient light, I find,
Still to continue me stark blind;
For to Eyes that's dazl'd with too radiant light,
Darkness proves best restorative o'th' light.

ght.

re,

;

To my Dear Cousin Mrs. M. T. after the Death of her Husband and Son.

Ear Coz. I hope by this time you have dry'd. At least set bounds to th'almost boundless tide Of flowing Tears: I'm fure my wish is fo, Which Love and Int'rest does oblige me to; For you can bear no Sufferings alone, All yours are mine by participation; And doubtless all your Friends, in some degree, Must bear a share, if they can love like me: Then if not for your own fake, yet for ours, And in submission to th' Eternal Powers, Not only dry your Eyes, but chear your Brow, And lend us Joys, and we'll repay them you. Roufe up your Soul, and shew your felf indu'd With Mothers Prudence, Fathers Fortitude; In other Vertues you have equall'd them, In these strive to out-doe your worthy Stem; For here Ambition can't excessive be, Neither esteemed pride or vanity:

ht,

To

(For when we to the top of Vertue climb, We're sure in no mistake, much less a crime.) But by this brave attempt you shall subdue Cross Fate, which otherwise wou'd conquer you. But after all that can be faid on this, I am not ignorant how hard it is To conquer Passions, and our selves subdue : Though advis'd by Friends, and affisted too By the prevailing Powers of Grace from Heav'n, Still Counsel's harder to be took than giv'n: Not that I thought your Griefs profuse, but knew Much to a Son, more to a Husband's due: Only remember that our Lord has taught, Thy will be done; therefore we must in thought, As well as words, fubmit to his intents, Who can bring good out of the worst Events; Whose Mercy oft protracts the bad Man's doom, And takes the good Man from the ill to come.

TO MY

Young Lover.

14

Thy fine Encomiums on an o'er-blown Face;
Which after all the Varnish of thy Quill,
Its Pristine wrinkles shew apparent still:
Nor is it in the power of Touth to move
An Age-chill I heart to any strokes of Love.
Then chuse some budding Beauty, which in time
May crown thy Wishes in thy blooming prime:
For nought can make a more preposterou, show,
Than April Flowers stuck on St. Michael's Bow.
To confecrate thy first-born Sighs to me,
A superannuated Deity;
Makes that Idolatry and deadly Sin,
Which otherwise had only Venial been.

TO MY

Young Lover

ONHIS

VOW.

Nor is it in the power of that to move

villine wring a factor appear

A Las, why mad'st thou such a Pow,
Which thou wilt never pay,
And promise that from very now,
Till everlasting day?
Thou mean'st to love, sigh, bleed, and dye,
And languish out thy breath,
In praise of my Divinity,
To th' minute of thy Death.

TT.

Sweet Touth, thou know'st not what it is To be Love's Votary;

Where thou must for the smallest bliss,
Kneel, beg, and sigh, and cry.

Probationer thou should'st be sirst,
That thereby thou may'st try,
Whether thou can'st endure the worst
Of Love's austerity.

III.

To tempt thy willing Bye,

And Troops of Lusts are at thy hand,

To vanquish thee, or die.

And now this Vow exposes thee

To th' third (of all the worst)

The Devil of inconstancy,

That Tempter most accurs d.

Howe'er I willtely Italies may
Like Prayers to Heaven bloom
Witen holy Son's for Sinners pra

Officer Prayers on them get one

thou must for the finallest bliss

TOMY

Young Lover.

A SONG.

To praise sweet Youth, do thou forbear,
Where there is no desert;
For, alas, Encomiums here,
Are Jewels thrown i'th' dirt.

deal a la venis / ele expolés thes

Now Youth and Beauty's fled;
Than a Tulip, or a Rose,
When its fair Leaves are shed.

Howe'er I wish thy Praises may, Like Prayers to Heaven born; When holy Souls for Sinners pray, Their Prayers on them return.

To my Unkind Friend, Little Tom King.

T.

7Ell, by experience now I fee, This World's made up of flattery, Complements and formality; Since nought but int'rest now can bind Ev'n old acquaintance to be kind. 'Twere madness then to hope to find True Friendsbip in the Modern Crew Of late-contracted Friends. Hence then acquaintance all adieu, I can't oblige my Friendship to pursue Such dull infipid ends, As nought but to a Ceremony tends. Since Friendship from old Friends is flown. Rather than endure the pratlings, The flatteries and the censurings,

VVhieb.

Which a Modish Friendship brings, My pensive Dove shall sit and coo alone.

II.

But perhaps it will be faid,
Unlucky Business has this mischief made:
Business, that plausible excuse
Of all unkindness to a Friend,
That Bankrupt, that ne'er pays Principle nor Use,
Of all the Time that e'er we to him lend.
Yet Bus'ness now's a Merchant of such Fame,
That he has got the whole Monopoly
Of Time, Love, Friends, and Liberty;
Of which, if there be scarcity,
Bus'ness is to blame;
For nought can vended be, but in his Name.

III.

Since then the World's fo much to Bus'ness prone,
'Tis time that idle I was gone:

Alas, why do I stay, VVhen that canker bus'ness (which I hate) VVith Int'rest is confederate . Eats our pleasant shady Friends away? VVe're left obnoxious to the storms of Fate; Nay ev'n then the hottest Gleams Of Prosperities brightest Beams, Help but to make us dwindle and decay. And though we strive our selves to shade Under the closest Rules of Constancy; Yet when the Powers of Fate invade, That too, alas, will shake and fade, And make us fee, That though our best Ambition strives To keep a reg'lar harmony: Yet Fate will ring her Changes on our Lives, Till discordant Death arrives; VVho informs us by his latest Knell, Whether we have made up this World's Confort (well.

Hence

IV.

Hence I'll not murmur then, Though some grow Proud, and others really Great Or heap up Riches by deceit, Since they must pay it all again To Death, who rapaciously devours All, for which we drudge in vain, And fell our ease for fruitless pain: All which we like mistaken fools call ours, · Whilst in some lazie Solitude may I Enjoy my self alone, Free from this VVorld's buzzing frantick feuds, And sweets and stings of Fate's Vicissitudes, Have nothing else to do but dye. I care not who esteems me as a Drone, For out o'th' World fo fecretly I'll steal, That babbling Fame shall not the theft reveal; And when I to my long repose am gone, My dearest Brother, who is gone before, Half way will meet me in the Air, or more;

Where we'll be happy in Excess,
In Mansions of Eternal blessedness.

Yet if there can be
Any allay of this felicity;
It will be this, when he shall find,
That I no other news can bring,
From his Old Friend, my Little King,
But that he was unkind.

F 3

A Second

· A Second EPISTLE.

To my Honoured Friend Mr. E. S.

I.

Of that my Muse and I fall'n out,
And I as oft have banish'd her my Breast;
But such, alas, still was her interest,
And still to bring her purposes about:
So great her cunning in infinuation,
That she soon gain'd her wish'd-for restoration:
But when I found this wou'd not do,
A Violent Death I put her to.
But see, my Friend, how your All-pow'rfull Pen
(O Miracle!) has rais'd her from the Dead again.

II.

And now, alas, what can she doe,
Or speak or shew,
How very much she is oblig'd to you?
For where the Boon's so great, it were a rude
Presumption to pretend to Gratitude;
And a mad project to contrive to give
To you, from whom she do's her All receive:
Yet if she Trassick on your Stock, and thrive,
'Tis sit, how e'er the Principal be spent,
To pay the Int'rest of Acknowledgment.

III.

And with her I must acknowledge too, The honour which you did on me bestow,

Though I unworthy were of it:

Not but your Judgment knew well how to chuse A worthier Subject than my Muse,

To exercise th' Exu'brance of your Wit;

But

But that your Goodness over all presides,
And nobly in Triumph rides;
Whilst other Vertues march in Troops behind,
Friendship do's the Chariot guide,
Which may perhaps run too much of one side:
Friendship, as well as Love, sometimes is blind;
And that she may be always so,
My Prayers shall ever tend,
'Cause I no other Title have to show,
Or tenure to the love of any Friend.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

Betwixt Two

Shepherd Boys.

1 Boy. I Wonder what Alexis ails,
To figh and talk of Darts,
Of Charms which o'er his Soul prevails,
Of Flames and bleeding Hearts;
I faw him yesterday alone,
Walk crossing of his Arms;
And Cuckow like was in a tone,
Ah Catia, ah thy charms!

As thou would'st seem to be;
Alas the cause of his complaint,
Is all our destiny.

'Tis mighty Love's All-pow'rfull Bow, Which has Alexis hit;

A pow'rfull Shaft will hit us too, E'er we're award of it.

I Boy. Love, why, alas, I little thought There had been fuch a thing;

Only for Rhime it had been brought, When Shepherds use to Sing.

I'm fure, what e're they talk of Love,
'Tis but conceit at most;

As Fear i'th' dark our fancies move, To think we see a Ghast.

2 Boy. I know not, but the other day,
A wanton Girl there were,

Who took my Stock-Dove's Eggs away,
And Black-birds Nest did tear.

Had it been thee, my dearest Boy, Revenge I shou'd have took;

But she my Anger did destroy, With th' sweetness of her Look, As I slept on the Ground,

A Frog into my Bosom put,

My Hands and Feet she bound:

She hung my Hook upon a Tree,

Then laughing, bad me wake;

And though she thus abused me,

Revenge I cannot take.

Chorus.

Let's wish these Overtures of State,

Don't satal Omens prove;

For those who lose the Power to hate,

Are soon made slaves to Love.

To Mr. C. B.

On his Incomparable

SINGING.

THE Honour that the Air receives
From thy Melodious Voice,
Sure makes it grieve it cannot give
More Echoes to the noise.

Whilst Atoms joyfully advance,
In happy Consort they
Do in a nimble careless Dance,
Thy charming Notes obey.

Birds have been said to fall down dead At th' shouting of a throng; Had'st thou been there, it had been said, Thou'dst rais'd 'em with a Song. If th' Mind upon the Body works

By fecret Sympathies;

Who knows what in thy Musick lurks,

To cure all Maladies.

If Fate this Physick shou'd prefer,
Thy Practice is decreed;
All Landon and MontpelierPhysicians shall exceed.

Hence forward then let Poets Sing

No more of Orpheus;

Since we have one, whose Voice may bring

Health to attend on us.

And the thou prayer, build in the

the state of the s

pivoli a shucio sil mani bi sala

THE

THE

COMPLAINT.

I.

HOw oft, ah wretch, hast thou profusely swore Me, as the Gods thou did'st adore;
And that my Words shou'd be to thee,
As of Divine Authority:
In this my Power exceeded theirs,
To me thou ne'er did'st wander in thy Prayers.

II.

And oft thou prayeft, bathed in thy Tears,
Drop'd from the clouds of loving fears;
And on my Hand thy Faith confess,
And after that beg for redress;
Whilst on the Altar of my lip,
For Sacrifice, let no occasion slip.

III.

But now thou'rt grown prophane Atheistical,

Not chang'd thy Faith, but cast off all:
So Sacrilegious too thou art,

Thou'rt not content to rob in part,

To bear my Rites (thy Vows) away;

But by thy cruelty thou do'st assay

To bring the beauteous Fabrick to decay.

A SONG in SCIPINA.

ier Climadenck

In vain do's Nature her free gifts bestow,
To make us wise or fair;
If Fortune don't her Favours show,
Scorn'd or neglected we may go,
Not worth a Look, much less a Lover's care.

Or if we shou'd some pitying Eyes command,
Or those of admiration;
So unendow'd fair Structures stand,
Admir'd; but not one helping hand
Will rescue them from Time's dilapidation.

Then furely vain it is for me to strive
With native Charms or Art;
For Beauty may as well survive
Her Climacterick Twenty-sive,
As without Wealth to get or keep a Heart.

ONG WSCIPINA.

A SONG.

A

SONG.

I.

THE Heart you left, when you took mine,
Proves such a busie Guest;
Unless I do all Pow'r resign,
It will not let me rest.

It my whole Family disturbs,

Turns all my Thoughts away;

My stoutest Resolutions curbs,

Makes Judgment too obey.

If Reason interpose her Pow'r,

Alas, so weak she is;

She's check'd with one small soft Amour,

And conquer'd with a Kiss.

A SONG:

SONG.

Ive o'er my Fidelius, my Fidelius give o'er, Since Menalus your Father dislikes our Amour, In silence let us our missortunes deplore.

Not that his fair Flocks or green Pastures so wide, He will betwixt Sylvia and Damon divide, But that duty forbids thee to make me thy Bride.

And if for our duty we suffer well here, (pare, Heav'n shall for such Lovers choice Blessings pre-Honey-moon shall eternally wait on us there.

A SONG.

SONG.

I

As Am'rous Corydon was laid
I'th' shady Myrtle Grove;
Thus did his Words his Sighs upbraid,
For telling of his Love.

Ah Trayterous Rebels, without sence,
Of what her Scorn can doe;
'Tis I must dye for your offence,
And be thought guilty too.

er,

ur,

e,

II.

Nor can I blame ill Fate, for this
My wretched hopeless state;
Nor yet Philena's Cruelties,
Who kills me with her hate.
But your audacious Villanies
Occasions this my fall;
Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,
But now a Criminal.

A Bacha-

Bachanalian SONG

The Roy had a Breed of brave flour Men, Yet Greece made shift to rout her; Cause each Man drank as much as Ten, And thence grew Ten times stouter.

Though Hector was a Trojan true, As ever Piss'd 'gen Wall, Sir; Achilles bang'd him black and blue, For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let Bacchus be our God of War,
We shall fear nothing then, Boys;
We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to bed;
And if they wake not conquered,
We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys.

Nor were the *Gracians* only fam'd

For Drinking, and for Fighting-;

But he that drank, and wa'n't asham'd,

Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Witt, must drink good Liquor;
It makes base Cowards fight like Men,
And roving Thoughts fly quicker.

Let Bacchus be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then, Boys,
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write;
And if the Sun set with his light,
We'll drink him up again, Boys.

G 3

11

An

An ODE.

I'Ve often thought, but ne'er till now cou'd find Why Heroes so much strove,
Their Greatness to improve;
'Tis only this, that Women might be kind,
And answer Love with Love.

Fortune no Goddess is, but for their sake;
Alas! she can't be prest,
Nor kiss'd, nor do the rest;
Riches and she, of which Men so much make,
Are only Pimps at best.

One this way stalks, another that to's game;
One's brave, this Hector's high,
This pretends Piety:
But I'm deceiv'd if Woman ben't their aim,
Still Woman's in their Eye.

Scepteri

Scepters and Crowns were filly trifling things;
'Twou'd be but poor repast,

To please the sight and tast,

But that they make Men absolutely Kings,

And Kings chuse Queens at last.

nd

Absence for a Time.

I Dread this tedious Time more than A Fop to miss a Fashion,
Or the Pope's Head Tavern can
Dread the long Vacation.

This time's as troublesome to me,
As th' Town when Mony's spent;
Grave Lectures to a Debauchee,
Or Whigs to th' Government.

Methinks

Methinks I almost wish 'twas torn
Out of the Rolls of Fate;
Or that some Pow'r, till his return,
Wou'd me annihilate.

But I, alas, must be content,

Upon necessity;

Since him, untill this time be spent,

I cannot hope to see.

No more than we can hope to have
The Life of perfect blifs,
Till by Afflictions, and the Grave,
We're separate from this.

Parting with ----

A Lthough thou now put'st me in doubt,

By going I know not where;

Yet know my Soul will beat about,

Not rest till she have found thee out,

And tend upon thee there.

Look to your actions then, for she
So strict a watch will keep;
That if you give one thought from me,
She'll swear it is flat Felony,
Though't be when you're asleep.

But if a figh, or glance, or smile
Shou'd to my Rival 'scape,
She'd cry out Robbery and spoil;
But if a kiss thy Lips shou'd soil,
Then Murther and a Rape.

All this a Metaphor may feem,
Or mad Philosophy
To the unthinking World, who deem
That but a fancy or a dream,
Which Souls do really hear and fee.

THE

THE

Anchorite

IN

SCIPINA.

A H, happy are we Anchorites that know (flow, Not Womens Ebbs, nor when their Love will We know no Storms that rage in Womens Breafts, But here in quiet build our Haleyon Nests; Where no deceitfull Calm our Faith beguiles, No cruel frowns, nor yet more cruel smiles; No rising Wave of Fate our hopes advance, Nor sear we sathomless despair of Chance; (prove, But our strong Minds, like Rocks, their simmess Desying both the Storms of Fate and Love.

Ė

Jane,

Jane, Nan, and Frank, their Farewell to Captain C. going to Sea.

I:

Since thou wilt needs go
To Sea, God knows whether,
We wish thee good Company,
Good Wine and good Weather;
The best of Sea-Cates we wish for thy Diet,
And, if it were possible, good Sea-men and quiet;
And on every Strand,
Where e'er thou shalt land,
We wish there may be
Girls buxom and free,
To bid thee a thousand kind welcoms from Sea.

II.

And the worst Enemy, E'er thou may'st meet, May be a small stragler I'th' feam of thy Sheet:

To which let no Sickness thee ever confine,

But what comes by drinking our Healths in choice

And on every Strand,

are.

1.

(Wine;

Where e're thou shalt land,

We wish thou may? It find

True Topers o'th' kind,

That can turn off Jane, Nan, and Frank in a Wind.

To

To her Lovers Complaint.

A SONG.

Ì.

If you complain your Flames are hot,
'Tis 'cause they are impure,
For strongest Spirits scorch us not,
Their Flames we can endure.

II.

Love, like Zeal, shou'd be divine,
And ardent as the same;
Like Stars, which in cold Weather shine,
Or like a Lambent Flame.

III.

It shou'd be like the Morning Rays,
Which quickens, but not burns;
Or th' innocence of Childrens plays,
Or Lamps in Antient Urns.

To my Adopted BROTHER,

Mr. G. P.

On my frequent Writing to Him.

Ear Brother, You will think that now, Epiftles grow on every Bow, O'th' multitude of Shin-gay Trees, And so drop off like Soland Geese. In this the Analogie holds forth, They are produc'd of airy froth; But how they'll answer in the rest, Without conjuring, may be guess'd: For when you find they want the heat Of Wit and Sence to make them meat; And that the infide's only down, Soft as the scope they grew upon: You'll curse the Winds officious wings, Because to you no good it brings;

And

And fwear the Proverb's now revers'd, Which fo oft has been rehers'd: For now it must be understood, It's happy Wind blows any good; But thank your felf for so being serv'd, And praise no more where 'ts not deserv'd: For praise, the Gad-fly of the mind, To pure defert shou'd be confin'd, Lest it set it Cock-a-hoop, And make it run with Tail turn'd up, Through the Woods, and o'er the Downs, Through Cities, Villages, and Towns; And plague both genteel Fops and Rabble, With its Nonsence, Rhime and Babble, Till by its follies they are urged, To fend it home feverely scourged, With the keenest Whips of Scoffing, Damming, Cenfuring and Laughing. Then prithee, George, prevent this wretched Fate, And all their damning Censures antedate.

To my Friends against POETRY.

Ear Friends, if you'll be rul'd by me, Beware o'th' Charms of Poetry; And meddle with no fawning Muse, They'll but your harmless Loves abuse. Though to Orinda they were ty'd, That nought their Friendship cou'd divide; And Cowley's Mistris had a Flame As pure and lasting as his Fame : Yet now they're all grown Prostitutes, And wantonly admit the Suits Of any Fop, that will pretend To be their Servant or their Friend. Though they to Wit no Homage pay, Nor yet the Laws of Verse obey, But ride poor Six-foot out of breath, and wrack a Metaphor to death; Who make their Verse imbibe the crimes, and the lewd Follies too o'th' times; Who think all Wit consists in Ranting, And Vertuous Love in wife Gallanting:

l Fate,

To

And

And Thousand sorts of Fools, like these,
Make Love and Vertue what they please:
And yet as filly as they show,
Are Favourites o'th' Muses now.
Who then would honour such a Street.

Who then would honour fuch a Shee, Where Fools their happier Rivels be? We, furely, may conclude there's none, Unless they're drunk with Helicon, O Which is a Liquor that can make inthe trigger and A Dunce fet up for Rhining Quack! A Liquor of fo stranged a demperified bas one of As can our Faculties all hampels or your won to That whoso drinks thereof is curs'd motor but Unto a constant Rhiming thirsty tails 401 yes 10 I know not by what spett of Witchgung winds do It strikes the Mind into an itch; Not you Which being scrub'd by praise, thereby Becomes a spreading Leprosie; And makes the Patient too as poor; For Poverty's the certain Fate willou by and but Which attends a Poer's state, Ji William in oil

corneus Love in wife Gallantin

To

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TO THE Importunate ADDRESS

ggo if O F is the

POETRY.

K Ind Friend, I prithee cease t' infest.
This barren Region of my Breast, Which never can a Harvest yield, Since Sorrow has o'er-grown the Field. If Int'rest won't oblige thee to't, At least let Honour make thee do't; Caufe I ungratefully have chose Such Friends, as will thy Charms oppose. But nought I fee will drive thee hence, Grief, Bus'ness, not Impertinence: Still, still thou wilt thy Joys obtrude Upon a Mind fo wholly rude, As can't afford to entertain Thee with the welcom of one strain: Few Friends, like thee, will be fo kind, To come where Int'rest do's not bind :

Nay

Nay some, because they want excuse To be unkind, will feign abuse. But thou, kind Friend, art none of those, Thy Charms thou always do'ft oppose 'Gainst all Inquictudes o'th' Mind: If I'm displeas'd, still thou art kind; And by thy Spells do'ft drive away Dull Spirits, which with me wou'd stay; And fill'st their empty places too With Thoughts of what we ought to doe. Thoughts to the Soul, if they be good, Are both its physick and its food: They fortifie it in distress, In joy th' augment its happines: Thoughts do attend us at all times, They urge us to good deeds, and crimes: They do affift us in all states, To th' Wretched they're Affociates. And what's more strange than all before, They're Servants to the innocent and poor; (more. But to the Rich and Wicked, Lords or something

A Fare

A Farewell to POETRY,

WITHA

Long Digression on ANATOMY.

For we no longer must Acquaintance be;
Though sweet and charming to me as thou art,
Yet I must disposses thee of my Heart.
On new Acquaintance now I must dispence
What I receiv'd from thy (a) bright influence,
Wise Aristotle and Hippocrates,
Galen, and the most Wise Socrates;
Esculapius, whom first I should have nam'd,
And all Apollo's younger brood so fam'd,
Are they with whom I must Acquaintance make,
Who will, no doubt, receive me for the sake
Of Him (b), from whom they did expect to see
New Lights to search Nature's obscurity.

(b) My Brother.

2

⁽a) Having learned Latin by reading the Latin Poets.

Now, Bartholine, the first of all this Crew, Does to me Nature's Architecture shew; He tells me how th' Foundation first is laid Of Earth; how Pillars of Strong Bones are made; How th' Walls confift of carneous parts within, The out-side pinguid, over-laid with Skin; The Fretwork, Muscles, Arteries, and Veins, With their Implexures, and how from the Brains The Nerves descend; and how they do dispence To ev'ry Member, Motive Pow'r and Sence; He shews what Windows in this Structure's fix'd, How triblyGlaz'd, (c) and Curtains drawn betwin Them and Earths objects; all which proves in vain To keep out Luft, and Innocence retain: For 'twas the Eye that first discern'd the food, As pleasing to it self, then thought it good To eat, as b'ing inform'd it wou'd refine The half-wife Sout, and make it all Divine. But ah, how dearly Wifdom's bought with Sin, Which shuts out Grace, lets Death and Darkness in!

⁽c) The Three Humours of the Eye, and its several Tunicks.

And because we precipitated first, To Pains and Ignorance are most accurs'd; Ev'n by our Counter-parts, who that they may Exalt themselves, insultingly will fay, Women know little, and they practife less; But Pride and Sloth they glory to profess. But as we were expatiating thus, Walaus and Harvey cry'd, Madam, follow us, They brought me to the first and largest (d) Court ... Of all this Building, where as to a Port, All necessaries are brought from far, For fustentation both in Peace and War: For War this Common-wealth do's oft infelt, Which pillages this part, and ftorms the reft. We view'd the Kitchin call'd (e) Ventriculus,

We view'd the Kitchin call'd (e) Ventriculus,

Then pass'd we through the space call'd Pylorus;

And to the Dining-Room we came at last,

VVhere the (f) Lasteans take their sweet repast.

From thence we through a Drawing-room did pass,

And came where Madam Jecur busie was;

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rd,

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ain

in!

nd

⁽d) Ad infimum ventrem.

⁽e) Morbi in infimo ventre, Di orhea, Sc.

⁽f) Vena Laftea.

Sanguificating (g) the whole Mass of Chyle, And fevering the Cruoral parts from bile : And when she's made it tolerably good, She pours it forth to mix with other Blood. This and much more we faw, from thence we went Into the next Court, (h) by a small ascent: Bless me, said I, what Rarities are here! A Fountain like a Furnace did appear, Still boyling o'er, and running out fo fast, That one shou'd think its Efflux cou'd not last; Yet it sustain'd no loss as I cou'd see, VVhich made me think it a strange Prodigie. Come on, fays Harvey, don't stand gazing here, But follow me, and I thy doubts will clear. Then we began our Journey with the Blood, Trac'd the Meanders of its Purple flood. Thus we through many Labyrinths did pass, In such, I'm sure, Old Dadalus ne'er was; Sometimes i'th' Out-works, sometimes i'th' first Court; Sometimes i'th' third these winding streams wou'd

(h) Per Diaphragma.

fport

⁽g) Secundum Opinionem Galinift. contra receptaculum commune.

ent

Themselves; but here methought I needs must stay, And liften next to what the Artists fay: Here's Cavities, says one; and here, says he, Is th' Seat of Fancy, Judgment, Memory: Here, fays another, is the fertile Womb, From whence the Spirits Animal do come, Which are mysteriously ingender'd here, Of Spirits from Arterious Blood and Air : Here, faid a third, Life made her first approach, Moving the Wheels of her Triumphant Coach: Hold there, faid Harvey, that must be deny'd, Twas in the deaf Ear on the dexter side. Then there arose a trivial small dispute, Which he by Fact and Reason did confute: Which being ended, we began again Our former Journey, and forfook the Brain. And after some small Traverses about, We came to th' place where we at first set out : Then I perceiv'd how all this Magick stood By th' Circles of the circulating Blood, As Fountains have their Waters from the Sea, To which again they do themselves conveigh.

But here we find great Lower by this Art,
Surveying the whole (i) Structure of the Heart:
Welcome, faid he, sweet Cousin, are you here,
Sister to him (k) whose Worth we all revere?
But ah, alas, so cruel was his Fate,
As makes us since almost our Practice hate;
Since we cou'd find out nought in all our Art,
That cou'd prolong the motion (1) of his Heart.

Ī.

But now, my Dear, thou know'st more than Art can,

Thou know'st the substance of the Soul of Man;

Nay and its Maker too, whose Pow'rfull breath

Gave Immortality to fordid Earth.

What Joys, my Dear, do Thee surround,

As no where else are to be found,

Love, Musick, Physick, Poetry;

And in each Art each Artist do's abound,

And all's converted to Divinity.

⁽i) De cordis Struffura.

⁽k) My deceased Brother.

E to Cale Latere thine Ly

No drooping Autumn there,

No chilling Winter do's appear;

No fcorching Heat, nor budding Spring,

Nor Sun do's Seasons there divide,

Yet all things do transcend their native pride;

Which fills, but do's not nauscate,

No change or want of any thing,

Which time to periods or perfection brings;

But yet diversity of state,

And of Souls happiness there is no date.

III.

Should'st thou, my Dear, look down on us below,

To see how busie we.

Are in Anatomie,

Thoud'st laugh to see our Ignorance;
Who somethings miss, & somethings hit by chance,
For we, at best, do but in twilight go,
Whilst thou see'st all by th' most Transcendent
light,

Compar'd to which the Sun's bright Rays are night:

Yet

Yet so Calestial are thine Eyes,

That Light can neither dazzle nor surprize;

For all things there

So perfect are,

And freely they their qualities dispence,

Without the mixture of Terrestrial dross;

Without hazard, harm or loss;

O joys Eternal satisting Sence,

And yet the Sence the smallest part in gross.

On the DEATH of my Brother.

A SONNET.

I.

A Sk me not why the Rose doth fade,

Lillies look pale, and Flowers dye;

Question not why the Myrtle shade

Her wonted shadows doth deny.

LE Khimas they are.

Seek not to know from whence begun
The fadness of the Nightingale:
Nor why the Heliotrope and Sun,
Their constant Amity do fail.

Tries of Love

inspiled.

The Turiles grief look not upon,

Nor reason why the Palm-trees mourn;

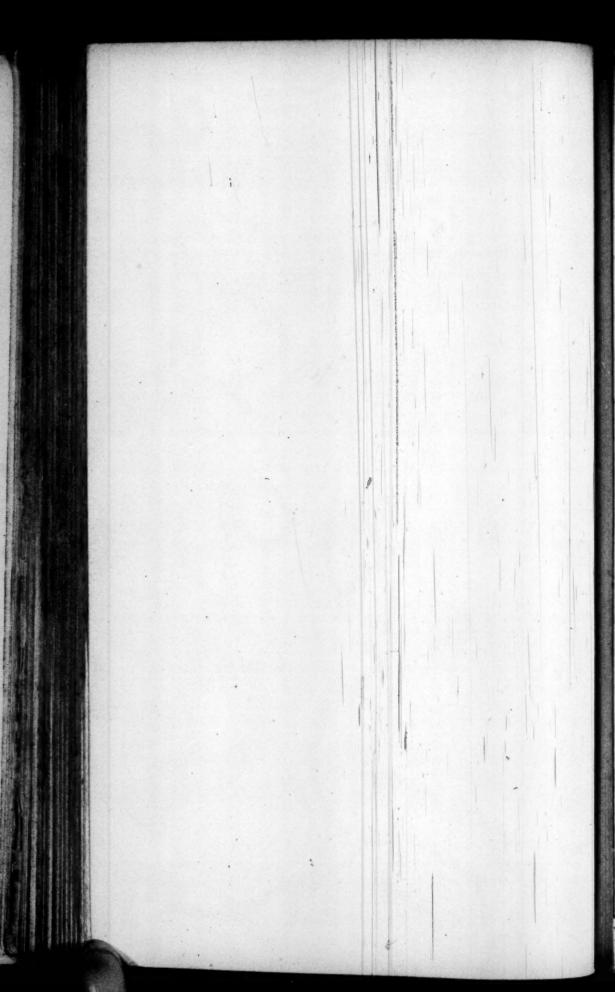
When, Widow-like, they're left alone,

Nor Phænix why her self doth burn.

IV.

For fince He's dead, which Life did give
To all these things, which here I name;
They sade, change, wither, cease to live,
Pine and consume into a Flame.

Resolved



MISCELLANEA:

OR, THE

Second Part

OF

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

Compos'd by feveral Authors.

--- Non, ubi plura nitent in carmine, paucis Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit Aut bumana parum cavit Natura.---- Hor.

LONDON,

Printed for Benjamin Crayle, at the Peacock and Bible, at the West-end of St. Pauls. 1688.

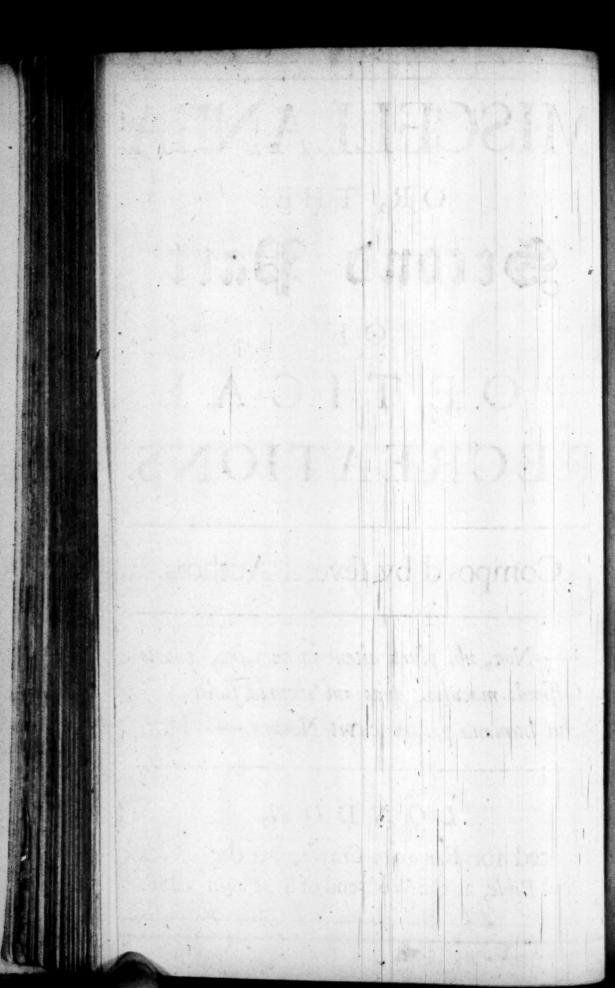


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MISCELLANY OEMS

PART II.

Written by several Authors.

A Paraphrase on an HTMN Sung when the Corps is at the Grave.

By T. S. Fellow of Maudlin-Colledge, Oxon.

ther have bets TOW full of Troubles is the Life of Man! Vain like a bubble, shorter than a span; He springs and blossoms as an early Flower, Whose filken Leaves the Frosts and Snow devour: He, like the fleeting Shadow, haftes away,

Unable to continue in one stay;

It disappears, and can't survive the day:

The

II.

The Noon-tide of our Life is plac'd in Death, We're not secure of one light puff of Breath; To whom, O God, can we for succour fly, But unto thee, by whom we live and dye? 'Tis for our Sins thou dost employ this Sting, Thou justly angry art, our God and King, But takest no delight in punishing.

III.

O Holy, Mighty Lord and Saviour,

Declare thy fignal Mercies, and thy Pow'r;

Condemn us not unto the pains of Hell,

Where Horror reigns, and endless Torments dwell,

From whence no ransom ever can be made,

Since we our bless'd Redeemer have betray'd,

And both his Will and Laws have disobey'd.

IV.

Thou know'st the secret Closet of our Hearts,
Thy divine Presence fills our secret parts;
Therefore be mercifull unto our Pray'r,
Most worthy Judge, thy wretched People spare.

Forfake us not when on our Death-beds thrown,
Lest through despair we deeply figh and groan,
And Hell grow proud of the Dominion.

Advice to his Friends, lamenting the Death of J. F.

By the Same Hand.

R Is and rejoyce all ye that Mourn,
Dry ev'ry Eye that weeps;
The Body in this hollow Urn,
Is not quite dead, but sleeps.
See how the Leaves in Autumns falling Dew
Forsake the weeping Tree;
And how the jocund Spring renews
With Buds their infancie.
What though the Root lye under-ground,
The Boughs to Heav'n aspire;
Thus Bodies in the Grave are found,
The Souls are mounted higher.

H;

Bb 2

Hark!

Hark! hark! I hear the Trumpet's Voice Cry, Come ye Blessed, come;

Methinks I hear our Friend rejoyce,

That he is Summon'd home.

Now Dronish Death hath lost her Sting,

The Grave her Victorie;

For Christ in Triumph rides as King
Of this great Jubilee.

Arise, my Friends, and wipe your Eyes, Salvation's drawing nigh;

Let's live to dye, and dye to rife,
T' enjoy Eternity.

T. S

syllest of dames

EPITAPH on Mrs. E. F.

who sickned of the Small Pox, and Deceased December the 31st. 1686. being the Day before her intended Nuptials.

This fair young Virgin, for a Nuptial Bed
More fit, is lodg'd (fad Fate!) among the Dead;
Storm'd by rough Winds, so falls in all her pride
The full-blown Rose design'd t' adorn a Bride.
Truth is, this lovely Virgin from her Birth,
Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth.
Earth claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd
The Nymph is mine, at length they did divide;
Heav'n took her Soul, the Earth her Corps did seize,
Yet not in Fee, she only holds by Lease,
With this proviso; When the Judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her share, and Heav'n have all

An

An EPITAPH to the Memory

(and fix't on the Tomb) of Sir PALME

FAIRBORN, Governour of Tangier,

who, in Execution of his Command, was Mortally Wounded by a Shot from the Moors, that
then befieged the Town, Octob. 24. 1680.

TE Sacred Reliques, which this Marble keep, Here, undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet sleep : Discharge the Trust, which when it was below,) Fairborn's undaunted Soul did undergo, And be the Towns Palladium from the Foc. Alive and dead he will these Walls defend, Great Actions, Great Examples must attend. The Candian Siege his early Valour knew, Where Turkish Blood did his young hands embrew From thence returning with deferv'd applause, Against the Moors, his well-flesh'd Sword hedraws; The same the Courage, and the same the Caufe. His Touth and Age, his Life and Death combine, As in some great and regular design, All of a piece throughout, and all Divine. Still

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Still nearer Heav'n his Vertues shone more bright, Like rising Flames expanding in the height,
The Martyrs Glory crown'd the Souldiers Fight.

More bravely Brittish Gen'ral never fell,
Nor Gen'rals Death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by Thousand Victims of his Foes.

An ELEGY on the Death of N.D. Doctor of Physick.

By 7. C.

Must sighs & sorrow still distract my Mind?

My Sense grows feeble, and my Reason's gone,

Passion and Discontent usurp the Throne.

With blubber'd Eyes my veiled sight grows dim;

Ah, cruel Death, cou'd you find none but him

To gratiste your hungry Jaws withall;

Or, if in haste, none but a Doctor's fall?

Bb 4

Howe'er

Howe'er, you might forbore your stroke a while But possibly you thought, he might beguile Your craving Appetite of many more, Which you expected to strike long before. But sure my Mind's disturb'd, my Passions rave, To censure Death, and quarrel with the Grave. Alas, he's bound, the blow he cannot give, Till his Commission shews we must not live. Yet hence we learn, and may this infrence make, That if Physicians Souls their Journey take Into a distant Climate, well may Ours: (hours, Then with what care ought we to fpend those Or rather few remaining Sands, which are In so much Bounty tender'd to our care? The purest Druggs, compos'd with greatest Skill, Can't preserve Life, when Death has pow'r to kill: Peafant and Prince are both to him alike, And with an equal blow doth either strike. All must surrender when his Arm is stretch't, With fuch a weighty force his blow is fetch't. But oh! I wander from my Virtuous Friend; Tis true indeed he's dead, but yet no end

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Can e'er obscure or hide his Honour'd Name, For o'er the World the Golden Wings of Fame shall spread his praise, and to his Friends proclaim, That whilst alive, His Soul was always drest With Robes of Innocence; the peacefull Gueft Of a good Conscience, ever fill'd his Breast. His smiling Countenance abroad wou'd send His hearty Wishes to his real Friend; His Words were few, but of important weight, Mix'd with no stains of flatt'ry, or deceit. Too much in's way his Library has stood, Himself he minded not for others good. Tis strange! to think he shou'd himself neglect, Whose study twas to cure what e'er defect Nature might fall into; yet this he did: In short, his Worth, though smother'd, can't be hid. To found his Praise may th' utmost Skill ingage, Since that he dy'd the Wonder of his Age. Well may his friends then, and acquaintance weep, When such a brave Physician's fall'n asleep.

UPON

HEAVEN.

H thou Theanthropes! who did'ft contain In one joint Body here both God and Man; And thou who'rt Alpha and Omega still, To blazon forth thy Courts, affift my Quill; Inlarge my Fancy, and transport my Mind, Above the common pitch of Humane kind. Oh represent and spread before my Muse One glimple of Heav'ns great light, which when the May make her foar in Raptures, and make known The glorious Seat of Heav'ns triumphant Throng But first, before my Tongue begins to speak Such unknown joys, which no Man yet cou'd make A true description of (though Poets have Feign'd an Elyziums bliss beyond the Grave) I crave thy pardon for my bold attempt, In showing Sense what here for Faith was meant, Like the bright Amathyst and Onyx Stone, This glorious Fabrick is erected on;

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The entrance Gates of this great Court excell The most Magnificent and Orient Pearl; Brighter than burnish't Gold her Walls appear; Of spangled Stars her Floor and Pavements are; Her high-built Pillars from the dazling ground, Look as befet all o'er with Diamond; an; Like purest Sardonys her Roof do's show, Whilst as green Emeralds are spread below The blushing Ruby, and the glitt'ring Saphir, Mix't with bright Chryfolites, and Stones of Jafper, Make but a poor Resemblance of this light, Whose gilt and radiant Beams appear too bright; For ought of humane Race to view or fee, Unless transform'd to Immortalitie. Thousands of Angels guard the outward Gate From th' utmost spleen and rage of Devil's hate; Who keep this Palace from or Siege or Storm, For all those Martyrs, who have bravely born With an undaunted patience th' utmost Ill, That Men or Devils could bethink or will; (fpy But when once past from th' outward Gates, you'll Millions of Angels blefs'd Eternally;

Alfo

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Also Illustrious Cherubs, Seraphins,
Clapping their gilded and rejoycing Wings;
Numbers unnumbred of the Saints in light,
Singing their Hymns to God both day and night;
There nought but simple Love and Rest abide,
All worldly Grief and Cares are laid aside;
Freed from all cross Events, and slavish Fear,
In Joy and Peace they live for ever there.

ONTHE

MARTYRDOM

OF

King CHARLES the First.

THE crimson Theam on which I now do treat,
Is not unregistred, or out of date;
No, it's wrote deep in ev'ry Loyal Breast,
And with loud Accents will be still exprest; (hast
Though Time shou'd take more wings, and faster
His sudden slight from hence; yet soon as past

Such

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such Tragick cruelty, this mournfull Theam In bloody Characters wou'd still remain. I wish my Pen had ne'er had cause to write This one day's Prodigie, more black than Night; The very Fiends themselves are now out-done, For Men the shape of Devils have put on. What but the spawn of Hell cou'd thus design! Or hatch fuch treachery to undermine The best of Kings on Earth, nay pull him down From his own Regal and Establish'd Throne? What, was there none but Charles the First, the And most indulgent worthiest Potentate, (Great To vent their rage upon? Oh barb'rous Crew! A King beheaded! by's own Subjects too! Ecclesiastical and Civil Writ Unto the World did ne'er as yet transmit So Tragical a Scene, or mournfull News, Save one alone, Jesus the King of th' Jews; Who was like Charles our Sovereign betray'd, Whom the same shew of Justice did degrade: But now the Jews from these do differ hence, Their Errours did from Ignorance commence, Because they thought not Christ their lawful Prince:)

But

But these curs'd Regicides did fully know Charles was their King, and had proclaim'd him & The Antient Fathers always own'd their Prince God's Representative in Truth's defence. And fince that Kings to God Vicegerents are, Their Subjects ought true Loyalty to bear, Who are protected by their Princely care. But as if Nature had these Miscreants left, And of Humanity they were bereft; 'Stead of Albegiance, they preach up Intrusion; Sound a Battalia, and make all confusion; And then delude and cheat the Common-weal With a pretence, that all was done through Zeal; Whilst an unnat'ral War they do begin, And persevere in their Rebellious Sin, Till they've intrench'd upon their Sovernign's Right By Usurpation, and by tawless Might. Then next they seize his Perfor with pretence, That they're his chiefest Bulwark of defence; At last his Head and Crown lop off at once, Without a Reason, or a just Response. At which black deed, shou'd th' Elements dissolve And th' Universal World it self involve

B

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ICH

A;

In present ruin, shou'd th' infernal Lake mh Flash out in Flames; Or shou'd the Waters break Through their strong Banks, and soa Deluge make, Shou'd Sun and Moon at once Eclipfed be. And to compleat a full Calamity Stars fall from Heav'n, and dash in pieces those Who did their Sov'raign and his Laws oppose: This we might judge is to their Merit due, Who fuch perfidious treachery purfue. Forgive my passion, if I do transgress Beyond the limits of true Holiness. I wish that all effectually repent This bloody Sin, whereby they may prevent Those heavy Judgment's which predict th' Event.) And may those Persons, who were Actors in This cursed Cause against the Father, bring Their true Obedience to his Son, now King; That fo they may to him, and all his Race, And to themselves, bring a continu'd Peace: And after crown'd with honour and fuccess, At last enjoy Eternal happiness.

UPON

UPON ONE'S

Birth-Day.

Ook upwards, O my Soul! and thou may'ft fee Once more thy Birth-days Anniversary. Another year of Time is passed by, And now methinks hath flid fo filently, As if unmeasur'd yet; and thus will feem Most of thy Days, when spent, in thy esteem. Man's Life is fitly liken'd unto Fire, Which unsupply'd with fuel, do's expire. And thus no fooner's run our fleeting Sand, But the Glass breaks by Death's destroying hand. Since then, my Soul, that Time fo fast doth slide, How much art thou obliged to provide That which may beautifie thy nobler part, And also cleanse and purifie thy Heart From all pollution, which within doth reign, And in that Empire fuch Dominion gain? Make firm Resolves, by new Engagements tye Thy Passions up, restrain their liberty.

Place thy affections upon things above,

Try then to surfeit i thou canst on Love;

In time secure that which alone can last,

When youth and beauty, strength and life are past.

Then as thy Sands do waste, and Tears increase,

Thou shalt at last expire with Joy and Peace.

fee

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Behold an Universal Darkness has o'er-spread This lower World, and Man in Sin lyes dead. Now black Despair his heavy burthen's made, And being fall'n, God's Wrath can ne'er be paid: For since his Native Innocence is slown, All the first promises of Bliss are gone. Think then, O Adam! on the state thou'rt in, And all Mankind by reason of thy Sin. Alas poor Man! thy Paradise is lost, And thou might'st justly from thy Bliss be toss'd

Into

Into th' infer nal Lake; where with great pain, B'ing exercis'd, thou might'st lament in vain.

But stay a while, What Musick's this I hear! Which sounds so sweetly from the heav'nly Sphere! Look here, O Man! are thine Eyes upwards bent? Here's Angels, surely, on a Message sent.

Man. What Anthem's this, sweet Angels, that you

Unto us Men? do ye glad tydings bring? (fing

Ang. We come from Heaven, we declare no Ill, But Peace on Earth, and unto Men Good-will.

M. How so, we pray? can God be friends agen?

Will he be reconcil'd to finfull Men?

Is God so kind, so mercifull a God,

So foon to cast away his angry Rod? (En

A. You need not doubt, wou'd you but with the Of stedfast Faith, pierce through the Starry Sky, You might behold there God himself contriving,

Not for your Death, but your Eternal Living.

M. But how shall we of this assured be?

What sign or token may we find or see?

A. Want ye a sign? then do but us believe: Here's one, behold a Virgin does conseive:

A Virgin true and chaft do's now bring forth A Son unto you of Transcendent Worth : This is the true Messias, whom of old The Patriarchis and Prophets fo fore-told; This is the Seed to Adam, promised By God, to break the subtle Serpent's Head.

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M. This being then the day of Jefin Birth, Let us affect our Hearts with godly Mirth; Let us, I fay, both triumph, joy, and fing, Glory be to our Christ, our Priest, our King.

On the same.

Arly i'th' Morn I wak'd, and first my Ear The Bell-man did salute with th' time of Year. And next the joyfull Cock, who'd left his Nest, Ceases not crowing Christus natus est. The lesser Birds in sweeter Notes do sing, And louder Sounds Echo from Bells that ring. Amidst this joy, I upward cast my Eyes, And faw more brighter Rays adorn the Skies; Where

Cc 2

Where e'er I look'd, a happy change I view'd, Nature her felf did feem as if renew'd: But when surpriz'd with such a beauteous Scene, I then refolv'd to think what this might mean; And presently my Thoughts inlarged were, And Christ his Incarnation did appear, In the most great and highest Acts of Love, Such as will Reason to amazement move: For who can think on Man, lost and undone, To be redeem'd from Death by God's own Son, And not be stricken with the quickest sence Of fo much Love, and charming Excellence? Rouse then thy Minds best faculties, and soar Up to a pitch, thou never reach't before: Strive to come near, at least to imitate The holy Angels, in their happy state; Who always in a constant circle move, Of giving praises unto God above; And when to them the happy tydings came, They gladly were the Heralds to proclaim The joyfull news to us; then shall not Man Sing the same Anthem they on Farth began?

Give praifes therefore unto God most high,
And joyn thy Soul to the bless'd Hierarchy.

When thus Seraphick-Love thy thoughts employ,
Thou shalt anticipate that Heav'nly Joy.

e,

More on the same Subject.

Let this days triumph o'er the World be crowned,

A day of Jubilee for ever own'd,

With Harp and Violin our Mirth we'll show,

Unto this day all gratitude we owe.

Let Lute and Timbrel, and Majestick touch

Of the sweet Vial too proclaim as much.

Let Talbrot also, and the loud-spoke Cymbal

Joyn with the sweeter of the Virginal;

Let all the Voices, both of Base and Trebble,

Joyn in this harmony; let polish't Marble,

To future Ages, keep his honour'd Name,

That they with equal pleasure speak the same:

And that a perfect joy may be express'd,

At the Solemnity of such a Feast,

Let

Let the whole Earth put on her Robes of Green,
And be in Triumph when this day is seen;
And also let the pretty winged Quire,
From their warm Nests with joyfulness retire;
And fill the Air with sweet melodious Notes,
Which they sing forth from out their warbling
Throats:

Let the Floods clap their hands, and therein show, That they rejoyce with all the World below; Let Angels too above bedeck the Sky, And in foft strains divulge their Harmony; Let the Illustrious Cherubins descend With their delicious Carrols to attend Man's happy change, which Christ alone did bring, Who is become our Prophet, Priest, and King. O bles'd Redeemer! why would'st thou come down, Rather fo lowly, than with great Renown? As foon as born, why did'ft thou not give order To be proclaim'd the World's great Emperour? Or cam'ft not vailed in an Angel's Shrine. Or took the Nature of a Seraphin? But this had been contrary to thy Will, Who came the Prophet's Sayings to fulfill:

Besides,

Besides, thy Message had a nobler End,
Namely, the World of Sin to reprehend;
And to refine and purge our thoughts from Earth,
Conveying to us Grace by second Birth;
To influence our Minds from Heav'n above,
And to possess us here with Peace and Love.

ON

NEW-TEARS-DAT.

OH Time, with Wings thou well may'st painted For that shows swiftness and celerity; (be, And thy keen Scythe as truly doth bespeak, What mighty devastations thou do'st make. That which thy hand incircles is a Glass, VVhose Sands with sleeting constancy do pass An Emblem, which adapted is to show, VVhat short duration all things have below; The Revolution of another Tear, Do's plain and obvious to each Eye appear:

The

The New-Year is in Infancy begun, And to its latter period foon will run; For when the last Years Scene of things are gone, The Revolutions of the New post on. View the Creation made with curious Art, And you'll fee motion run through ev'ry part; For whenfoe'er that ceases, presently The Object do's begin to wast and dye. But now this Festival of New-years-day, A more exalted Subject doth display; For it exhibiteth upon Record The Circumcision of our blessed Lord; Which Institution was by God decreed For a distinction unto Abr'am's Seed : But when our Saviour came, what need was there But that this Jewish Rite shou'd disappear? The Circumcision of the Heart was then E teem'd more proper for the Sons of Men; Instead of Circumcision and the Passover, Our Saviour therefore did enjoyn two other More Sacred Sacraments, which Christians now Do celebrate with a most solemn Vow.

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The former (a) Rite Mortification taught,

(b) This a more comprehensive meaning brought;

To wash off Adam's Sin is the intent,

As Water is a cleansing Element.

And all the Laws our Saviour did enjoyn,

Than those he has remov'd, are more sublime;

Since nothing came from him but what's Divine.

Each Festival that keeps his Memory,

Shou'd not without our due respect pass by.

'Tis sit we shou'd commemorate such days

With an eestatick and exalted praise,

And all our Faculties in Transport raise.

⁽a) Circumcifion.

⁽b) Baptism.

ETES and TEARS.

T. S.

HOW wifely Nature did decree,
VVith the same Eyes to weep and see!
That having view'd the Object vain,
VVe might be ready to complain.

IT.

What in the World most fair appears, Yea ev'n laughter turns to tears; And all the Jewels which we prize, Melt in these Pendents of the Eyes?

III.

Lo, the All-seeing Sun each day
Distills the World with Chymick Ray;
But finds the Essence only show'rs,
Which straight in pity back he pow'rs.

An

Ba

IV.

That weep the more, and fee the less:
And to preserve their Sight more true,
Bathe still their Eyes in their own Dew.

V.

So Magdalen in Tears more wife,
Dissolv'd those Captivating Eyes;
VVhose liquid Chains cou'd flowing meet,
To setter her Redeemers Feet.

VI.

The sparkling Glance that shoots desire,
Drench't in these Waves, do's lose its fire:
Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing Lightning slakes.

VII.

Ope then mine Eyes your double fluice, and practife so your noblest use; for others too can see, or sleep, But only humane Eyes can weep.

VIII.

Now like two Clouds dissolving drop,
And at each Tear in distance stop:
Now like two Fountains trickle down;
Now like two Floods return and drown.

IX.

Thus let your Streams o'er-flow your Springs,
Till Eyes and Tears be the same things:
And each the others diff'rence bears,
These meeping Eyes those seeing Tears.

ding Glace that though didner,

in the C Waves, do's he its fire:

on her most Delightfull and Excellent Romance of SCIPINA, now in the Press.

Table relationship of the en

By J. N. Fellow of St. John's Colledge in Cambridge.

Hail! Fair Commandress of a gentle Pen,
At once the Dread, and dear Delight of Men;
Who'll read with Transports those soft joys you've
Then fear their Laurels do but loosely sit, (writ,
Since Ton invade the Primacy of Wit.
Accept, kind Guardian, of our sleeping Fame,
Those modest Praises, which your Merits claim.
'T'as been our Country's Scandal, now of late,
For want of Fancy, poorly to Translate:
Each pregnant Term, some honest, labouring brain
With toilsome drudgery, and mighty pain,
Has told some new Amour from France or Spain.

Running

Running us still so shamefully o'th' score,
That we have scarcely credit lest for more.
But Thou, in whom all Graces are combin'd,
And native Wit with equal Judgment joyn'd,
Hast taught us how to quell our Bankrupt Few,
By bravely quitting all the long Arrear.
Thy single Payment, they'll with thanks allow
A just return for all those Debts we owe.
What though their Take more numerous appear!
Our Coyn's more noble, and our Stamp more sair.
So have I seen a Score o'th' Dunning Race,
Discharg'd their Paltry Tieks with one Broad-pie

Nor hast Thou more engag'd thy Native Hom.
Than the bare Memory of ancient Rome:
So far thy generous Obligations spread,
As both to bind the Living and the Dead.
Twould please thy Hero's awfull Shade, to see
His Part thus Acted o'er again by Thee;
Where ev'n his bare Idea has that pow'r,
Which Real Scipio only had before:
Such tenderness his very Image moves,
That ev'ry gentle Maid that reads it, Loves.

o fee with what new Air the Lover charms! Till doubly bless'd in fair Clarinthia's Arms. Triumphs of War were less than those of Peace; Nor was He e'er fo Great in any Arms, as thefe.

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What crowds of Weeping Loves wilt Thou create, When in thy Lines they find their Pittur'd Fate? Thou'ft fram'd each Paffion with fo foft an Art, Is needs must melt the hardest Stoick's heart. Did Zeno live to fee thy moving fence, He'd fure in Love an Epicure commence; The cold Infensible would disappear, And with each Mourning Fair he'd shed a Tear. Hom. But when He reads the happy Lover's Joys, He'd tell the rapturous pleasures with his Eyes: On's wrinkl'd brows a smiling Calm would shine, He'd think each Period of thy Book Divine, And with impatience kiss each tender line.

Yet all this while, such are thy harmless Flames, As neither Age it self, nor Envy blames: The Precise-Grave-Ones cannot disapprove Thy Gallant Hero's honourable Love.

Thy

Thy Lines may pass severest Virtue's Test,

More than Astrea's soft, more than Orinda's chast
Young Country Squires may read without offence,
Nor Lady Mothers sear their debauch't Innocence,
Only beware, Incautious Touths beware,
Lest when you see such lovely Pictures there;
You, as of old the Fair Enamour'd Boy,
Languish for those seign'd Beauties you descry,
And pine away for Visionary Joy.

Then if by day they kindle noble Fire, (spire,
And with gay thoughts your nightly Dreams inBless, Bless the Author of your soft desire.

PHILASTER.

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To Mrs. JANE BARKER, on her Resolution of Versifying no more.

By the Same Author.

MAdam, I can't but wonder why of late, What you so lov'd, you now so much shou'd hate.

Your Muse, with whom you thought your self once blest,

That now shou'd banish'd be from your fair Breast:

Tmay convince some (but that it ne'er shall me)

That in your Sex there is inconstancy;

Whom formerly with name of (a) Gallant grac'd,

By you so suddenly shou'd be displac'd.

Is this the recompence which you intend

Now to bestow on your so early Friend?

Who when a Child, put in your hand a Bough (b),

Hoping, in time, it might adorn your Brow.

Methinks you do't, as if you did defign

Fae's all-resistless pow'r to countermine.

(a) Meaning the Muse.

⁽b) The Lady being painted with a Bough of Biys in her Hand.

What else shou'd be the cause, I cannot see, That makes you fo averse to Poetry; Unless't be this, 'Cause each poor rhiming Fool, To get a place i'th' Ballad-maker's School, Spews forth his Dogrel-rhimes, which only are Like rubbish sent i'th' Streets, and every Fair. Is this an Argument, 'caufe Beggars Eat, Therefore you'll fast, and go without your Meat? So Vertue may as well aside be laid, Because a Cloak for Vice too oft it's made. Shall a true Diamond of less value be; Because abroad some Counterfeits we see? But when compar'd, how eas'ly may we know Which are for fale, and which are for a show. Then give not o'er, for in this Town they'll fay, A new Gallant has stol'n your Heart away : Besides, the Muses cannot chuse but pine; In lofing You, they'll lofe their Number Nine.

To the Incomparable AUTHOR,

Mrs. $\mathcal{F}ANEBARKER$,

On her Excellent ROMANCE

of SCIPINA.

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By a Gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge.

To the joynt force of Beauty, and of Wit:
And thus like vanquish'd Slaves in Triumph led,
Lawrels and Crowns before the Victor spread.
What stupid Enemy to Wit and Sence,
Dares to dispute your Sexes Excellence?
That Sex which doth in you Triumphant come,
To praise with Wit of Greece the Arms of Rôme;
Secur'd by folid Sence, you soar sublime
Above the little flutt'ring slights of Rhime.
Antient Philosophy, embrac'd by sew,
Smiles and looks young to be tares'd by you;

D d 2

Out-

Out-rivals Love, and drives him from your Breaft, And is alone of your whole felf possest: No Word of yours the nicest can reprove, To show a more than modest sense of Love : But something still like inspiration shines, Through the bright Virgin Candor of your lines. How well are all your Hero's toyls and fights, His long laborious Days, and restless Nights, Re-paid with Glory by your charming Pen? How gladly wou'd he act them o'er again? The Great Cornelian Race with wonder view, The Asian Conquerour, thus adorn'd by you; And th' younger Scipio willingly wou'd quit His Titles for your more Triumphant Wit. On then, brave Maid, secure of Fame advance, 'Gainst the Scaroons and Scudderies of France. Shew them your claim, let nought your Merit awa Your Title's good spight of the Salique-Law; Safe in the Triumphs of your Wit remain; Our English Laws admit a Woman's Reign.

EXILIUS.

ONTHE

POSTHUME and Precious POEMS

Sir MATTHEW HALE,

ies.

Late Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of King's-Bench.

By a Gentleman of Lincolns-Inn.

HE Rose and other fragrant Flow'rs smell best When they are pluck'd and worn in Hand or So this fair Flow'r of Vertue, this rare Bud (Breaft; Of Wit, smells now as fresh as when he stood, And by his Poetry doth let us know, He on the Banks of Helicon did grow: The Beauties of his Soul apparent shine, Both in his Works and Poetry Divine; In him all Vertues met, th' Exemplary Of Wisdom, Learning, and true Piety. Farewell Fam'd Juage, Minion of Thespian Dames, Apollo's Darling born with Enthian Flames; Which

Dd 3

Which in thy numbers wave, and shine so clear, As sparks refracted in rich Jems appear; Such Flames as may inspire, and Atoms cast, To make new *Poets* not like him in hast.

To the Admir'd AUTHOR, Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT,

ONHIS

Incomparable HISTORIES,

ENTITULED,

God's Revenge against Murther and Adulters, with the Triumphs of Friendship and Chastity. Newly published in a small Vol. 8°.

By Mr. J. Whitehall.

Since the too bold aspiring Angel fell
(By his Ambition and his Pride) to Hell;
And since Rebellious Man lost Paradise,
The World is fill'd with various forts of Vice;
Murther and Lust, twin Tyrants, long have reign'd,
And a vast Empire through the World maintain'd.
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The Sword of Justice could not stop their rage, They've boldly tyranniz'd in ev'ry Age; Nor cou'd Divines their furious heat affwage. Yet doubtless, Friend, th' Examples you have giv'n, May give them prospect of revenging Heav'n. Your Pen with Eloquence divine inspir'd, Will cool the Souls with Lust and Murther fir'd. . Tame all the Passions, regulate the Will, And stop that Rage which guiltless blood wou'd spill. Such charming Oratory it doth give, As teacheth us by others Death to live; And from a Life of Chastity and Love, A great Advantage to our felves improve. Totell thy Fame, I want great Spencer's Skill, The gentle charming pow'r of Cowley's Quill: All Men of Sence will praise thy matchles Profe, For sharpest Briar bears the sweetest Rose.

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To

To his Ingenious FRIEND,

Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT,

ON HIS

Compendious HISTORIES

OF

Murther, Adultery, Friendship and Chastis,
Some of the former being Epitomiz'd
from Mr. Reynold's Murthers.

By another Hand.

Any, 'tis true, knew of this Golden Mine, But all their Skill cou'd not the Ore Refine: Th' inimitable RETNOLD's very Name, Startled at first our greatest Men of Fame; Each one by sear, from that great task was hurl'd, And tho' lanch'd out their Sails, were quickly surl'd. Wanting thy courage, they cou'd never soar To this high pitch, which none e'er reach'd before.

The Vulgar paths thou shun'st, soaring sublime,
Till with quaint Eloquence thou fraught'st each
line.

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None yet fo fweetly charm'd with Sence the times So gently, and so well rebuk'd fuch crimes, As you, my Friend, have done; for you present Vice fo deform'd, the Wicked will repent; And by Examples of the chaft and kind, Fix bright Embellishments upon the Mind, Such as may make us to improve, and be Like patterns of Heroick Piety. Thy Wit and Skill may former Artists blame, And Reynold's Murthers now we must not name. As fable Darkness, which attends the Night, To the Days Sun-beams is its opposite: So Vice from Vertue, Wrong from Right's the same; Then how canst thou write wrong, when WRIGHT's (thy Name?

ON

ON

Christmas-day.

God! who art most Excellent and Wise! I fee the Morning Beams, break through the And with great admiration view the Light (Skier, Which distipates Nights darkness from my fight. But with a greater wonder I look on Those bright Illuminations, which thy Son Hath brought to light by's Incarnation. Look and admire I may, but can't express Such heights and depths of Love, in Profe or Verle 'Tis beyond th' art of Rhet'rick to difplay, What Christians folemnize this Festal day. Two facred Words, are an Epitome Of what's effected in this Mystery, Redemption and Salvation; heav'nly Letters! Which freed fall'n Man from th' Bondage of his Lust and Ambition, Avarice and Fraud, (Fetters: Was then his Master, and his Passions Lord:

Till

Till Christ, his great Redeemer, broke the Chain, And placed him in Paradife again. O Love most infinite! O Love divine! This Mystery of Love was truly thine; For neither Men nor Angels could atone Th' Almighty's Wrath, but God and Man in one: Wherefore Divinity submits to be Lodg'd in a Vessel of Humanity. How joyfully the heav'nly Hoft above, Proclaim to Man, glad tydings of thy Love? And shall Mankind so much ungrateful be, Or rather fink into stupidity, As not with equal Joy this Message hear, And all'due Rev'rence to their Saviour bear? And finally, Let's end these Festal days, With sweet Doxologies, and Songs of Praise.

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UPON

DEATH.

Aked I came from out my Mother's Womb, And naked must return unto my Tomb; Difrob'd of all Injoyments here below, Or what my Fancy had effeemed fo; Laid down in filence, and by all forgot; Left in an Earthly Sepulchre to rot, And turn to noisome and corrupted Clay, My Manly Shape and Figure worn away : Thus when our little breath, and life's once gone, We make a Feast for Worms to feed upon. And though we shou'd the most Endearments have, Of Wife and Children too, yet we must leave Them, and their Fortunes, unto Providence, When pale-fac'd Death shall summon us from hence Why do we stand amaz'd, and seem to fear, When e'er the news of a Friend's Death we hear? And not much rather to applaud the Tongue, That brought intelligence, he liv'd fo long;

For Life's so mutable, each little blast May the whole Fabrick unto ruin haft : Life is a Bubble, which now you fee here, And in a moments time do's disappear; Full as inconstant as the Wind; alas! 'Tis far more brittle than a Venice-Glas; 'Tis as a Shadow, which is quickly fled; Or as a Word, which in as small time's faid; Tis as a Vapour rising from the Earth, But at the most 'tis but a little Breath. And is this truly so? and shall my Eyes, Together with my Souls bright Faculties, Be cheated with the Worlds gay Vanities? Certainly no! Adieu ye cheating Pleasures, Which only bear the empty name of Treasures; No Sophistry, or stratagem, can hide Your gilded Vanity, your Lust and Pride: And as for Honour, that I'll most avoid, My lonesome Cottage shall not be annoy'd By th' noisome Breath of a confused Rabble; Void of calm Reason, full of nonsence, babble. Besides, my Eyes are both too weak and dimm To guide my Feet, whilft I so high must climb, To

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To reach her Pinacles; which if I do, 'Tis but to make me fall from thence more low. And as for worldly Wealth, my bounds I fet, According to what Prudence do's direct. Our honest Industry is not deny'd, When all disponding Thoughts are laid aside: So much I can most lawfully desire, As may with decency my Life attire; And bear me up, left I too much shou'd Mourn, Before I fill my dark and filent Urn. Such serious Thoughts as these delight me best; Death, when fore-feen in time, do's quite devel A Man of dubious Thoughts, and frightful Fears, And with a Plandit closeth up his Tears.

ON THE Divine Spirit.

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S when the lab'ring Sun hath wrought his A Up to the top of lofty Cancer's back, (track The Icie Ocean cracks the Frozen Pole, Thaws with the heat of Celestial Coal; So when thy absent Beams begin t'impart Again a Solftice on my frozen Heart, My Winter's o'er, my drooping Spirits fing, And every part revives into a Spring: But if thy quickning Beams a while decline, And with their Light bless not this Orb of mine, A chilly Frost furprizeth every Member, And in the midst of June I feel December. O how this Earthly temper doth debase The noble Soul, in this her humble place! VVhose wingy Nature ever doth aspire To reach that place, whence first it took its fire. These Flames I feel, which in my Heart do dwell, Are not thy Beams, but take their fire from Hell. O quench

O quench them all, and let thy Light Divine
Be as the Sun to this poor Orb of mine;
And to thy Sacred Spirit convert those Fires,
VVhose Earthly fumes crack my devout Aspires!

To the Memory of the Illustrious Prince G E O R G E, Duke of Buckingham.

When the dread Summons of Commanding

Fate

Sounds the Last Call at some proud Palace-Gate,
When both the Rich, the Fair, the Great, and High.
Fortunes most darling Favourites must die;
Strait at th? Alarm the busie Heraulds wait
To fill the Solemn Pomp, and Mourn in State:
Scutcheons and Sables then make up the Show,
Whilst on the Herse the mourning Streamers flow,
With all the rich Magnificence of Woe.

f Common Greatness these just Rights can claim,
What Nobler Train must wait on Buckingham!
When so much Wit, Wit's Great Resormer, dyes,
The very Muses at thy Obsequies,
(The Muses, that melodious cheerfull Quire,
Whom Misery could ne'er untune, nor tire,
But chirp in Rags, and ev'n in Dungeons sing,)
Now with their broken Notes, and slagging Wing,
To thy sad Dirge their murm'ring Plaints shall
bring.

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Wit, and Wit's god, for Buckingham shall mourn, And His lov'd Laurel into Cypress turn.

Nor shall the Nine sad Sisters only keep
This mourning Day: even Time himself shall weep,
And in new Brine his hoary furrows steep.
Time, that so much must thy great Debtor be,
As to have borrow'd ev'n new Life from Thee;
Whilst thy gay Wit has made his sullen Glass
And tedious Hours with new-born Raptures pass.

What the black Envy with her rane rous Tongue,
And angry Poets in embitter'd Song

Ee

(Whilf

(Whilst to new tracks thy boundless Soul aspires)
Charge thee with roving Change, and wandring
Envy more base did never Virtue wrong; (Fire
Thy Wit, a Torrent for the Banks too strong,
In twenty smaller Rills o'er-slow'd the Dam,
Though the main Channel still was Buckingham.

Let Care the busie Statesman over-whelm,
Tugging at th' Oar, or drudging at the Helm.
With lab'ring Pain so half-soul'd Pilots plod,
Great Bucking ham a sprightlier Measure trod:
When o'er the mounting Waves the Vessel rod,
Unshock'd by Toyls, by Tempests undismay'd,
Steer'd the Great Bark, and as that danc'd, He play'd

Nor bounds thy Praise to Albion's narrow Coast,
Thy Gallantry shall Foreign Nations boast,
The Gallick Shore, with all the Trumps of Fame,
To endless Ages shall resound thy Name.
When Buckingham, Great CHARLES Embassador,
With such a Port the Royal Image bore,

So near the Life th' Imperial Copy drew,
As ev'n the Mighty Louis could not View
With Wonder only, but with Envy too.
His very Flear-de-Liee's fainting Light
Half droopt to see the English Rose so bright.

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Let Groveling Minds of Nature's basest mould Hug and Adore their dearest Idol, Gold: Thy Nobler Souldid the weak Charms defie, Disdain the Earthly Dross to mount more High. Whilst Humbler Merit on Court-Smiles depends For the Gilt Show'r in which their Jove descends; Thou mount'ft to Honour for a Braver End; What others borrow, Thou cam'lt there to lend: Did'st sacred Vertues naked Self adore, And left'ft her Portion for her fordid Woer; The poorer Miser how dost thou out-shine, He the Worlds Slave, but thou hast made it thine: Great Buckingham's Exalted Character, That in the Prince liv'd the Philosopher. Thus all the Wealth thy Generous Hand has spent, Shall raise thy Everlasting Monument.

So

So the fam'd Phanix builds her dying Nest Of all the richest Spices of the East:

Then the heap'd Mass prepar'd for a kind Ray Some warmer Beam of the Great God of Day, Do's in one hallow'd Conflagration burn, A precious Incense to her Funeral Urn.

So Thy bright Blaze felt the same Funeral Doom, A wealthier Pile than old Mausolus Tomb.

Only too Great, too Proud to imitate

The poorer Phanix more Ignoble Fate,
Thy Matchless Worth all Successors defies,
And scorn'd an Heir shou'd from thy Ashes rise:
Begins and finishes that Glorious Spheer,
Too Mighty for a Second Charioteer.

UPON

UPON THE

DE ATH

OLIVER CROMWELL,

In Answer to Mr. W----'s Verses.

By Mr. Godolphin.

Hurry'd in Storms loud as his crying Sin:
The Pines and Oaks fell proftrate to his Urn,
That with his Soul his Body too might burn.
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above:
For Guilt from him like Romalus did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow.
Praying themselves the lofty Trees shou'd fell
Without the Ax, so Orpheus went to Hell:
At whose descent the sturdiest Oaks were clest,
And the whole Wood its wonted Station left.

In

In Battle Herc'les wore the Lyon's Skin, But our Fierce Nero wore the Beaft within; Whose Heart was Brutish, more than Face or Eyes, And in the shape of Man was in disguise. Where ever Men, where ever pillage lyes, Like rav'nous Vultures, or wing'd Navy flyes. Under the Tropicks he is understood, And brings home Rapine through a Purple Flood. New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd, As round the leffer, so the greater VVorld. In Civil Wars he did us first engage, And made Three King doms Subject to his rage. One fatal stroke slew Justice, and the cause Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws. So fell Achilles by the Trojan Band, Though he fill fought with Heav'n it felf in hand Nor cou'd Domestick Speil confine his Mind, Nor limits to his fury, but Mankind. The Brittish Youth in Foreign Coasts are sent, Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment. VVho fince they cannot in this Isle abide, Are confin'd Pris ners to the VVorld belide.

No wonder then if we no tears allow
To him who gave us Wars and Ruin too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to fee
There must be punishment to crueltie.

Nature her self rejoyced at his Death,
And on the Halter sung with such a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While her glad Waves came dancing to the shore.

Eyes

od.

ON THE LAST DUTCH WAR.

By Mr. Benjamin Willy, Sometime Master of the Free-School of Newark upon Trent.

R Obb'd of our Rights! and by fuch Water-Rats! We'll doff their Heads, if they won't doff their Hats.

Affront from Hogen Mogen to endure!
'Tis time to box these Butter-Boxes sure.

If they the Flag's undoubted Right deny us,

And won't strike to us, they must be struck by Us.

Ee 4

A Cro.v

A Crew of Boors, and Sooterkins, that know Themselves they to our Blood and Valour owe. Did we for this knock off their Spanish Fetters, To make 'em able to abuse their Betters? If at this rate they rave, I think 'tis good Not to omit the Spring, but let 'em Blood. Rouse then, Heroick Britains, 'tis not Words, But Wounds must work with Leather-Apron-Lords. They're deaf, and must be talk'd withall, alas, With Words of Iron, spoke by Mouths of Brass, I hope we shall to purpose the next bout Cure 'em, as we did Opdam of the Gout. And when i'th' bottom of the Sea they come, They'll have enough of Mare Liberum. Our brandish't Steel (tho? now they seem so tall) Shall make 'em lower than Low-Countries fall : But they'll e'er long come to themselves you'll see, When we in earnest are at Snick-a-fnec. When once the Boars perceive our Swords are drawn, And we converting are those Boars to Brawn.

Methinks the Ruin of their Belgick Banners, Last Fight, almost as ragged as their Manners,

Might

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Might have perswaded 'em to better things,

Than to be sawcy with the best of Kings.

Is it of Wealth so proud they are become?

Charles has a Wain, I hope, to fetch it home;

And with it pay himself his just Arrears

Of Fishing Tribute for this Hundred years;

That we may say, as all the Store comes in,

The Dutch, alas, have but our Factors bin:

They fathom Sea and Land, we, when we please,

Have both the Indies brought to our own Seas;

For Rich and Proud they bring in Ships by Shoals;

And then we humble them to save their Souls.

Pox of their Pictures! if we had 'em here,
We'd find 'em Frames at Tyburn, or elsewhere.
The next they draw be it their Admirals,
Transpeciated into Finns and Scales;
Or which wou'd do as well, draw, if they please,
Opdam with th' Seven sinking Provinces;
Or draw their Captains from the conqu'ring Main,
First beaten home, then beaten back again.

And

And after this so just, though satal strife,
Draw their dead Boars again unto the Life.
Lastly, Remember to prevent all Laughter;
Drawing goes sirst, but Hanging sollows after.
If then Lampooning thus be their undoing,
Who pities them that purchase their own Ruin;
Or will hereafter trust their treacheries,
Untill they leave their Heads for Hostages.
For as the Proverb thus of Women's said,
Believe'em nothing, though you think'em dead.
The Dutch are stubborn, and will yield no Fruit
Till, like the Wallnut-Tree, ye beat'em to't.

Pylance Althor had 'em here,

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LAST SAYINGS

MOUSE,

Lately Starved in a Cupboard.

As they were taken in Short-hand by a Zealous Rat-catcher, who listned at the Key-hole of the Cupboard Door.

O'hort continuance of Barthly blifs.

Did I for this for fake my Country Eafe,

My Liberty, my Bacon, Beans, and Peafe?

Callye me this the breeding of the Town,

Which my young Mafter bragg'd when he came

Fool that I was! I heard my Father fay (down?

(A Rev'rend Monfe he was, and his Beard gray)

(rome,

"Young Hunt-crum, mark me well, you needs must

"And leave me and your Mother here at home :

" Great

"Great is your Spirit, at high food you aim,

"But have a care ----believe not lying Fame;

" Vast Bodies oft are mov'd by slender Springs,

" Great Men and Tables are two diff'rent things:

" Affure thy felf, all is not Gold that shines;

"He that looks always far, not always dines :

" For oft I've feen one strut in laced Cloak,

" And at th' fame inftant heard his Belly croak.

By fad experience now I find too well,
Old Hunt-crum was an arrant Sydrophel.
And must I dye? and is there no relief?
No Cheese, though I give over thoughts of Bees.
Where is grave Madge, and brisk Grimulkin now,
Before whose Feet our Race was wont to bow?
No Owl, no Cat, to end my wosfull days?
No Gresham Engine my lean Corps to squeese?
I'd rather fall to Foes a noble prey,
Than squeek my Soul out under Lock and Key.
What's this? a pissing Candles latter end.
My dear beloved Country-Save-all Friend?
Thou dreadfull Emblem of Mortality,
Which nothing sayour'st of solidity:

Great

Detested

De

Detested Droll'ry of my cruel Fate!
This shadow of a Comfort comes too late.

Now you my Brethren Mice, if any be As yet unstarv'd in all our Family, From your obscure Retreats rise and appear, To your, or to your Ghosts I now draw near. Unto my pristine dust I hast apace, Observe my hollow Eyes, and meager Face; And learn from me the fad reverse of Fate, Tis better to be innocent than great. Good Consciences and Bellies full, fay I, Exceed the pomp that only fills the Eye. Farewell you fee (my friends) that knew me once Pamper'd and smooth, reduc'd to Skin and Bones. Poor as a Church-Mouse! O I faint! I dye! Fly, fly from Cat in shape of Famine, fly; Whilst at my Death I my Ambirion rue, In this my Cupboard; and my Coffin too; Farewell to Victuals, Greatness, and to you.

TO THE
SECRETARY
OF THE

MUSES.

A NEW-TEARS-GIFT.

JULIAN,

Which when you've done, you'll find I am
I write not for Applause, or if I doe, (your friend;
Who'd value the Applause that comes from you,
Or from your Patrons, who of late we see,
However they're distinguish'd in degree,
Forget themselves, and grow as dull as thee?
As often drunk, as awkward in their dress,
Fight with thy courage, Court with thy success.
And when their fond Impertinences sail,
They strait turn Satyrists, and learn to rail;

With

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With falle Afpersions whitest truths they touch, And will abuse, because they can't debauch. No, Julian, 'tis not my defign to glean Applauses either from thy self, or them; But meerly to assume a friendly care, And give thee Counsel for th' enfuing Tear. For if all pow'rfull dullness keep its station, Dullness chief Manufacture of the Nation, Thou certainly must starve the next Vacation. To prevent which, observe the rules I give, We never are too old to learn to live. First then, to all thy railing Scriblers go, Who do their wit and worth in Libels show; Bid'em correct their Manners, and their Style, For both of 'em begin to grow so vile, They are beneath a Carr-man's scornfull smile: Tell'em their false Coyn will no longer pass; Nay, tell 'em that thou know'st it to be Brass: But above all, beg'em to mend their strain, And yet I fear thy pray'rs will be in vain; For though the Old year, Julian, now is done, We know there comes another rowling on, And still another too when that is gone. But

1;

But Wit lyes unmanur'd, the barren store
Is ebbing out----I fear 'twill flow no more.
'Tis well thou dost not live on Wit alone,
For the dull trash the Men of Sence disown,
Thy duller Coxcombs with Applauses crown.

Since folly then, and nonsence find success,
Let this dull triste pass amongst the rest:
But swear withall the Author is a Wit;
Nay, when thou'rt in th' Enthusiastick sit,
Swear 'tis the highest thing that e'er was writ.

Thus with thy noise prepare 'em by degrees,
Thou'rt us'd to dullness, and thou know'st 'twill
Dull then as 'tis, this New-years-gift of mine, (please.

If manag'd well, may help to get thee thine.

EPITAPH

ONTHE

SECRETARY to the MUSES.

Under this weeping Monumental Stone
There lies a Scribe, who, while he liv'd, was known

1

To ev'ry Bawd, Whore, Pimp, Fop, Fool in Town, For scandal he was born, and we shall find, That now he's dead, there's little left behind: Vast was his Courage, witness all the store of noble Scars, that to his Grave he bore; Allgot in War; for he abhorr'd a Whore. Of spreading Libels nothing shall be said, Because twas that which brought him in his Bread, And 'tis a crime to vilisie the Dead. His Honour for Religion still was great; In Covent-Garden Church he'd slumb'ring sit, To shew his Piety was like his Wit.

Ff

But

But above all, Drink was his chief delight;
He drank all day, yet left not off at night:
Drink was his Mistres; Drinking was his Health;
For without Drinking he was ne'er himself.
Ah, cruel Gods! what Mercy can ye boast
If the poor Secretary's frighted Ghost
Shou'd chance to touch upon the Stygian Coast?
But ah his loss, 'tis now too late to Mourn;
He's gone, and Fate admits of no return.
But whither is he gone? to's Grave, no doubt;
Where, if there's any Drink, he'll find it out.

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SATYR,

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In Answer to the

SATYR against MAN.

By T. L. of Wadham Colledge, Oxon.

What case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to I'dbe the same that to my joy I am, (wear, One of those brave and glorious Creatures; Man; Who is from Reason justly nam'd the bright And persect Image of the Instite:

Reason's Mankind's Prerogative, no less Their Nature's honour, than their happiness:

With which alone, the meanest Creature blest, Were truly styl'd the Lord of all the rest;

Whence Man makes good his Title to the Throne, And th' whole Creation his Dominion own.

Whence he o'er others, and himself presides, As safe from Errour as Ten thousand Guides:

Ff 2

Through

Through Doubt's distracting Lab'rinths it directs, And all the fubtil Windings there detects. As fafely freers through Life's wide Ocean, As Skilful Pilates through the boundless Main; It shews here Scylla, there Charybdis lyes, And between both securely leads the Wife; VVho Quick-fands, Rocks & Gulfs fupinely braves, A desp'rate Fool may perish in the Waves; VVho mad and heedless wou'd his Guide refuse; Can't blame that reason which he cannot use. He that will close, or leave his Eyes behind, Shou'd not accuse his Eyes, because they're blind. If knowingly, vain Man, his Journey makes Through Error's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes, And craggy, steep, untrodden Paths he takes; 'Tis down-right Nonsence then to look upon His Errors (Nature's Imperfection,) And all Mankind endite with a wrong Bill, Which reaches not his Nature, but his Will. Besides, it's better reason to infer, That is most perfect, which can mostly Err; The Hound that's fam'd for far more politick Nole, Than Men in Parliament or Coffee-house;

Than

Than Country-Justice, or Old Cafar's Horses, A Conful's made for's Skill in State-affairs; Who closest Plots can scent and spoil alone, With as much ease as he devours a Bone : Jowler the Wise the plodding Jowler is, Oft at a fault, and oft his Hare doth miss; While through unerring-paths a Stone descends, And still arrives at that tow'rds which it tends. If therefore those are wifest which attain By furest means the Ends at which they aim: The latter, doubtless, will be wiferfound, Though this is but a Stone, th' other a Hound. So much for Reason, th' next Attempt's for Man, For him I must defend, and him I can. Well then: Man is compos'd of Cruelty and Fear, From these his great, and his best Actions are; The charge runs high, and deeply Man's arraign'd, His Blood is poyfon'd, and his Nature stain'd. But I shall make it straight with ease appear, That the brisk accusation's too severe; (Theme. For undertaking to disparage him, They leave their Text, and make the Beast their

res,

And

And first the Fears that trouble him within, Proceed not from his Nature, but his Sin; (haunt, Which, like pale Ghosts, while they the Murthrer Do cramp his Soul, and all his Courage daunt. Frame gastly Fantomes in his guilty Mind, Frightfull above, below, before, behind: If in the House, alas the House will fall; If, in the Street, each is a tot'ring Wall; If in the Fields, what if the Poles shou'd crack, And the vast Orbs come tumbling on his back? A Bird, a Wasp, a Beetle, and a Fly, With no finall dread approach his trembling Eye; For lately 'tis evinc'd, all Creatures are No less than Man, in the wild state of War; VVhich long ago the wary Emp'rour knew, VVho hostile flies, with Princely Valour slew. Is he alone? he ftartles when he fees His moving shadow, and his shadow slees. For who can evidence but that may be No meer privation, but an Enemy? So when alone a tim'rous Wretch is fcar'd, And when he's not, he's fearfull of his Guard.

what shall he do? or whither shall he fly? vVho durst not live, and yet he durst not dye : Say you who e'er have felt those painfull stabs; Say wretched Nero, or more wretched Hobbs. Guilt is of all, and always is afraid, From fear to fear fucceffively betray'd; 'Tis guilt alone breeds cow'rdife and diffrust, For all Men wou'd be Valiant if they durft; Those only can't, who swear, and whore, and cheat, And fell their Honour at the cheapest rate: Whom brawling Surfeits, Drunkenness and Claps: Hurry on head-long to the Grave perhaps : Such some call Devils, but we think the least, And therefore kindly head them with the best. Chuse they themselves whose Case they'll please to The Case of Dog, the Monkey, or the Bear. (wear, So far, I doubt not, but you'll find it clear, He's no true Man, who's thus compos'd of Fear: He o'er whose Actions Reason doth preside, Who makes the radiant Light his constant Guide; Vain fear can never o'er his Mind prevail, Integrity to him's a Coat of Mail;

Of

Of Vertues and of Honesty possest, Against all ills h'as trebly arm'd his Breast: Steel, Brafs, and Oak, are but a weak defence, Compar'd to firm-refolved Innocence. This makes the Champion, midst the Bloody Field. Bolder than he who wore the fev'n-fold Shield, To brave the World, and all the dangers there, Though Heav'n, Air, Sea & Land all constant were As unconcern'd as were the Forrest Oak, He feels the Lightning, and the Thunder-stroak: He meets the Lyon, and the Ragged Bear, With a great mind that never floop'd to fear. If the Winds blow, they spend their Breath in vain, Tho? they enrage and fwell their boift'rous Main. Till Waves arise, and foaming Billows rowl, For calm in spight of Tempest is his Soul; And Syren-like he fings amongst the Storms: The brave can dye, but can receive no harms. But Men are cruel: no, they're never fo While they continue Men, not Monsters grow: But when degen'rate, they their pow'r employ, Not to preserve their kind, but to destroy. When

when once unnat'ral, they themselves engage In Blood and Rapine, Cruelty and Rage. Then Beafts on Beafts with greater Mercy prey, The rav'nous Tygers are less fierce than they. The greatest Good abus'd, turns greatest Evil, And fo fall'a Lucifer became a Devil. But who'd not therefore Blessed Michael be, 'Cause Devils are Angels too as well as he? Or else to instance in their proper sphere, Pale and corrupted Wine turns Vinegar, Will they beyond it therefore praise small Beer? While they debauch't, are to each other Fiends, True Men are good unto themselves and Friends. Whose kindness, affability and Love, Make these aboad below, like those above: Good without felf, and without fawning kind, And own no Greatness but a Vertuous Mind: Grave, Learned, Noble, Valorous and Wife; High without pride, and meek without disguise. Having at large compleated our defence, We will in short describe the Men of Sence. And first their Prowess, next their Learning shew; Lastly their Wit, and then we'll let them go:

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" For that which fools the World, Religion. "Your pains are fav'd, because the Wife have none Here Hell's great Agent Hobbs i'th' front appears Trembling beneath a load of guilt and fears: The Devil's Apostle sent to preach up Sin, And so convert the debauch'd World to him; Whom Pride drew in as Cheats, their Bubbles catch. And made him venture to be made a Wretch. Hobbs, Natures pest, unhappy England's shame, Who damns his Soul to get himself a Name. The Resolute Villain from a proud desire, Of being Immortal, leaps into the fire: Nor can the Caitiff miss his desp'rate aim, Whose luscious Doctrine Proselytes will gain, (Though 'tis fufficiently abfurd, and vain) Whilst proud, ill-natur'd, lustfull Men remain. And that's as long as Heav'n and Earth endure; This th' Halter once, but nothing now can cure. Next him his learn'd and wife Disciples view, Persons of signal parts, and honour too, As the enfuing Catalogue will shew.

Huffs, Fops, Gamesters, Highway-Men, and Players, Bawds, Pimps, Misses, Gallants, Grooms, Lacquies, and Pages;

none

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1e,

Such as the Poet justly thought a crime, To place in Verse, or grace them with a Rhime. But now methinks I fee towards me Jig, Huge Pantaloons and huffing Periwig; With Hat and gaudy Feather o'er it spread, And underneath looks fomething like a Head. Bless me! what is this Antick shape? I can Believe it any thing besides a Man: But fuch it is, for I no sooner ask, But he bears up, and takes me thus to task. The Devil----- straight down drop I, And my weak under-hearted Friend that's by: A Fiend broke loose, cry'd he, I fear him worse, He shou'd a Hobbist be by th' size of's Curse. Plague----for a peevish snarling Curr; Mercy, I cry your Mercy, dreadfull Sir; For a Broad-side these Weapons fitter are, Three wou'd at least fink a Dutch Man of War. These are the Sparks, who friends with stabs do greet, And bravely Murther the next Man they meet; With

With boldness break a sturdy Drawer's pate, If the Wine's bad, or Reck'ning is too great. Kill a poor Bell-man, and with his own Bell, 'Tis a rare jest to ring the Rascal's Knell: Cry, Dam you to a Dog that takes the Wall, And for th' affront the ill-bred Cur must fall: Swear at a Coach-man, and his Horfes kill, To fend th' uncivil Sons of Whores to Hell. Upon a rude and justling Sign-post draw, (and saw. Though the fam'd Champion George look't down Assault Glass-windows, which like Crystal Rock, Had firmly stood the sharp impetuous shock Of Twenty Winters, and despis'd their pow'r, Yet can't withstand their matchless Rage one hour. From all th' Atchievements of Romantick Knights Their bold Encounters and heroick Fights; One only Parallel to this is brought, When furious Don the Gyant Windmill fought. Oh that this Age some Homer wou'd afford! Who might these deeds in deathless Verse record, Here wou'd his large Poetick Soul obtain A subject worthy his immortal vein;

W here

Where greater deeds wou'd his great Muse employ, Than when she fang the tedious Siege of Troy. Then stout Achilles, Ajax, Diomede, The future Ages with contempt wou'd read; Despise their Name, and undeserv'd Renown, Who Ten years spent to win a paultry Crown; For War-like boldness, and Advent'rous deeds, The Camp of Venus that of Mars exceeds. 'Tis an Exploit, no doubt, that's nobler far T'attempt the Dangers of a Female War; Where in vast numbers, resolute and bold, Viragoes fight for Honour, and for Gold; And with unweary'd Violence oppose The fiercest Squadrons of affaulting Focs; With just such weapons, and such courage too, Did war-like Amazons their Men subdue, Such venom'd Arrows from their Quiver flew. Next we'll describe, from a few gen'ral hints, Their usual Learning, and Accomplishments. In the starch't Notions of the Hat and Knee, T' excell them, they defie the bravest He. How long they cringe, when within doors they greet, And when y' accoast one in the open Street. Whe-

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V. Vhether a Lady led must have the Wall: And if there's none, which Hand to lead withall. Which of the two the House first enters in, And then which first shou'd the vain prate begin. VVhen three full hours, without one word of fenfe, They'll talk you on genteel impertinence; And all shall be furprizing Complement, And each shall have at least five Madams in't; Besides the Courtish A-la-modish He, Intriegue Divine, and pleasant Repartee. Ladies of Pleafure, they from Honour know, By the Hood-knot, and the loofe Gestico: They'll tell exactly, if her temper Red Be bounteous Nature's gift, or borrowed. Descry a Beauty through her Mask and Shroud, Call her a Sun that's got behind a Cloud. The vigour of those fopperies I lose For want of breeding, but you must excuse For this a Clownish, rude and Cloyster'd Muse. Nor must we all their Acts of Lust forget, In Excellence furpaffing any yet: For Lust's more beastly, and more num'rous too, Than Nero's Pimp, Petronius, ever knew:

More

More than Albertus, or the Staggrite, Though both profoundly on the Subject write.

all.

gin.

Now for their Wit.

They have one waggery the top o'th' rest, Which we'll put first, because it is the best; To cheat a Link-Boy of three-half pence pay, By flily flealing through some blind back-way. But what compleats the Jeft, the Boy goes on, Untill the place appointed he's upon, Never suspects the cunning Hero's gone. Having thus chous'd the Bay, and 'scap'd by flight, He scarcely sleeps for laughing all the Night. (speed Tricks himself up th' next Morn, and hies with) To tell his Mils th' intriegue of what he did; Who makes reply, 'Twas neatly done indeed. Then he all Company do's tire and worry For a whole week with that ridic'lous Story: Last night I hapned at the Tavern late, To be where five of these great Wits were sate, And was so nigh as to o'er-hear their prate: I dare to Iwear, that three amongst the five, Were Woodcock, Ninney, and Sir Loslitive. Had Shadwell heard them, he had stol'n from thence. A Second part of his Impertinence: Pro-

Prologues and Epilogues they did reherfe, With scraps and ends of stiff untoward Verse: And strong Almansor Rants cull'd from the Plays Of Goff and Settle, and great Poet-Bays. An hour or two being spent in this discourse, And all their store quite drein'd, they fall to work; T' applaud th' invention of a fwinging Oath, And better-humour'd Curfe that fills the Mouth A Bawdy Jest commands the gen'ral Vogue, And all admire and hug the witty Rogue. And if you once but chance to break a Jest, On the dull phlegmatick and formal Priest: Or rather vent a Droll on Sacred Writ, For th' more ingenious still, the better Wit. If he can wrest a scrap to's present Theme, And pretty often daringly blaspheme; Oh, 'tis the Archest Rogue, the wittiest Thing, He shall e'er long be Jester to the King: He parallels the Thrice-renown'd Archee, And he shail write a Book as well as He: Nay more, Sir, he's an excellent Poet too, He'll all the City Ballad-men out-doe; Their formal high-bound Muse waits to expect, When pensive Mony-wanters will contract With ys.

ric;

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With Clov'n-foot Satan, or fome wanton Maid, In shape of Sweet-heart is by him betray'd. Each common trivial humour of the City, Fills him with Rapture, and creates a Ditty. The bawlers of Small-coals, Brooms, Pins & Spoons, Afford him matter to endite Lampoons. If Sir Knight take a Purge at Tunbridge Waters, Hell shew in rhime how oft, how far he Squatters. In forty couples of Heroick Verse, Express the features, and the springs of's A----Had Hopkins burlefqu'd David with defign, These Wits had styl'd his filly rhimes divine: But fince he did it with an honest Heart, Tom Hopkins Muses are not worth a F-----Certainly if the Dev'l struck up and fung, After a pawfe fo many Ages long; And play'd the Poet after once again, Though in that old abominable strain, He once deliver'd his dark Oracle; Twoud pass for Wit, because it came from Hell. But being of Patience totally bereft, The Room and House in rage and haste I left.

Now fum up all their Courage, Wit, and then Tell me if Reason will allow them Men; Rather a large and handsome fort of Apes, Whom Nature hath deny'd our Sulphur, giv'n our Such in hot Africk Travellers relate, Mankind in folly only imitate. But if a thing s' unlikely shou'd be true, That they both wear our Shape and Nature too; I'd live contented under any state, Rather than prove so vain, absurd, degenerate: An Owl, a Kite, a Serpent, or a Rat, If a more hated thing, let me be that. Let them laugh on, and fite the thinking Fools In Rev'rend Bedlam's Colledges and Schools. When Men distracted do deride the Wife, Tis their concern to pity and despise; Let me to Chains and Nakedness condemn'd, My wretched life in frantick Bedlam spend; There figh, pick straws, or count my fingers o'er, Weep, laugh, fwagger, huff, quarrel, fing and roar; Or with Noll's heav'nly Porter preach and pray, Rather than live but half so mad as they.

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To His most Sacred Majesty

JAME Si the Second, Go.

On His late Victories o'er the

Rebels in the West

Since Heav'n your Righteous Caufe has own'd,
And with fuctefs your pow'rful Army Crown'd;
Silence were now an injury as rude,
As were the Rebel's base ingratitude.
While th' Glories of your Arms & Triumphs shine;
Not to Congratulate, were to repine,
Your Enemies themselves wou'd strangely raise
By disingenious and inglorious Ways;
By means no Vulgar Spirit wou'd endure,
But such as either Courage want, or Power:

G g 2

But

But while your Clemency proclaims aloud,
Compassion to the miserable Croud.

Your Royal Breast with Love and Anger burns,
And your Resentment into Picy turns.
But they your Princely Pardon did resuse,
And were resolv'd all Outrages to use.

Stern Murtherers, that rise before the light
To kill the Innocent, and rob at Night:
Unclean Adulterers, whose longing Eyes
Wait for the Twilight; Enter in disguise,
And say, Who sees us? Thieves, who daily mark
Those Houses which they plunder in the dark.
Yet whilst your Loyal Subjects Blood they seek,
With th' Gibber or the Ax at last they meet.

And with face fo your powerful shim Crown to

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You'd I but use my Pen, as you your Sword, I'd write in Blood, and kill at ev'ry Word: The Rebels then my Muse's pow'r shou'd feel, And find my Verse as fatal as your Steel. But sure, Great Prince, none can presume to write With fuch fuccess as you know how to Fight; Who carry in your Looks th' Events of War, Defign'd, like Cafar, for a Conquerour. The World of your Atchievements are afraid, And th' Rebels fly before you quite difinay'd, And now, Great Prince, may you Victorious be, Your Fame and Arms o'er-spreading Land and Sea. May you our haughty Neighbours over-come, And bring rich Spoils and peageful Laurels home; Whilst they their Ruine, or your Pardon meet, sink by your Side, or fall before your Feet.

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PANEGYRICK

On His Present Majesty

JAME S the SECOND:

Occasionally Written since His late Victories de tained over the Scotch and Western Rebels.

Hilst with a strong, yet with a gentle hand, You bridle Faction, & our Hearts command: Protect us from our felves, and from the Foe; Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too. Let partial Spirits still aloud complain, Think themselves injur'd, cause they cannot reign. And own no liberty, but whilst they may, Without controul, upon their Fellows prey. Above the Waves, as Neptune shew'd his Face, To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race. So has your Majesty (rais'd above the rest) Storms of Ambition tossing us represt:

You

Your drooping Country torn with Civil hate, Preserv'd by you remains a Glorious State. The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet With bending Sails, each Veffel of our Fleet. Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow. Or swelling Sails upon the Globe can go. Heav'n, that has plac'd this Island to give Law To ballance Europe, and her States to awe: In this Conjunction do's o'er Brittain finile, The greatest Monarch, and the greatest Isle. Whether the portion of this World were rent By the rude Ocean from the Continent: Or thus Created, it was fure defign'd To be the facred refuge of Mankind. Hither th' Oppressed shall henceforth resort, Justice to crave, and Succour from your Court, And then, Great Prince, you not for ours alone, But for the VVorld's Defender shall be known. Fame, fwifter than your Winged Navy, flyes Through ev'ry Land that near the Ocean lyes; Sounding your Name, and telling dreadfull News To all that Piracy and Rapine use. ?

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With such a King the meanest Nation blest, Might hope to lift her head above the rest. What may be thought impossible to doe, For us embraced by the Sea and Tou; Lords of the Worlds vast Ocean, happy We, Whole Forrests send to reign upon the Sea: And ev'ry Coast may trouble or relieve, But none can visit us without our leave. Angels and we have this Prerogative, That none can at our happy Seat arrive: Whilst We descend at pleasure to invade, The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good with Aid. Our Little World, the Image of the Great, Like that about the Boundless Ocean set : Of her own Growth, has all that Nature craves; And all that's rare, as Tribute from her Slaves. As Egypt do's not on her Clouds rely, But to her Nile owes more than to the Sky. So what our Earth, and what our Heav'n denies, Our ever constant friend the Sea supplies. "The tast of hot Arabia Spice we know, "Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow. " With

"Without the Worm in Persian Silk we shine, "And without Planting drink of ev'ry Vine. "To dig for Wealth, we weary not our limbs; "Gold, though the heaviest Metal, hither swims: "Ours is the heaviest where the Indians mow; "We plough the deep, and reap what others fow. Things of the noblest kind our own Sail breeds; Stout are our Men, and war-like are our Steeds. Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too, France conquering, did flourish, & now you, (due;) Whose conqu'ring Arms whole Nations might sub-) Whilst by your Valour, and your Courteous Mind, Nations, divided by the Seas, are joyn'd. Holland, to gain your Friendsbip, is content To be your fafe-guard on the Continent: She from her Fellow Provinces will go, Rather than hazard to have You her Foe. In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse Preventing Posts, the terrour and the news; Our Neighb'ring Princes trembled at the roar, But our Conjunction makes them tremble more. Your Army's Loyal Swords made War to cease, And now you heal us with the Acts of Peace.

Less

Less pleasure take, brave Minds, in Battles won, Than in restoring such as are undone. Tygers have courage, and the Ragged Bear : But Man alone can, whom he conquers, spare. To pardon willing, and to punish loth; You strike with one hand, but you heal with both As the vex't World, to find repose at last, It self into Augustus Arms did cast: So England now doth, with like toil oppress'd, Her weary Head into your Bosom rest. Then let the Muses with fuch Notes as these, Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace. Your Battles they hereafter shall indite, And draw the Image of our Mars in fight. Illustrious Acts high raptures do infuse, And ev'ry Conquerour creates a Muse. Here in low strains thy milder deeds we fing, And then, Great Prince, we'll Bays and Olive bring, To Crown your Head, while you Triumphant ride O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea bestride; While all the Neighbouring Princes unto you, Like Joseph's flaves, pay reverence and bow.

A Congratulatory

POEM

both

de

ON HIS

SACRED MAJESTY

JAMES the SECOND's

Succession to the Crown.

But kind indulging Nature gives supply.

Sick of her Solitude, she first retires,
And on her Spicy Death-bed then expires.

Thus God's Vicegerent unconcern'd, declines
The Crown, and all his Dignities resigns:
Like dying Parents, who do first commend
Their Issue to th' tuition of a Friend;
And then, as if their chiefest care was past,
Pleas'd with the Settlement, they breathe their last:
So he perceiving th' nigh approach of Death,
That with a Period must close his Breath.

His

His Soul he first to God doth recommend, Then parts from's dearest Brother, and best Friend Contentedly refigns his dying claim, To him Successor of his Crown and Fame: One whose wise Conduct knows how to dispence, Proper rewards to Guilt and Innocence: A Prince, within the Circle of whose Mind All the Heroick Vertues are confin'd; That differently dispers'd, have made Men great, A Prince so just, so oft preserv'd by Fate. On then, Great Potentate, and like the Sun, Set with the splendid Glory you've begun. Disperse such hov'ring Clouds as wou'd benight, And interpose themselves 'twixt us and light. You boldly dare Jehowah's Trust artest, Without a base perswading interest. When pleasing flattery puts on her charms, To take with gentle Arts and fost Alarms; Fix't with a Gallant resolution, you Uncase the Hygocrite, who bids adieu To this confus'd and ill-digested State, Where Plots new Plots to Counter-plot create:

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Trusting to Reason's Conduct as your guide, You leave the threatning Gulphs on either fide V And then eredt frich marks as may appear, is it'w To caution others from a Shipwack there. And fince your Reign the Rebels plainly fee The mean effects of their black Treachery, The Puritans may now expect in vain, To Gull with Pious Frands the Land again: You, like a Great Columbus, will find out The hidden World of deep intriegues and doubt, England no more of Jealoufies shall know. But Haleyon Peace Shall build, and Plenty flow. And the Proud Thames, fwell'd high, no more com-But smilingly looks on the peaceful Plains, (plains, No Angry Tempest then shall carl her Brow, Glad to Behold revived Commerce grow in L'all Whilf We to JAMES the Second make Address) Striving who most shall Loyals a express I and as W No Faction shall us from our selves divide, dirily More than the Sea from all the World belide, 211 But link'd together in one Chain of Aoue, book And with one Spring Unanimons we'll move;

the fiveer-tongu'd Bird of Paradife.

ADVICE

That to our Foes regret it may be faid,

VVe are again one Body, and one Head:

Which God preferve, and grant that long you may,

In Righteousness and Peace the Scepter sway.

ONTHE

PRESENTATION

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BIRD to his MISTRISS.

Alking abread to tast the welcom Spring,
And hear the Birds their lays most sweetly
Plac'd on a spreading Edmanningst the rost, (sing;
(Whose rare harmonious warbling pleas'd me best)
Was one I tempted to my lure, and caught,
Which now (fair Saint) I send you to be taught:
'Tis young, and apt to learn; and sure no Voice
VVas e'er so full of Art, so clear and choice
As yours, t'instruct it, that in time 't may rise
To be the sweet-tongu'd Bird of Paradise.

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ADVICE

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SILLY MAIDS

By an Unknown Authour.

7 Ithin a Virgins Bosom of Fifteen, The God of Love doth place his Mag azeen: Hoards up his treasure, all his pow'rfull Charms; Her Breasts his Quiver, and his Bow her Arms. Beauty fits then triumphant on her brow, She doth command the World, all Mortals bow And worship at the Altars of her Eyes; She seems a Goddess, and Men Idolize. At these years Nature hath perform'd her part, And leaves the rest to be improv'd by Art; Which with fuch skill is manag'd five years more, Each day fresh Glories add to th' former store. The motion of the Body, rich attire, Obliging look, kind language; all conspire To catch poor Man, and set his Heart on fire.

During

During this harvest, they may pick and choose: But have a care, fair Virgins, lest you lose Th' advantage which this happy feafon yields: Cold Winter-frosts will nip your blooming Fields Wither your Roses, make your Lillies dye, And quench the scorching Flambeau of your Eye, For when the clock of Age has Thirty told, And never Man yet touch'd your Copy-hold, A fudden alteration then you'll find, Both in your state of Body, and of Mind: You then shall pine, for what you now do slight; Fret inwardly all day, and cry all night; Devour the Sheet's with folded Arms, complain, And wish you had him there, but wish in vain. Then in your Thoughts insipid pleasures steal, And on lean Fancy make a hungry meal. Your Bodies too will with your Minds decay; As those grow crais'd, so these will wast away. All nauseous food your Appetites will please, And nourish indigested Crudities. When once your Mind's disturb'd, Nature begins To furl her Trophies up in wrinkled Skins. Who can expect the Body e'er shou'd thrive, And lack its natural preservative? Wank

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Wanting due feasoning, all flesh will taint; 'Tis Man preserves Complexion more than Paint; So high a Cordial he doth prepare, In Natures Limbeck, if apply'd with care, It will perform the very work of Fate; Not only Life preserve, but Life creates Be wise in time, lest you too late repent, And by some prudent choice those ills prevent ? Get a brisk Confort to Supply your want, But let him be a Husband, no Gallant. There lies much virtue in a Levite's Spell; But more in th' active part, performing well; There's the intrinsick worth, the charming bliss, That do's conveigh your Souls to Paradife; Twill make you dye with a delightfull pain, And with like ecftafie revive again. Part with that Virgin Toy, while in the prime, The Fruit will rot o'th' Tree, not took in time. But if you will continue proud and coy, And flight those Men who court you to enjoy; Here you in wretched Ignorance shall dwell, And may deservedly lead Apes in Hell.

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Farther ADVICE

O T'd with one,

Young Ladies.

By another Hand.

BE prudent, Ladies; Marry while you may, Left, when too late, you do repent and fay, You wish you had, whilst Sun had shone, made Hay.

If in th' principium of your youthfull days,
Your Beauties's like to Sol's bright shining Rays,
Then are you Critical, and hard-to please.

When as you do begin to chuse your Mate,
You chuse him first for Name and great Estate,
And qualify'd, as I shall here relate.

Good-natur'd, handsome, Eloquent and wise, Well learn'd, and Skill'd in Arts, of equal size, 'Tis Lady's Niceties to be precise.

But when to Twenty-one arriv'd you be,
You do begin to chuse reservedly,
Then the young Squire who keeps his Coach is he-

But when as your Meridian is past,
As posting Time doth swiftly passing hast,
So will your Crystal Beauties fade as fast.

Vesper succeeds Aurora in small space,
And Time will soon draw wrinkles in that Face,
Which was of late ador'd in ev'ry place.

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ADVICE

Farther ADVICE

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Hh 2 ADVICE

A D V I C E

Town-Miss.

By Mr. Worldell.

DEar Mrs. Anne, I'm certain you'll find true
The late Advice, in writing fent to you;
And I assure you now with Pen in hand,
In Verse or Prose I'm still at your command.
If by Poetick Art I could assay
To Stigmatize the blackness of your way,
I'd fright you from that brutish, lustfull Sin,
Which you so much delight to wallow in.

Soar with your thoughts, and penetrate the Sky, And view the Wing'd Celestial Hierarchy. Think to what Heav'nly joys you'r free-born Heir, If you'll but follow vertuous Actions here, And that your Ransom cost your Saviour dear. Strive still for Vertue's Paths with strong desire, For slames of Lust will end in slames of Fire. If once to Drunkenness inclin'd you be, You've sprung a Leak to all debaucherie; And drinking Healths, the Body heats with Liquor, Which makes it prostitute to Lust the quicker.

Shun then those paths, don't foster in your Breast Such wicked Sin's, they'll but disturb your Rest.

Torture your Mind till Atropos divide

The fatal twist, and send you to reside

In horrors darksome shades, without a guide;

Where you will find for your lascivious tricks,

Charon must wast you o'er the River Styx:

Too sure you'll find he'll not his way mistake,

But row you safe unto Averna's Lake;

And where you'll surely be compell'd to land,

Pluto himself will let you understand.

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The Preference of a Single Life before Marriage.

Written at the Request of a Lady.

By the Same.

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HE that intends ever in rest to be, Both for the present and the future, free From cares and troubles, intermix't with frife, Must see the hazard of a Nuprial Life For having once had touch of Capid's Dart, Once overcome by th' crafty Courtier's Art; And brought at last unto the Nuprial Bed, Adieu to for and Freedom, for they're fled. She's then involv'd in troubles without end, Which always do's a Married Life attend : When as before the might have lived at eafe, In Prayers, and Hymns, and Pfalms have pass'd her Been chief Commandress of her Will and Mind, (days; And acted any thing her Will defign'd; She

She might go travel where and when the please,
To pass away the tedious time with ease:
But when once subject to the Jugal Band,
Her Wills confined, the's under a Command;
And to reside at bome must be her lot,
Till Atropos unloose the Nuptial Knot.

with tor will thicontent;

CLARINDA'S

Putting on Her

Vizard Mask.

So have I seen the Sun in his full pride,
O'er cast with sullen Clouds, and then deny'd
To shew its lustre in some gloomy night,
When brightest Stars extinguish'd were of light:
So Angels Pictures have I seen vail'd o'er,
That more devoutly Men shou'd them adore;

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So

So with a Mask faw I Clarinda hide
Her Face, more bright than was the Lemnian Bride.
So I an off'ring to her ruby Lips
Wou'd make, but cannot pay't for the Eclipse,
That keeps off my be-nighted Eye; I mean
The Curtain that divides it from the Scene.
Say, my Clarinda, for what Discontent,
Keep thy all Rosie Cheeks so strict a Lent?
Or is thy Face, which thou do'st thus disguise,
In Mourning for the Murthers of thine Eyes?
If so, and thoud'st resolve not to be seen,
A Erown to me had more than Mid-night been.

ride.

MIDDLE SISTER,

Ascribed to CLARINDA.

Ame Nature feems to make your Sifters stand, As Handmaids that attend on either hand; To right or left I turn not, Poets fay, The middle is the best and safest way. Fortune and Nature are your Friends (my Fair) For they have plac'd you here in Vertue's Chair: Doubtless in you the Middle Grace I see, On this fide Faith, on that sweet Charity. Your Sisters stand like Banks on either side, Whilst you the Crystal stream betwixt them glide; Or, if you will, they walk on either fide Like Bride-Maids, you in middle like a Bride. What shall I farther add? The Trav'ller sees A pleasant Walk between two rows of Trees: The smooth and silent Flood in th' middle flows, But the Shoars murmur from the Banks rough (Brows.

AN

ELOGY

Mrs. M. H.

By a Student of the Inner - Temple.

Some do compare their Mistress in dull Rhimes,
To Pearl and Diamonds brought from India
Their Lips to Corral, & their Neck to Snow, (Mines,
Robbing both Indies to adorn them so.
But these, alas, are Metaphors too bare
To make perfection half it self appear;
And to prophane you so, wou'd be a Sin,
Worse to be pardon'd, than commenced in:
A Crime, that brings my Muse into suspence,
'Twere blasphemy to setch a Simile hence.

In You each Member shows the whole to be, Not bare perfection, but a Prodigie. Nature turn'd spend-thrist, now designs no mo e T'amuse poor Mortals with such monst'rous store, Since you have made her Bankrupt quite, and poor. Your Eyes (like Heav'ns Illustrious Lamps) dispende By Beams more bright a secret insluence on all Admirers; and, like Heav'n, do give A Pow'r whereby poor Mortals he and live:

Nor is this all, the Charms that constellate
In your fair Eyes, they do not terminate.

An equal share of those Celestial Rays,
Crowns ev'ry Member with an equal praise;
They're not consin'd to Lip, or Chin, or Hand,
But universal are, as Sea and Land.

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Who views your Body with a eurious Eye,
May through that milky hew a Soul descry:
A Soul! that breaths nought but Seraphick Love,
The sweet Monopoly of that above:
Modest as Virgins are, yet not unkind;
Fair, but not proud; your Goodness unconfin'd
To Time or Person, and your Judgment great,
But not possessed with a self-conceit:

Per-

Perfection to divine, fo pure and bright. Nor Pen nor Tongue can e'er express it right. The loftiest Epithite my Muse e'er knew, Admits a Greater, when apply'd to You; Who can refift fuch Charms, at whose Access Sol fneaks away to the Antipodes: Or in the Umbrage of some Cloud do's hide His Face, as if he fear'd to be out-vy'd. A Fabrick fo Polite, and fo compleat, Heav'n may behold with Envy and regret; To see in one poor Mortal thus Ingrost, All the perfections that she e'er cou'd boast. And were you but immortal too (like it) Angels wou'd pay that duty we omit; As if you were a Deity confin'd To humane Flesh, not wretched, but refin'd.

A Love-Poem.

By an Oxford Gentleman.

O what kind GOD am I in debt for this Obliging Minute that bestows such blis, As now to represent unto my fight, That which to Me alone can cause delight! How long in mournful Silence has my Sighs Bemoan'd thy Absence? witness, O ye Skies. But now I have obtain'd my wish'd success, And have in view my chiefest happiness; I must with hast my prison'd thoughts reveal, Which has been long a torment to conceal. Phyllis, ah lovely Phyllis, thou art she Who showest Heav'n in Epitome. Angels with pleasure view thy Matchless Grace, And both admire and love thy beauteous Face. Cou'd

Cou'd Heav'n some greater Master-piece devise, Set out with all the Glories of the Skies; That Beauty yet in vain he shou'd decree, Nothing like you can be belov'd by Me. VVhat Ornament and Symmetry I view, VVhere each part seems as Beautiful as New. I long t'enjoy those Hands, those Lips, those Epu, Which I, who love you most, know how to prize. But when my Arms imbrace thy Virgin-Love, Angels shall fing our Bridal Hymn above. Nature then pleas'd, shall give her glad consent, And gild with brighter Beams the Firmament. Roses unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flower Shall strip their Stalks to strow the Nuprial Bower The firr'd and feather'd kind the triumph shall pur-And Fishes leap above the Water to see you; (sue, And wherefoe'er thy happy foot-steps tread, Nature in triumph after thee is led. My Eyes shall then look languishing on thine, And wreathing Arms our foft Embraces joyn; And in a pleasing trembling seiz'd all o'er, Shall feel delights unknown to us before.

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What follows will out pleasures most inhance, When we shall swim in Ecstasie and Trance, and speechles Joys; in which sweet transport toss'd, We both shall in a pleasant Death be lost. know not where to end this happy Theam; But is it real? or some airy Dream? Eyes, A sudden sear do's all my thoughts surprize, I dare not trust the witness of my Eyes. How fixt I ftand, and indifpos'd to move These pleasant Charms, unwilling to disprove: Like him, who Heav'n in a fost Dream enjoys, Toftir and wake, his Paradife destroys.

ANOTHER

Love-Poem.

By the Same Authour.

Ride of the World in Beauty, Pow'r, and Love; Best of thy Sex! Equal to Gods above: Unparalell'd Vertue; they that search about The World, to find thy Vertues equal out, Must take a Journey longer than the Sun; And Pilgrims dye e'er half their race is run. Your charming Beauty can't but please the fight, With all that is in Nature exquisite. About those Lips Ambrosial odours flow, Nectar, and all the Sweets of Hybla grow. Those sparkling Eyes resistless Magick bear; I see young wanton Cupids dancing there. (Break What melting Charms there waves about thy On whose transporting Billows Jove might rest And with immortal Sweets be ever bleft. Shall I but name the other charming Blifs, That wou'd conveigh our Souls to Paradise? Gods

Gods! how she charms! none fure was e'er like thee, Whose very fight do's cause an Ecstasie: Thou art fo foft, fo fweet, and filent all, As Births of Rofes, or as Blossoms fall. Hide then those Eyes; take this foft Magick hence, My Happiness so much transports my Sence; That fuch another look, will make me grow Too firmly fix't, ever to let you go. Soul, fummon all thy force thy joy to bear, Whilst on this Hand eternal Love I swear. Sweetest of Creatures! if there Angels be! What Angel is not wishing to be Thee? Can any happiness compare with mine? Tis wretched fure to be a Pow'r Divine; And not the Joys of happy Lovers know: Wou'dst thou, my Dearest, be an Angel now? O how the Moments sweetly glide away! Nothing of Night appears, but all is Day. Inflam'd with Love, these Minutes I'll improve, And sum an Ages Bliss in one Hours Love. But shou'd I long such vehement raptures feel, I fear the transports of delight wou'd kill.

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THE

Lover's Will.

Let me not figh my last, before I breathe (Great Love) some Legacies; I here bequeathe Mine Eyes to Argus, if mine Eyes can see; If they be blind, then Love I give them thee; My Tongue to Fame, t' Embassadors mine Ears, And unto Women, or the Sea, my Tears.

My Constancy I to the Planets give,
My Truth to them who at the Court do live;
My Silence t' any who abroad have been,
My Money to a Capuchin;
My Modesty I give to Souldiers bare,
And all my Patience let the Gamesters share.

I give my Reputation unto those
Which were my Friends; my Industry to Focs;

To School-men I bequeath my Doubtfulness, My Sickness to Physicians or Excess; To Nature all that I in Rhime have writ, And to my Company I leave my Wit.

To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls,
I give my Physick-Books; my Written Rolls
Of Moral Counsels I to Bedlam give,
My Brazen Medals unto them which live
In want of Bread; To them which pass among
All Foreigners, I leave my English Tongue.

the

Thou Love taught'st me, by making me adore
That charming Maid, whose Twenty Servants
To give to those who had too much before; (more,)
Or else by loving where no Love receiv'd cou'd be,
To give to such as have an incapacitie.

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LOVE-LETTER.

By W. S. M. D.

Sweet Lady,

JOur conqu'ring Eyes have by their Magick Art, Convey'd fuch Flames into my Captiv'd Heart, I cannot rest; Ah therefore, do not prove Cruel to him whom your Eyes taught to Love; Nor blame this rude attempt, fince what I do, My ardent Passion do's compell me to; I wou'd be filent, fearing to offend, But then my Torments ne'er wou'd have an end. Yet though in this I may appear too bold, My Love is pure, and therefore may be told: Besides, you are so fair, your Vertues such, That shou'd I strive, I cannot say too much. So well accomplish'd you're in th' Art of Love, You've Charms enough t' inflame another Jove. Let not your coyness therefore blind the light Of your fair Eyes, which now do shine so bright; For she that gives occasion to despair, By all that's good is neither kind nor fair; Though

Though outward Beauty foon may charm the Mind, And make the most obdurate Heart prove kind: Yet nothing charms an Am'rous Heart so strong, As the sweet Notes of a fair Female Tongue, That charms the Soul, and all the Senfes move, And adds new Sweets to the delights of Love. Love is the noblest Passion of the Mind, And she that unto it can prove unkind, Is either simple, destitute of Wit, Or else her Pride will not acknowledge it. But that's too black to dwell in your fair Breast, Nothing but things divine can there have rest. If therefore wilfull Pride don't taint your Mind, But as your Face is fair, your Heart is kind. My Pen shall then maintain your worth and praise, And from all others I'll possess the Bays: But if by frowns against me you take Arms, Your Beauty has no Snares, your Eyes no Charms. And though a Stranger yet to you I am, If you prove kind, I'll not conceal my Name; Till then I rest to see these lines success, On which depends my future happiness.

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A Speech

A Speech to his Mistress in a Garden.

HE Glory which we fee invest these Flow'rs Is lent, & they must live but some few hours; So Time, what we forbear to use, devours. From fading Leaves, you fee how Time refumes Their fragrant scent, and sweet perfumes. Look but within the most retired places, Where utmost Skill is us'd to keep good Faces. Yet in some distant time they will be feen The spoil of Age: witness th' Egyptian Queen; Or the fair charming Hellen, who by Time Had nothing left — But what at last express'd were by her Shrine. Or thus; Shou'd some Malignant Planet bring Upon the Antumn, or the blaoming Spring A barren drought, or rain a ceaseles show'r, Yet 'twou'd not Winters coming stop one hour. But cou'd you be preferv'd by Loves neglect From coming Years decay, then more respect Were justly due to so divine a Fashion, Nor wou'd I give indulgence to my passion.

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ADDRESS

TOA

Gentlewoman Walking in a Garden.

By an Oxford Gentleman.

Your candid Goodness will not let you blame. This bold intrusion, that do's now bereave. You of these privacies without your leave; And as you're fair, I hope you're no less kind, Craving your pardon then, I'll speak my mind: But oh! I fear my troubled Heart bodes ill, One word from you my life do's save or kill; First for your pity then I must be seech, Lodg'd at your feet, you would behold this wretch. O that the Gods above wou'd bring to pass, You might my suit, without my speaking guess; But that won't be, relating then, fair Saint, My firm-fix't Love in murmuring complaint.

Not

Not long fince, walking through the Ibady Grove, To see those tender budding Plants improve; And coming downwards from the Rivers head, To hear the noise the purling Waters made, And fee her various and delightfull pride, Streaming in Circles as the Waters glide. Then 'twas I heard a shrill melodions found, Pleasanter far than what I there had found. One while I thought it was some Angel's tune, Whose pleasing Echo still wou'd re-assume Its first high quav'ring strein, and then fall low'r; In short, too charming for the strongest pow'r. My curiofity then brought me to A lonesome Grotto, where as prying through Its verdant spreading branches, I did see That beauteous Form which thus has wounded me And ever fince my Passion is the same, Resist not then so true and pure a Flame; But with kind pity send me some relief, Since my Heart's stole by you, the pretty Thief, From whose bright Eyes such conqu'ring Charms do As might enslave and captivate each Heart: (dart,

id,

r;

The greatest Praise is to your Beauty due, All must their Homage pay when seen by you. The Fruit-tree nodding with each blast that blows, Through the great pressure of her loaden Bonghs, Seems to design none but your hand to crop Her pendent Clusters, from her Branches top. The purple Vi'let, and the blushing Rose, With sweet Carnations, wait till you dispose Their fragrant scent to your sagacious Nose. If you're displeas'd the fairest downwards drop Its fading penfive head, and wither'd top: But if you're angry, possibly the Sun Might stop his course, and not his journey run; At which th' amazed and affrighted World Might to its first rude Chaos soon be hurl'd. And since my Fate's wrapt up in what you doom, Do not my Passion with your scorn o'er-come; But with the Sweets of Love, and then we'll be Lock't in Embraces to Eternity.

Upon

UPON A

Gentlewomans Refusal of a Letter from one she was ingaged to.

By Sir C. S.

OT hear my Message, but the Bearer shun! What hellish Fiend inrag'd cou'd more have Surely the Gods defign to make my Fate Of all most wretched, and unfortunate. 'Twas but a Letter, and the Words were few, Fill'd with kind wishes, but my Fate's too true. I'm lost for ever, banish'd from her sight, Although by Oaths and Vows she's mine by right. Ye Gods! look down, and hear my Sorrows moan, Like the faint Echoes of a dying groan. But how is't possible so fair a Face Shou'd have a Soul so treacherous and base, To promise constancy, and then to prove False and unkind to him she vow'd to love?

0.

Oh, Barb'rous Sex! whose Nature is to rook nd cheat Mankind with a betraying look. lence I'll keep guard within from all your Charms, nd ever more resist all fresh Alarms; Il trace your windings through the darkest Cell, and find your Stratagems, though lodg'd in Hell. four gilded Paintings, and each treacherous Wile, un! By which so eas'ly you Mankind beguile; have Winds are more constant than a Womans Mind, one? Who holds to none but to the present kind: For when by absence th' Object is remov'd, The time is gone and spent wherein she lov'd. And is it not the very same with me, To flight my Love, when I must absent be? Ferhaps sh'has seen a more atracting Face, And a new Paramour has taken place. And shall my injur'd Soul stand Mute, and live, Whilst that another reaps what the can give? Glutted with pleasures, and again renew Their past delights, although my claim and due, Oh, no, my Soul's inrag'd, revenge calls on, I'll tear her piece-meal e'er my fury's gone; Stretch

ut

M. He

Stretch out my Arm all o'er th' inconstant stain, And then cleavedown her treach'rous limbs intwai The greatest plagues Invention e'er cou'd find, Is not sufficient for th' inconstant Mind. I think I have o'er-come my Passion quite, And cou'd not love, although 'twere in despight As for the Man who must enjoy my room, He'll foon be partner in my wretched doom; He by her Faith, alas, no more will find, Than when she swore to me to prove most kind. Therefore I'll leave her, and esteem her less; And in my felf both joy and acquie sce. But oh, my Heart, there's something moves there (ftill, Sure 'tis the vigour of unbounded Will. Too much, I fear, my Fetters are not gone, Or I at least again must put them on. Methinks I feel my Heart is not got free, Nor all my Passions set at liberty, From the bright glances of her am'rous Eye. Down Rebel-love, and hide thy boyish Head, I'm too much Man to hear thy follies plead: Go seek some other Breast of lower note; Go make some Old decrepit Cuckold dote:

egone, I say, or strait thy Quiver, Bow, and thou thy felf fall to destruction too. twai ut oh, I'm gone, my Foes have all got ground, My Brains grow giddy, and my Head turns round. My Heart's intangled with the Nets of Love; My Passions rave, and now ye Gods above Help on my doom, and heave me to your Skies; Look, look, Mervinda's just before my Eyes: Help me to catch her e'er her Shadow fly, And I fall downward from this rowling Sky.

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ill,

In Praise of a Deformed, but Virtuous, L A D Y; OR,

ASATYR on BEAUTT.

Ine Shape, good Features, and a hand fom Face,) Such do the glory of the Mind deface; But Vertue is the best and only grace. Venus Man's Mind inflames with luftfull fires, Confumes his Reason, burns his best desires. Wer't

Wer't thou, my Soul, but from my Body free; Had Flesh and Blood no influence on thee; Then woud'ft thou love a Woman, & woud'ft chu The Soul-fair-she to be thy blessed Spouse. Beauty's corrupt, and like a Flower stands, To be collected by impureft hands; 'Tis hard, nay 'tis scarce possible to find Vertue and Venus both together joyn'd; For the fair She, who knows the force and strength Of Beauty's charms, grows proud, and then at length Lust and Ambition will possess her Breast, Which always will difturb Man's peacefull reft. Beware my Soul, left she ensnare thy sence; Against her Wiles, let Vertue be thy fence. Some please their fancies with a Picture well, And for meer toys, do real pleasures sell: No blifs, fond Cupid thinks like what is in The smoothing of his Ladies tender Skin. Her snowy Breasts, kind Looks, and sparkling Eye, Strait Limbs, with blushing Cheeks and Forehead In these his best and chiefest pleasures lye: (high,) What other parts she can for pleasure show, You can produce as well as she, I know. When

ree; When Age with furrows shall have plow'd her Face, and all her Body o'er thick wrinkles place; Atchus Her Breasts turn black, her sparkling Eyes sink in, Fearfull to fee the briftles on her Chin, Her painted Face grown fwarthy, wan, and thin; Her Hands all shrivel'd o'er, her Nails of length Enough to dig her Grave, had she but strength. Such is the Miftress, that blind Poets praise; rengt Such foolish Theams, their grov'ling fancies raise. length My Mistress is more lovely, and more fair; Graces divine in her, more brighter are: She is the source of Bliss, whilst Vertue reigns In her, all things impure her Soul disdains. (Arts, Those fools ne'er knew pure Love's most facred) That e'er were conquer'd by blind Cupid's Darts, Or fland as flaves to their own carnal hearts.

Madam ,

est.

"TIS the preheminence that's feen in you, Which do's with facred Love my heart subdue; For all must own who've read in Nature's Books, Modesty and Good-nature's in your Looks:

Your

Your Conversation's mild, these sacred Charms, Protection are 'gainst Lusts impurer harms. These and your other Vertues do excell, And matchless seem to want a parallel. In your most sacred Presence none can think Of Lust, or once its horrid Venom drink; You are an object that will soon dispell Lusts most delightfull poisons sent from Hell; Your Self's the substance of the Saints above, You move my Soul with chast and holy Love; For you alone large Off'rings I design, And with continual prayers I wish you mine. Oh that Omnipotence wou'd Bounty shew, And make me happy in contracting you.

ms,

A

LOVE-LETTER

By W. S. Gent.

Madam .

Wou'd prove a needless thing, shou'd I L Strive to fet forth what's obvious to each Eye; To speak your Worth and Beauty, wou'd but be To show the Sun at noon, which all Men see. Beauty it felf, Youth finiles, and ev'ry grace, Do all pay tribute to your Heav'nly Face. One smile from you might make the Dead to live, Yielding more Wealth than lavish Worlds can give Your sparkling Eyes out-dart the pale-fac'd Moon; You are far brighter than the Eye of Noon. Phabus his Golden Fleece looks not so fair, As the fine filver threads of your foft Hair. Aurora mantled in her spreading Beams, To rouse up Mortals from their slumb'ring Dreams; When fummoning the Morning, can't compleat That modest blash which in your Cheeks takes leat ! Whiter Kk

Whiter than untrod Snow on Mountains feen, And which I must confess beyond esteem, Are those white Iv'ry Teeth, whoseven row, The harmony of Love in Union show. In various wantonness, each branching Vein Do's your white Breasts with blue Meanders stain; From which clear Fountains flow with greatest mea-The most delightfull Magazine of treasure. (sure, The Muses and the Syrens cease their Song, At the foft Musick of your charming Tongue: Angel or Saint, I know not which by feature, Sure both are joyn'd to make so sweet a Creature, The lovely chance-work, Master-piece of Nature,) As if the Gods mistaking Mould, that time Had cast your Species more than half divine; Who can his Paffion from fuch Beauty tame, You've Charms enough to fet the World on flame; Mix't with more tempting and atractive graces, Than can extracted be from humane Faces! Oh let me at those balmy Lips take fire, And with pursuit of Kiffes ev'n tire; Which do display such a Vermilion red, And when with pleasure fill'd, then hold thy head

Past to my kindled and inflamed Heart, (dart)
Pierc'd by your Eyes bright glancing beams, which
Through my Souls secret and most inward part;
Which done, let mine in your fair Bosom lye,
Till in excess of joy and ecstasie,
I there shall languish out my Soul and dye;
And afterwards with like transport of Mind;
Revive again, and all my Senses find.

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re,

In Praise of LETTERS.

Letters are wing'd Postillions, and do move
From East to West on Embassies of Love.
The bashfull Lover, when his stamm'ring Lips
Falter with fear from unadvised slips,
May boldly Court his Mistress with the Quill,
And his hot Passions to her Breast instill.
The Pen can surrow a fond Females Heart,
And pierce it more than Cupid's seigned Dart.
Letters a kind of Magick Vertue have,
And like strong Philtres humane Souls inslave;
Kk 2

They can the Poles, and Emperour inform, What Towns in Hungary are won by storm From the great Turk: Mounsieur of them may know How Foreign States on French Intriegues do blow. The lucky Goofe fav'd Jove's beleagu'rd Hill, Once by her Noise, but oftner by her Quill. It twice prevented Rome was not o'er-run, By the tough Vandal, and the rough-hewn Han. Letters can Plots, though moulded under-ground, Disclose, and their fell complices confound. Witness that fiery Pile, which wou'd have blown Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town, Tribunals, Church, and Chappel, and had dry'd The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride. And parboyl'd the poor Fift, which from her Sands Had been tofs'd up to the adjoyning Lands. Lawyers as Vultures, had foar'd up and down, Prelates like Magayes in the Air had flown, Had not the Eagle's Letter brought to light That Subterranean horrid work of Night. Letters may more than History inclose, The choicest learning both in Verse and Prose: Witness Witness Mich. Drayton, whose sweet-charming Pen Produc'd those Letters so admir'd by Men. Words vanish soon, and vapour into Air, While Letters on record stand fresh and fair; And like to Gordian Knots do Nature tye, Esseall Commerce and Love 'twixt Men wou'd dye.

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The IDEA.

To be putted by fuch a changing oprice

By Charles Cotton, Esq;.

Am I deluded? do I only, rave?
Was it a Phantasme only that I saw?
Have Dreams such power to deceive?

Kk 3.

Oh,

Oh, lovely Shade, thou did'st too soon withdraw, Like sleecy Snow, that as it falls, doth thaw.

Glorious Illusion! Lovely shade!

Once more deceive me with thy light;

Tis pleasure so to be betray'd,

And I for ever shall delight,

To be pursu'd by such a charming Sprite.

LOVE's SYMPATHY.

I.

Soul of my Soul! it cannot be
That you shou'd meep, and I from tears be free.
All the vast room between both Poles,
Can never dull the sence of Souls,
Knit in so fast a knot:
Oh can you grieve, and think that I
Can feel no smart, because not nigh,
Or that I know it not.

II.

Th'are heretick thoughts, Two Lutes when strung, And on a Table tun'd alike for Song;

Strike one, and that which none did touch,

Shall sympathizing sound as much,

As that which touch'd you see:
Think then this World (which Heav'n inrolls)
Is but a Table round, and Souls
More apprehensive be.

III.

Know they that in their grossest parts,
Mix by their hallow'd Loves intwined Hearts;
This priviledge boast, that no remove
Can e'er infringe their sense of Love:

Judge hence then our Estate,
Since when we lov'd, there was not put
Two Earthen hearts in one breast, but
Two Souls Co-animate.

Kk 4

A

Two Later when the PINDARIQUE ODE

donot di Londo N

Mr. COWLET.

(what Quire)

O tune thy praise, what Muse shall I invoke, None but thy Daviden, or thy David's Lyre:

True Poet, and true Man,

Caliona a west Edbill to base Mi

Say more than this who can;

No, not an Angel's mighty Eloquence.

Thefe two,

These only doe,

Of all perfections make a Quintessence.

Then, my dear Cowley, dye,

For why shou'd foolish I,

Or foolish Sympathy, (todye,

Wish thee to live? fince'tis no more to live, no more

Than to be here on Earth, and to be there about the

Both to you shared equally.

(Sky,

An ODE.

n Provb I and my

By Mr. R. D. of Cambridge.

O Ye blest Pow'rs, propitious be
Unto my growing Love!

None can create my Misery,
If Cloe but constant prove.

Tell her if that she pity me,
From her you'll ne'er remove.

re?

ke,

re:

Each Brize of Air, my groans shall bear,

*Unto her gentle Breast;

Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,

I never can be blest;

If she refuse to be my Dear,

I never can have rest.

Ye Groves, that hear each day my grief, with all?
Bear witness of my pain;

Tell

Tell her I dye, if no relief

I from her Pow'r can gain;

Tell her, ah, tell that pretty Thief,
I dye through her disdain.

Likely she may with piteous Eyes,
When dead, my Hearse survey;
And when my Soul'mongst Deities
Doth melt in Sweets away,
Then may she curse those Victories
That did my Heart betray.

ODE of ANACREON Paraphras'd.

Beauties Force.

fole to be my. Duth,

Her various gifts dispences,

She ev'ry Creature else but us their

With Arms or Armour sences.

The Bull with bended horns she arms, with hoofs she guards the Horse; The Hare can nimbly run from harms, All know the Lyon's force.

II.

The Bird can danger fly on's Wing,
She Fish with Fins adorns;
The Cuckold too, that harmless thing,
His patience guards, and's horns:
And Men she Valiant makes, and wise,
To shun or bassle harms;
But to poor Women she denies
Armour to give, or Arms.

III.

Instead of all, she this do's do;
Our Beauty she bestows,
Which serves for Arms, and Armour too,
'Gainst all our pow'rfull Foes:
And 'tis no matter, so she doth
Still beauteous Faces yield;
We'll conquer Sword and Fire, for both
To Beauty leave the Field.

magagital, miste long maintain.

A PIN-

with besided hairs fire arms.

PINDARIQUE ODE.

By Mr. John Whitehall.

to danger fy. for s wing .

My Passions might to my Commands be
When, Love me not, you cry'd, (brought,
And said in vain I did pursue
The hopes of ever winning you;
So I to slight it try'd,
But 'twou'd not doe;
For in the conslict I was almost crucify'd.

II.

At first did rise

Beauty, which fought me with your pow'rfull Eyes;
And when I had in vain

Driv'n th' Usurper from my heart,

She drew her Bow, and Thot a Dart,

Which vanquished me again? Tourne ! av

What strength of Man, what Art wood of

Could with this Amazon a Combat long maintain.

Next

III.

Next after her,

Vertue well arm'd for Battle did appear,

Attending on her side,

Charity, Mercy, Eloquense,

Wit and a Virgin Innocence,

In war-like state did ride;

And I find since

Icou'd not with all these contend, but must have dy'd.

IV.

But if still you

Do cry, forbear this Conquest to pursue;

You must debauch your Mind,

Turn all your Vertues into Vice,

And make an Hell of Paradise,

Be false, deform'd, unkind:

By this device,

And by no other, I from Love may be declin'd.

V.

But why? but why
Name I this great impossibility?
I scarce cou'd so remove

be

ht,

The great affection which I bear;
Were you as bad, as good you are,
So difficult 'twill prove
To you, I fwear;
Eternal is your Goodness, and Eternal is my Love.

From Ovid's Amorum, lib. 2. El. 4. and Lucretius, lib. 4.

That he loves Women of all forts and sizes.

Press'd with my thoughts, I to confession fall, With anxious fears, till I lay open all; I sin and I repent, clear of the score, Then afterward relapse in Sin the more. My self I guide, like some swift Pinnace tos'd In Storms; the Rudder gone, and Compass lost; No certain shape or features stint my mind, I still for Love a thousand Reasons find; Melodiously one sings, then straight I long To quaver on her Lips, ev'n in her Song. If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read, I'm taken with her learned Maiden-head:

Or if untaught, and ignorant she be, She takes me then with her simplicitie. Ilike whom rigid Education fools, Who wou'd not try to put her past her rules; Though look demure, her Inclinations-fwerve, And, once let loofe, fle jigs without referve. Sanguine her looks, her colour high and good, For all the rest I trust her flesh and blood. Here living Snow my passion strangely warms, And streight I wish her melting in my Arms; White, Red, or Guinny black, or Gypsey brown, My dearly-well-beloved ev'ry one. If she is tall, my courage mounts as high, To stamp some new heroick Progeny: If little, oh how quick the Spirit moves! If large, who wou'd not rowl in what he loves? The lean provokes me with her naughty rubs; But if she's plump, 'tis then my pretty Fubs; And doubtless one might truck convenient sport, With either fat, or lean, or long, or short, With yellow Curls Aurora pleas'd her Fop, And Leda (Jove well faw) was black-a-top. The

11,

The black or yellow are alike to me, My Love will fuit with ev'ry History. If Calia fing, she, like a Syrene, draws; If the fing not, we kifs without a paufe: I love to rifle amongst Gems and Drefs; Yet lumber they to God-like nakedness. Buzzards and Owls on special quarry fall, Mine is a gen'rous Love, and flies at all. I like the Rich, 'cause she is pamper'd high, And merry Beggar love for Charity; Widow or Wife, I'm for a Pad that's made; If Virgin troth, who wou'd not love a Maid? If she be young, I take her in the nick; If she has Age, she helps it with a trick. If nothing charms me in her Wit or Face, She has her Fiddle in some other place. Come ev'ry fort and fize, the great or small, My Love will find a Tally for 'em all.

The foregoing Elegy having been Publish'd imperfect, is here Printed from the best Copy.

THE

PARALLEL.

S when proud Lucifer aim'd at the Throne, To have Usurp't it, and made Heav'n his own? (Blasphemous, damn'd design) but soon he fell, Guarded with dreadfull lightning down to Hell; Or as when Nimrod lofty Babel built, (A Structure as Eternal as his guilt ;) Let us, said he, raise the proud Tow'r so high, As may amaze the Gods, and kiss their Sky; He spoke-but the success was diff'rent found, Heav'ns angry Thunder crush't him to the ground; So Lucifer, and so proud Babel fell, And 'tis a curfed fall from Heav'n to Hell. So falls our Courtier now to Pride a prey, And falls too with as much reproach as They: And juftly ---That with his nauseous Courtsbip durst defile The sweetest, choicest Beauty of our Isle:

That

That he was proud, we knew; but now we fee,) Like Janus, looking on Eternity, Both what he was, and what he meant to be. Stern was his Look, and sturdy was his Gate; He walk't, and talk't, and wou'd have kifs'd in state. Disdain and Scorn sate perching on his Brow; But, Presto! where is all that Grandeur now? Why vanish't, fled, dissolv'd to empty Air, Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair: And which is yet the strangest thing of all, He has not got one Friend to mourn his fall: But 'tis but just that he who has maintain'd Such ill designs, shou'd be by all disdain'd. Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind, Equally dim both in his Eyes and Mind, He might have plainly feen-For the Example's visible to all, How strangely low ingratefull Pride may fall. Presumptuous Wretch! but that's too kind a Name For one so careless of a Virgins Fame: For as the Serpent did by fraud deceive Th' unwary Soul of the first Virgin Eve;

So he as impudently strove t' inspire

The lovely Maid with his delusive fire:

But Heav'n be prais'd, not with the same success;

For though his pride's as great, his cunning's less.

te.

SONG.

T.

Musing on Cares of humane Fate,
In a sad Cypress Grove;
Aftrange dispute I heard of late,
'Twixt Vertue, Fame, and Love.
A Pensive Shepherd ask'd advice,
And their Opinions crav'd,
How he might hope to be so wise,
To get a place beyond the Skies,
And how he might be sav'd.

II.

Nice Vertue preach'd Religions Laws,
Paths to Eternal Rest;
To fight his Kings and Countries Cause,
Fame Counsell'd him was best.

Ll 2

But

But Love oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,
Love siercely, constantly and long,
And then thou shalt be sav'd.

III.

lace beyond the Hickory

Swift as a thought the Am'rous Swain
To Sylvia's Cottage flies,
In foft Expressions told her plain
The way to Heav'nly Joys.
She who with Piety was stor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd;
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
She smil'd and took him at his Word;
And thus they both were sav'd.

S O N G. The YOUNG LOVER.

By Mr. Wright.

Ush, never tell me I'm too Toung For loving, or too green; She stays at least fev'n years too long, That's wedded at fourteen.

Lambs bring forth Lambs, and Doves bring Doves, As foon as they're begotten:

Then why shou'd Ladies linger Loves, As if not ripe till rotten.

II.

Gray hairs are fitter for the Grave, Than for the Bridal Bed; What pleasure can a Lover have, In a wither'd Maiden-head? Nature's exalted in our time,

And what our Grandams then At four and twenty scarce cou'd climb,

We can arrive at Ten.

L13

SONG.

S 0 N G.

The Prodigal's Resolution.

I.

Am a lusty lively Lad,

Arriv'd at One-and-Twenty;

My Father left me all he had, Both Gold and Silver plenty.

Now He's in Grave, I will be brave, The Ladies shall adore me;

I'll Court and Kiss, what hurt's in this?

My Dad did so before me.

II.

My Father, to get my Estate, Though selfish, yet was slavish;

I'll spend it at another rate, And be as leudly lavish.

From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did, Litigiously receive it;

If so he did, Justice forbid, But I to such shou'd leave it.

III.

Then I'll to Court, where Venus sport,
Doth Revel it in plenty;
And deal with all, both great and small,
From twelve to five and twenty.
In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,
For there are store of Misses;
Ladies, make room, behold I come,
To purchase many Kisses.

SONG.

The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd.

Fain wou'd I Love, but that I fear, I quickly shou'd the Willow wear: Fain wou'd I Marry, but Men say, When Love is try'd, he will away. Then tell me, Love, what I shall doe, To cure these Fears when e'er I Wooe,

The Fair one, she's a mark to all;
The Brown one each doth lovely call;
The Black a Pearl in fair Mens Eyes,
The rest will stoop to any prize.
Then tell me, Love, what I shall doe,
To cure these Fears when e'er I Woe.

Reply.

Go, Lover, know, it is not I
That wound with fear or jealousie;
Nor do Men seel those smarts,
Untill they have confin'd their Hearts.
Then if you'll cure your Fears, you shall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

S O N G.

The CAVALIER'S CATCH.

I.

DID you see this Cup of Liquor,
How invitingly it looks;
'Twill make a Lawyer prattle quicker,
And a Scholar burn his Books:
'Twill make a Cripple for to Caper,
And a Dumb Man clearly Sing;
'Twill make a Coward draw his Rapier,
Here's a Health to James our King.

11,

If that here be any Round-head,
That refuse this Health to pledge;
I wish he then may be confounded,
Underneath some rotten Hedge,
May the French Disease o'er-take him,
And upon his Face appear,
And his Wife a Cuckold make him,
By some Jovial Cavalier.

SONG.

SONG. On Sight of a LADY's Face in the Water.

STand still, ye Floods, do not deface That Image which you bear: So Votaries from ev'ry place, To you shall Altars rear.

No Winds, but Lovers fighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams;
On which no Star from any Sphere,
Did ever dart such Beams.

To Crystal then in hast congeal,
Lest you shou'd lose your bliss;
And to my cruel Fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear,
Their Beauties will be scorn'd;
And hire the ruder Winds to tear,
That Face which you adorn'd.

Then rage and foam amain, that we Their Malice may despise;
And from your froths we soon shall see A second Venus rise.

S O N G.

I.

To Vitious Men, and cheated Fools,
Cou'd but preserve me in the prime
Of blooming Touth, and purchase Time;
Then I wou'd covet Riches too,
And scrape and cheat as others doe.

II.

But since that Life must slide away,
And Wealth can't purchase one poor day;
Why shou'd my cares encrease my pain,
And wast my time with sighs in vain;
Since Riches cannot Life supply,
It is a useless Poverty.

III.

Swift time, that can't be bought to stay,
I'll try to guide the gentlest way.
With chearfull Friends brisk Wine shall pass,
And drown a care in ev'ry Glass.
Sometimes diverted with Loves Charms,
I'll pleasure take in Celia's Arms.

On the Serpentine Combustion by Squibs on my Lord Mayor's Day.

An HEROICK POEM.
Written Octob. 29. 1686.

Of Crackling Crape, and Manto's brought to Of Scarf consum'd, and Periming on fire, (woe; Flaming Cravat, and ruinated Squire; Of lighted Petticoat, and Neck-cloth blazing, Which turn'd to Ashes, and fond Fops a gazing; Cuffs chark'd to Coal, and Point turn'd all to Cinder, And Gause soon Metamorphos'd into Tinder:

of shining Gorget, sparkling Jump of Fustian, And Apron deeply lac'd in dire Combustion; Scorch'd Quoif aloft, and findged Smock alow, I thought to fing in ample wife, I trow, Unto the tune of, Fortune is my Foe. But found the task too great for my weak Quill, For who is he that artfully can tell? How skipp'd the Squire, how the frighted Maid; And, like to Rocket, danc'd the Serenade. To shun the track of Serpent, looking out For neat-made Manto, and well-fashion'd Suit. As if when he had cast his Paper-skin, With those he did intend to cloath again: Or that to humane covering in spite, He'd have each Mortal to turn Adamite; And fire all, although but thinly clad, Effeeming Cleaths as Goods prohibited. Fierce in a quick pursuit, he scouts around, Where Linnen, or where Woollen's to be found; And in his greedy rage, and hungry wroth, Devours Garments faster than the Moth. Within his blazing Circuit, as he wheels, Still making faster at the Head than Heels.

Mounting

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Mounting aloft on ground, he makes small stay,
But into arched Windows leads his way;
Where Myriads following, make each Balcone,
Involv'd in Flames, look like the torrid Zone.
Swiftly they move about, with dismal quest,
Not to be charm'd by an Egyptian Priest;
But still must cruise about where good Attire is,
Spight both of Isis and her Friend Osiris;
Scorning each Talisman, or Magick Spell,
Dreadfull as Dragons, and as Python fell;
Scarce e'er to be destroy'd, for Sages write,
These Monsters still will annually affright;
And Hoods and Perukes, with hot jaws will swallow,
Untill the City Prator turn Apollo.

Lest there shou'd some misconstruction be made of this last Verse, let the Reader know that it alludes to that Fiction of Apollo's killing the Serpent Python; And so Allegorically intimates, that those siery Serpents which usually sly about on my Lord Mayor's day, will annually continue so to do, unless destroy'd by him.

TO MY

Much-esteemed Friend Mr. J. N.

ON HIS

Reading the first line of PINDAR,

'Acisor mer idag, &c.

Told, there's enough, nay 'tis o'er mickle, 'Tis worfe than Cant in Conventicle. Is this the much-fam'd Friend to th' Muses, Who thus their Helicon abuses? Whose praise on Water thus is wasted, Claret the Puppy never tasted: What the Devil was his humour, To raise so scandalous a rumour? Tis well'tis Greek, that few may know it, Or 'twere enough t' infect a Poet : It is High Treason (I'll aver it) Against the Majesty of Claret. Sternhold and Hopkins heard it faid fo, (Not that I believe they read so) Therefore they gorg'd their Muse with Water,

And spew'd up eke, and also after.

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To

To bouze Old Wine, mad Pindar wonted, Till by a Vintner being affronted, The peevish Cur (what could be ruder?) Forc'd on us 'Agesov mer Towe. He Water's damn'd Encomium made, Maliciously to spoil his Trade. But that shan't pass on me, by th' Mass, If I drink Water, I'm an As. To two great Kings I will be Loyal, My Monarch James, and Claret-Royal: Nor shall I love that Greek of thine, Scarce any Greek, except Greek Wine. Who'd be of Old mad Timon's mind, (Because he did) to hate Mankind? No, Soveraign Claret, I'll adore thee, Submiffively fall down before thee; And will by Whores be burnt to Tinder, If I adore that Rebel Pindar.

Tours, J. Whitehall.

A

DIALOGUE

Between

JACK and DICK,

Concerning the

PROHIBITION

OF

French Wines.

DICK.

A H Jack, had'st thou bin t'other day,
To see the Teeming Vine display
The swelling Glories of her Womb,
And hopefull Progeny to come,
(Which Mirth and Jollity create,
And sweeten up the Frowns of Fate)
Thou would'st with me have sigh'd and said,
Why has Obliging Nature made

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Such

Such Juice to be Prohibited? A Juice, which duly understood, With kindly heats ferments the Blood; Not makes it posting to miscarry, As do's the Hot-spur, styl'd Canary; Nearly related ?tis unto't, And colour'd o'er with the same Coat. Half Blood already, in one It is Minulated found. With gentle Tides, Poetick Vein It fwells into a comely frain. And binding all its Numbers tight, Breeds nothing dissolute, nor light. Whereas Canary, with Combustion, Makes still the Writer Speak in Fustian. When e'ry ftroak by this devis'd, Is in Redeletters fignaliz'd.

ang Glories of her Wests,

Dear Dick, it is not thou alone,
That thus in wofull plaint makes moan;
The main of the whole Kingdom joyns,
And weeps the loss of Claret Wines.

As t'other day I musing went
With unknown Griefs my Breast was pent:
The cause I knew not, but did sear
Some dreadfull danger to be near.
Turning my Eyes aside, I found
A num'rous Croud, in wosfull sound,
Banning a Wight, with Accent sierce,
About to Stave a well-teem'd Tierce.
Oh, 'twas a dismal sight to view!
With Sleeves tuck't up, and Apron blue,
The cruel and remorsless wretch,
His blow was ready for to setch.
When streight a Philoclareteer
Made up, and in this wise drew near:

"Hold, hold, I say, that horrid Hand,
"Enough our Mournfull Streets are flain'd

" With Scarlet dye, of dire contusion,

" By braining Pipe in Execution.

" What is the crime has bin committed

"By this poor Liquer, how endited?
To which he grimly gives Response,

(As if he'd stave my Monsieur's Sconse.)

Sir

Sir, mind your business, you are ruder Than e'er I yet found bold Intruder; In short, Sir, "Aguston men 30 mg.
'Twas all the answer he could get,
Which put my Youngster in a pet,
And forc'd him to this language keen,
"Oh thou more sierce than e'er has been:

- " The wildest Tigers Bacchus drew,
- " Or hottest Rage yet ever knew,
- " Of harmless Claret thus to spill
- " The Blood, and Urban gutters fill;
- " As 'twere no more to be lookt after,
- " Than Vrine stale, or Kennel Water.
- . How many of the thirsty train,
- " Open their Mouths, as Earth for Rain;
- " For one poor drop of the rich Juice,
- " This swelling Veffel do's produce.
- " The better half of all the crude
- " And undigested multitude;
- " Now demi-Rogues, and near Disloyal,
- " Two spoonfulls makes them all turn Royal.
- " When did you know the Lad did love
- " True Claret, and rebellious prove?

" Besides,

- " Besides, it Rubies do's create,
- " Of richer dye, and greater state,
- " Than e'er was planted as a Trophy
- " On Mogull's Crown, or Persian Sophy.
- " Rascal, look to't, you'll rue it one day,
- " For spoiling of this brisk Burgundy.

Oh, had you feen the People stand, Each one with Handkerchief in hand, With watry Eyes, surveying o'er The coming Floods of Purple gore. You, you your felf had shed one Tear, Among the Thousands let fall there! To fee a hopefull Veffel come, With Gales of Sighs 'twas usher'd from The peacefull Harbour where it lay, In shamefull wife, to view the day. From Mansions of dark Sable Night, And shady Grots, stor'd with delight, Of luscious tast, and racy smell, And rosie blush of Carbuncle; VVith Hoops disjoynted, Tackle broke, VVould force a Groan from Heart of Oak.

Half

Half ruptur'd, bruis'd, in difinal shew, He thrust up ev'ry avenue; Till to the open Street he comes, Bestrid by many ill-bred Bums, Over his bulky Body friding, You never faw foill a riding; For the fierce Wight no more regret had, Than Greek or Tartar ready booted, To seize with their light Horse, the prey Of Youth, or Damfel gone aftray. The Vagabond, and Truant Trib, Which held fo many Quarts of Bib, Forc'd by Ill hick, and Wind, to fall (By missing Port) on Canniball, And favage Shoars, he basely binding, And all his Teeth together grinding. With Words infulting thus accosts:

France, boast no more, that by thy Vine Thou canst an English Soul confine,

To soop up nought but what is gotten,

From sowre Burgundian Grape grown rotten.

Old British Drinks (which Bard of Yore in) Tasted, and liv'd till near Five froze) outs of T We'ave goo the Art no wifor to heightends thin W And our endarkned Souls enlighten, or omot foul Above what pitch you e'ercan mannagey woll By all your boatting Frenth Appunnageran non W The Apple o'er the Grape shall reign, And Hereford's above Gumpaignen guisd amod The Vine no more than rule the Field, " 19 79 1 But to Pomoca, Bacchus yield. and anily I this This faid, he gives the fatal blowed - guidene bat And now the Streets o'er-whelm'd do How, With ruddy Juice of Crimfon gore, and the back Which in loud Cataratts do pour " rocki'l of I Through every Channel; and the Tine I will Mounts up aloft on eviry fide. add R madord "MO Tis hard to guess which flow'd more fligh, That in the Streets, or in the Eye. Each Tunicle full deep was funk, You'd thought all to be Maudlin drunk.

Yet, amongst all this noise and weeping, Some (though their Sorrows were full deep in)

M m 4

Made

Apple o'er the Grape finall roign,

Made shift to muster Bood on twain,

For to attend the Funital train;

Which they had got from gorg'd Canal,

Lest some to fainting Fits should fall.

For why should Gutter swallow all up,

When many a dry Soul wish'd a gullup?

Dams being made, the Goodwife brings out Her Churn and Kettles Damfel Springs out With Pipkin, Chamber-pot and Ladle, And Sucking-Bottle (fetch'd from Cradle.) Treys brought by Butcher, Trough by Mason, And forth the Barber brings his Bason. The Tinker (wifely as I judge it) Makes Leathern-Bottle of his Budget. O'th' broken Ribs, full many a piece They got, and fuck'd like Liquorish; And to their Children Splinters good, Of the ruby-tinetur'd Wood, Instead of Coral, they bestow, To rub their Gums, aloft and low; Whilst others o'er the Dams lye lolling, (As ready the Red Sea to fall in)

Pronouncing many a ruefull faying,
Concerning loss of Champaign, Burdeaux,
And what a grinning ugly Cur 'twas,
That dash'd out brain of Hogshead awfull,
E'er Thirsty Mortal had his Maw full:
Giving out many words (half raving)
'Gainst Hammers, Knocks, and Blows, and Staving.
Continuing such a dismal pother,
They'd like at last to'ave stav'd each other.
All going handy-dandy to't,
Till Constable do's drive the Rout
To their own home, from Claret Bank,
There to weep out the VVine they'ave drank.

DICK.

Troth, Jack, thy News in manner wofull,
My Heart has seiz'd, and fill'd up so full,
It through mine Eyes must take some vent,
Or I shall miserably faint.
There never was more dismal Tale
Repeated o'er Spic'd Cup of Ale,
By deep Cabal, and nodding Quire,
Of Matrons old, near VVinter's fire.

VVecp, Mortals, weep, until your Eyes Be red as th' Wine they facrifice. How will you now your Paffions vent, To her you long your Heart have lent? In land Phillis without regard may go, no ball built And lovely America too, harrold y had I roll May often fee her charming Name, m the gnivid Without Attendant Anagram. 2000011 1 160 Gone is the Wine that did inspired in the The Poet with his Amorous fire; That did affift him to invoke, when I have the And gave his Pen the happy stroak. Fools may go on, and Scribling write, Yet fear no Satyr that shall bite; Its sting is dull'd by ev'ry blow The wronged Veffels undergo: For all the Salt, and all the Flame, WhenceWounds, and Plagues, and Vengeance came, Is melted, quench'd, funk, lost, and drown'd, And never, never to be found, Without the leave of pulling down, The Dams of Prohibition;

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And drawing up the Sluces all, That ruby Floods again may fall, And freely fill the Maffle Bowl: Then thou and I, and ev'ry Soul That has a Muse or Mistress there, Shall in one hand a Gobber bear, And with the other charm the Bar. Shall briskly each his brimmer drink, And live and love, and laugh and think Of fomething fit to entertain The peacefull hours once again. Till then adieu; with Lips x-dry, For once we'll part; and fo Good-buy. For who with baser Juice would fully His fervile Lips, is much a Cully. And though full thirsty, fit no more will be To have his Body varnish'd o'er; Or ever to be ting'd again, With its Rosie-colour'd grain. ourns' flore Once more farewell, till kindly Seas Rowl Claret Casks upon our Keys. Then (Hec) we'll fay, and laugh and kiss ye, Juvabit olim meminisse.

These Ten following POEMS done by a Conceal'd Author for his private Recreation.

To CLARINDA on her Incomparable Painting and Wax-work.

Written Septemb. 1686.

Soar now, my Muse, to an unusual flight,
Whilst fair Clarinda's Skill my Pen excite,
The Wonders of her Pencil to endite.
A modest Poet can't be silent here,
Where so much Art and Excellence appear.
Your active Pencil scorns a constant dress,
It's seen each day in Novelties afresh;
Sometimes you curious Landskips represent,
And arch 'em o'er with gilded Firmament:
Then in JAPAN some Rural Cottage Paint,
You can with equal Skill draw Fiend and Saint.
A genuine sweetness through your Pencil flows,
And charming Pictures to the Life it shows.

Next Wax-work, Cupid's by your Art made fair, And sparkling Stars seem hov'ring in the Air, Supported only by a fingle Hair. But your enflaming Eyes shew Stars more bright; Stars, which may ferve those leffer ones to light; And pretty Cupids dancing there, do dart More piercing Beams, than those you've made by AFemale Pencil now fuch Art hath shown, (Art-As neither Sex before could ever own: For none could yet your matchless Paintings view, But the fame Passions mov'd 'em, which you drew; And from your Self you copy ev'ry Grace, For you have all that can adorn each Face: So like your Pieces to live Objects are, That if together we should them compare, Nature her self amaz'd wou'd doubting stand, To know her own from the Skill'd Painter's hand; For she the like with less success attempts, When her own Work in Twins she represents. Well then may Birds, for real Grapes, mistake

Those pendent Clusters which thy Pencil make.

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Perhaps

Perhaps thy living (a) Plants too they'll neglect,
And fly to these thy Pencil doth project;
For though disrob'd is (b) Nature of her Pride,
Fresh as the Spring thy Painting doth abide:
Thus your Victorious Painting, and your Eyes,
Make Birds, Beasts, Fishes, also Men your prize.

(b) Being at the Fall of th' Leaf.

A Toung Man to an Old Woman, Courting him.

In Imitation of a Modern Author.

PEace, doating Wretch, for ever cease thy suit,
Tempt me no more henceforth with musty
For rotten Medlers please not, whilst there be (fruit)
Orchards and Gardens in Virginity.
Thy crabbed Stock is too much out of date,
For young and tender Plants t' inoculate.
Can Wedlock e'er endure so great a Curse,
As putting Husbands out to th' Wife to Nurse?
How

⁽a) Trees of the Ladies own fetting in ber Garden.

How pleasantly Poor Robin then wou'd crack, T'insert our Names within his Almanack; And think that time had wheel'd about this Year, So foon December meeting Janiveer. So the Agyptian Serpent figures-Time; -And being frip't, returns unto its prime. If my affection thou defign'ft to win, Then cast off first thy Hieroglyphick Skin. My tender years will not endure (alack) The fulfome breathings which attend thy fmack, Proceeding from fome former loathfome Clap. Could you a Virgins Beauty but regain, And change your state from Age to Youth again: Your o'er-blown Face more charming might appear, And with delight we might embrace each Tear. Perhaps no strife or discord then might be, Betwixt my pretty Skeleton and Me: But Metamorphofes are seldom known In this our Age, fince Miracles are gone. Cease then your Suit, and for the future try, To heal your Tenant's Leg, or his fore Eye. So may you purchase credit, same and thank, Beyond the foppish Name of Mountebank;

Or

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Or chew thy Cud on some forlorn delight,
Which thou revivest in thy Eighty-eight;
Or be but Bed-rid once, and surely then
Thou'lt dream once more thy youthfull Sins again.
But if that still you needs will be my Spouse,
First hearken, and attend upon my Vons.

"When th' Needle his dear North shall quite for-

"And Stones a journey to the Sky shall make. (fake,

"When Ætna's fires shall mildly undergo,

"The wond'rous penance of the Alps in Snow.

"When Sol shall by a single blast of Horn,

" From Crab be posted unto Capricorn.

"When th' Heav'ns confus'dly shuffle all in one,

" And joyn the Torrid with the Frozen Zone.

" Be fure, when all these Contradictions meet,

"Then (Sibyl) thou and I will kindly greet.

For all these Similies are understood,

'Twixt youthfull Heat, and thy dull frigid Blood.

So, Madam, Time continue ever Bald,

For I will not thy Perriwig be call'd:

Nor be a Crutch to prop thy tot'ring frame, (shame.

Lest th' Fabrick fall'n, from th' Ruins spring my

TO

CLARINDA. A SONG.

the Protest Live Shall from and play,

Tempt me not with your Face that's fair,
Nor Lips and Cheeks, though red;
Ineither prize them, nor your Hair,
Which in its Curls is laid.
Nor value I your Pencils fame,

For Nature it exceeds;
And Lillies do your Beauties stain,
Roses your Lips and Cheeks.

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II.

Nor prize I your Seraphick Voice,

That like an Angel fings;
Though if I were to take my choice,

I would have all these things.

But if that you wou'd have me love,

You must be true as Steel;

Or else in vain my Heart you move,

Your Charms I cannot feel.

Nn

But

in one figure and met

III.

But since, fair Nymph, you're fickle grown,
I'll change too with the Wind;

Sometimes in Storms of Love I'll frown, Sometimes be calm and kind.

My Proteus Love shall frown and play,
As subtle Foxes doe;

Till they have seiz'd th' unwary Prey, But then shall kill like you.

IV.

A Courtier's Tongue for Flattery, A Poet's Brain for Wit;

A Womans Breast for Treachery, For my designs I'll get.

Then through the filly Female flock,
I cunningly will rove;
Thus, thus for once I'll try my luck,
To get their Hate or Love.

SECRET PASSION

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COSMELIA.

By no Discov'ry have I e'er reveal'd

My secret Love, so closely yet conceal'd;

But rather, oft with Hypocritick Art,

In a dissembled look bely'd my Heart.

Yet cou'd Discov'ry gratiste my Wish,

Concealment shou'd not long defer the bliss.

For straight my Passion then I wou'd reveal;

And whisper in her Ear the Am'rous Tale.

But no Relation can my wants relieve,

Or Limits to my boundless Wishes give.

Shou'd my Belov'd, whose Art hath giv'n new To dying Heroes, at the point of Death: (breath She who no Cure scarce ever undertook, But the disease her Patient soon for sook:

Nn 2

She

She who each Simple's Sov'reign Vertue knows, And to their proper use can them dispose: Shou'd She her utmost Skill in Physick try, All, All wou'd fail to ease my misery: All her Prescriptions, without Love, are vain; Love only suits the Nature of my pain.

Thrice hath the Sun his Annual progress made, Since first my Heart was by my Eyes betray'd; With various Scenes of suitable delight, Cosmelia's Beauty entertain'd my sight. Th' Idea of which doth still salute my Eye, Nor can her Absence this delight deny. Whil t Wit and Learning also charm'd each sence, Her Poetry had no less influence; For flights of fancy in her lines abound, As Wine in Conduits, when a King is Crown'd. Thus Art, Wit, Beauty, Learning, all conspire T' infnare my Heart, and fet my Soul on fire: Her Words, her Looks my waking thoughts employ; And when I fleep, I fee her with more joy. But ah! too foon the filent Shades of Night, Do leave their Empire to the rifing Light.

When,

When, lo, I find my Pleasures but a Dream,
Thus chiefest Joys glide with the swiftest stream.
A sleep or wake, still Love creeps through my Veins,
And in my Mind the fierce infection reigns.
Sometimes with Books I wou'd divert my Mind,
But that increases but the pain, I find:
Sometimes I court enjoyment from my Muse,
Till by distraction I my fancy lose.
So wretched Men, that sundry Med'cines try,
As oft increase, as cure the Malady.
In vain I strive these fantoms to remove,
Or shun those Aerial Images of Love:
Her bright Idea makes Affections yield,
Like Ears of Corn, when Wind salutes the Field.

Each rising Sun views her more bright and sair,
Her Vertues more conspicuous appear.
Gentle's her Nature, Modest is her Meen;
Her Conversation's Mild, Her Looks Screen.
No Tyrant Passion rages in her Breast,
But the meek Dave builds there her Haleyon Nest.
More Native Wealth doth that fair Breast contain,
Than all the Treasures of the boundless Main.

Nat

Not so delightfull was the Sacred Tree,
Nor God-like knowledge cou'd more tempting be.
For the fair Tree cou'd not such Fruit impart,
As this fair Virgin, wou'd she yield her Heart.

Happy, false Strephon then, whose pow'rfull Alone might win this Lady to his Arms: (Charms His gracefull Meen, relistless Charms impart, And glide (unfelt) into her tender Heart; Whilst on his Lips such smooth discourse is hung, His Person's less attractive than his Tongue. No Storms in Love need Strephon then maintain, Without a Siege he may the Conquest gain : For where the Fort by Love's betray'd within, It needs must yield to let the Hero in. But for th' Squire, and the young hopefull Cit, With the Gay Spark, that wou'd be thought a Wit; Their hopes are blafted, and each strives in vain, By Nuptial Tyes the lovely prize to gain. The Squire she slights, lest he unkind shou'd prove, And to his Horse or Dogs preser her Love. Covetous and unbred she styles the Citt, Debauch'd the vain pretender to lewd Wit. Thus

Thus bravely she doth these kind Heroes slight,
Thinking they all intrude on Strephon's right;
Whilst unconcern'd Triumphant Strephon stood,
Like some dull Image carv'd of Stone or Wood;
Insensible of all Love's pow'rfull Charms,
Nor mov'd by Wit's or Beauty's loud Alarms.
But oh, my Soul! unlike Effects I find,
Her Virgin charms produceth in thy mind.

As nought that's dead and barren can excite Vital affections, or the fence delight; So nought inanimate cou'd e'er improve My Gen'rous thoughts to any fruits of Love: Or as Clarinda's painted Shadows fed Only my fancy with their White and Red. So bright Cosmelia's Pen it do's impart, Vigour and Motion to my Love-fick Heart: Her facred Presence all my Parts do render Vocal, except my Tongue, that stupid Member. Her Wit my Soul inspires with thoughts too great, For words to comprehend, shou'd silence break. If in kind glances, by a swift surprize, I do behold the Aspect of her Eyes; Alter Nn 4

Alternate Paroxysms of Cold and Heat,
My Vital Spirits strangely do defeat.
Thus various Passions in my Breast do rove,
Yet all do meet and terminate in Love.

Oh wou'd kind Heav'n but be so much my friend,
To make my Fate upon my choice depend:
All my Ambition here I wou'd confine,
And only this fair Virgin shou'd be mine;
Lock'd in her Arms in Love and Peace I'd lye,
And whilst I breathe, my Flames shou'd never dye:
For shou'd that Beauty which she do's posses,
Fade into Autumn, I cou'd love no less.

of in amount Heart door panting more

TO

CLARINDA,

ON HIS

nd,

Deserting her, and loving Cosmelia.

IS true, Clarinda, once I did refign To your frail Beauty this kind Heart of mine? Yet the Refignment but in thought was fign'd, For words ne'er feal'd the impress of my Mind. Too well my Heart was sensible you gain'd, By treach'rous Wiles, the Conquest you obtain'd: And that by Art y' affum'd deluding Looks; Looks unrecorded in kind Nature's Books: Therefore I've justly banish'd you my Breast, No more your Beauty shall invade my rest, I've entertain'd a more deserving Guest: Not One whose Heart's inconstant as the Wind, But One, whose Love to One can be confin'd: One, whose true Love with Friendship ever flows, And whom kind Fate has for my Lover chose; To

To her m' inamour'd Heart doth panting move, By fervent Efforts of Ecstatick Love : With modest Blusbes I inform her Eyes, Her vertuous Love has made my Heart her prize. And whilst my Blushes doe confess I burn, By Sighs and Looks The makes as kind return. Know then, kind Nymph, my Love to you's expir'd, And fled to her, who thus my Breast has fir'd. Without her (a) Art, your Beauty will decay, A fit of Sickness makes it fade away: Whilst in her fight no bold Difease durst stand, But, trembling, vanishes at her command. What though your Pencil Nature oft supplies, With Charms as piercing as your Azure Eyes: Yet know, 'tis noble Verfe fets off your Paint; Her Poetry alone can dub a Saint.

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⁽²⁾ The Lady baving Skill in Phyfick.

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COSMELIA,

ONHER

Departure into the COUNTREY.

Arewell, fair Mistress of my chief desires, Whose charming Beauties kindleth pleasing fires; Whilft I (fad Fate!) must here forlorn remain, Since you, fair Conqu'res, do my Heart retain. To you, the Center of my Love, it flies, And ne'er can rest till it enjoys or dyes. Farewell dear Eyes, it will be tedious Night With me, as long as I do want your light. Farewell those ruby Lips which seem to me, Of Nature's Glory an Epitome. The Nectar and Ambrofia I shall want, That hang on them, and fast an irksome Lent. Farewell best Tongue, now Thee I shall not hear, I wou'd not care if all things filent were. Farewell all fair, Beauty I shall not view, Untill again I do behold 't in Tou.

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Farewell Physician of my love-sick Soul, Your sight alone can make your Patient whole.

On a ROSE sticking on a Ladies Breast.

Weet fading Flower, that with the Sun's uprife Unfold'st thy Bud, and in the Ev'ning dyes. Swell now with beauteous pride, and let thy bright And blushing Leaves joy and refresh our fight. Incorporate thy fweet and fragrant finell, . With those refreshing Odours there do dwell. Blest, ah for ever blest be that fair Hand, That did transplant thee to that Sacred Land. Oh happy Rose, that in that Garden rests, That Paradise betwixt that Ladies Breasts: There's an Eternal Spring, where thou shalt lye, Betwixt two Lilly Mounts, and never dye: There thou shalt spring among the fertile Vallies, By buds, like thee, that grow in midst of Allies; There

There none dare pluck thee from that facred place, for yet attempt thy Beauty to deface. If any but approach, strait doth arise A most surprizing light, which blasts his Eyes; There, 'stead of Rain, shall living Fountains flow, For Wind her fragrant Breath for ever blow: Nor now, as wont, shall one bright Sun thee cheer, But two conjoyn'd, which from her Eyes appear. Oh then, what Monarch wou'd not think't a Grace, To leave his Regal Throne to have thy place, My felf to gain thy bleffed feat, do Vow, Wou'd be transform'd into a Rose, as thou.

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Hours of Della hard ! the while an infant, placed in your Hand the Day to puny firove for in this Land. to cleek g your Postick Pen,

by this your great Perfections we conceive,

I se Gracious Luage feeming to give leave;

Which daily by your Votables is feen,

A O wittieft Men

B H. T., R O

Most Charming GALECIA's

Politica TURE

Freients that Beauty, which the dazling light Of your bright Charms, do's hide from weaker Eyes, And all access (save by this Art) denies.

'Tis only here our Sight hath strength to view Those Beauties, which do terminate in you. By this your great Perfections we conceive, The Gracious Image seeming to give leave; Which daily by your Votaries is seen, And by the Muses has saluted been.

Who, whilst an Infant, placed in your Hand The Bays so many strove for in this Land.

Wisely fore-seeing your Poetick Pen,
Might claim the primacy of th' wittiest Men.

⁽²⁾ The Lady being Painted with a Bough of Bays in her Hand.

you th' extreams of Pow'r and Beauty move, hoare the Quintessence and Soul of Love. she bright San (whose distant Beams delight) fequal Glory to your Beauties light; wifely plac'd in so sublime a seat, rextend his light, and moderate his heat. light happy 'tis you move in such a Sphere, Which do's not over-come our sence, but chear: and in our Breasts do's qualifie that fire, Which kindled by those Eyes, hrd flamed higher, Than when the scorched World like hazard run, by the approach of the ill-guided Sun. Such Eyes as yours on Jove himself have thrown, Is bright and fierce a lightning as his own.

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YOUNG LOVER'S ADVOCATE

BEING

An Answer to a Copy of Verses.

Written by Galæcia to ber Young Lover on his Vow.

Your unjust scruples plainly do appear.
Why shou'd you question that most sacred Vow,
Which in sincerity I made but now?
Did I not Vow by all the Pow'rs above,
None but Galacia shou'd but obtain my Love?
I did, and made a Cov'nant with my Eyes,
No other Beauties shou'd my Heart surprize.
And may those Pow'rs their vengeance from above,
Show'r on my head, when e'er I perjur'd prove:
A thousand Deaths I'd rather chuse to dye,
Than once my Faith to break or falsific.

No other Object shall my Soul adore.

Thy Sex, alas! is but a Lottery,
Where thousand Blanks for one true Prize we see:
And since kind Fate has giv'n me such a Lott,
Think you I'll hazard what's so hardly got?

No, rather think me constant as the Sun,
Who never sets, till he his race hath run:
Firm as the Centre, as the Poles unmov'd,
Faithfull as honest Swains to their Belov'd.

But you alledge for Love I am too green,
Though two years turn'd, and upwards of Eighteen.
Alas, too long I think I've been debarr'd,
And five years fince Love's pleasures shou'd have
Lovers as young as me I can produce, (shar'd:
As Precedents to warrant my Excuse.
The Famous Sappho summ'd up all her joy
In the Embrace of a Sicilian Boy.
The Queen of Greece lov'd Theseus but a Lad,
And Cytharea her Adonis had:
Nay Love himself, that God, is but a Child;
Shall I for want of Years then be Exist'd?

Yea,

Yea, I have heard fair Virgins say, in truth,
Of all that love, give me the smooth-chinn'd Youth:
My tender years my innocence may prove,
And non-acquaintance with the Wiles of Love.

To my Ingenious Friend, Mrs. $\mathcal{F}ANEBARKER$,

ONMY

Publishing her Romance of SCIPINA.

Ou'd I the Censure of each Critick dread,
Before your Book my Lines shou'd not be read;
For 'twill be thought, shou'd I attempt your Praise,
Trophies of Int'rest to my self I'd raise.
Since the same Pen that wou'd applaud my Friend,
At once my Copy, and her Lines, commend:
Nor cou'd my Silence 'scape from Censure free,
Then other Hands, they'd say, I brib'd for thee.

Yet

Yet cou'd Applause your learned Piece set forth, To make your Fame as endless as your Worth; I wou'd invoke some gentle Muse t' inspire My active Pen with a Poetick fire; That it might blazon forth your Marchless Wit, And your due Merits to the World transmit. But fince this Subject doth require the Skill, Or of a Maro, or a Waller's Quill, I must desist, and quit the brave design, And the great task to better hands relign. Only as th' empty Coach is wont t' attend, To Mourn the Obsequies of some dear Friend: So shall my Worthless lines ev'n now appear, For want of better, to bring up the Rear Of those that welcome th' Issue of your Wit, Which in so soft and smooth a Style you've writ.

You fair Scipina's Name do here advance
Unto the Title of a fam'd Romance:
Then in smooth Lines you celebrate her Praise,
And crown her Temples with immortal Bays.
Her Heroes Fights you bravely have exprest,
Till blest with Peace, he in her Arms finds rest.

How

How wou'd it please the gallant Scipio's Ghost, (The bravest Gen'ral th' Elyzian Fields can boast,)
To see his Battles acted o'er again,
By thy victorious and triumphant Pen.

Thy Virgin Muse soars upwards still on high, Out-strips the Dedalean Scuddery,
With swifter slights of Fancy wings each line,
And harshest Thoughts to gentle Love refine.
Each Stoick's Heart, and softer Females Breast,
With the same Passion that you write's possest.
Let carping Criticks then complain of Fate,
And envy what they cannot imitate.
Since 'tis beyond their Art or Pow'r to blast
Your Virgin Lawrels, which do spread so fast.

A Batchelor's Life, in pursuit of Mrs. BARKER's Verses in Praise of a Single Life.

By the Author of the Ten preceding Copies.

CInce, O ye Pow'rs, it is by your decree, For Women I've so great indiff'rencie: Suffer me not by Love to be mif-led; Let nought induce me to the Nuptial Bed. Let no frail Beauties to my Eyes refort, Lest those false Centinels betray the Fort. But if blind Cupid with a poys'nous Dart, Shou'd chance to penetrate my Marble Heart; Then let an Icy chillness freeze my blood, And stop the active motion of its flood: So may I in this happy state abide, And laugh at those a Single Life deride; (Noose) Whilst they (b'ing caught in wretched Wedlock's Do both their freedom and their pleasures loose; For cursed Avarice and Jealousie, Attends on him th' unlucky Knot doth tye; His Soul to Mirth can never be inclin'd, For Cares and Fears ever diffract his Mind.

Wou'd

Wou'd he be merry, straight his Consorts Noise, E'er he can think th' Abortive thought, destroys. And if his Spouse proves Barren, then he prays To Heav'n for Children, or to end her days: But if o'er-stock'd, the Husband then repines At the too fruitfull Issue of his Loins. Then are his thoughts employ'd to get and spare, And make provision for a wanton Heir.

How happy is he then, who's free to chuse; And when he will, accept, when not, resuse. No Cares in Love can discompose his Breast, Nor Anxious Fears e'er rob him of his Rest: But unconcern'd he is in things to come; If London please not, Paris is his home. Yet a Fond Wife, or Wanton pratting Boy, Perhaps might all his gen'rous thoughts destroy.

The Exchange of HEARTS.

A SONG. By the same.

Being an Answer to a SON G in the Sist Page of the First Part.

T

HAppy the Man, thrice happy he, Who had the high Defert;
To lose to you his Libertie,
And change a Lover's Heart.

II.

And rob your Repose invade,
And rob you of your Rest;
Believe as much Disorder's made
By yours within his Breast.

III.

Reason with him has no more pow'r

Than you, to stop the Course

Of an inrag'd and sierce Amour,

Drove by its own wild force.

004

Upon

Upon a FLOCK of GOLD-FINCHES

Seen in the MORNING.

Scarce had the prancing Coursers of the World, With their fresh steeming breath the Morning When a gilt flock of Winged Stars did play, (curl'd; And with strange light increase the new-born day: Sure they were fent from some Celestial Nest, To teach Aurora how she should go drest. Gay Nature's lively Pencil never drew Its own Perfection in a brighter hew. Now in light hoverings they their Bodies poife, And hang in Aguilibriums without noise. The Amorous Wind in gentle Whispers sings, And coyly kiffes their Enamell'd Wings. In curling Waves it pleats their silken Plumes, And from their spicy Breasts doth suck Persumes; Then foftly swells, and heaves its rising Weight, The mounting Birds enjoy a noble height: There

There in a spangled Crescent they appear, And with a flying Rain-bow gild the Air. And now Sol's Rays dart from their Eastern feat, And with a golden Blush these Rivals meet; And then recoil, more fumptuous to behold, Ten thousand Colours mixing with their Gold. Thus they which make the watry Fleeces proud, Themselves draw Lustre from a living Cloud. Oft through the Air their a Live Course they change, And in quick windings their brisk Squadrons range. The Impressive Atmosphere, where they had flown, With a long train of painted Lightning shone. Downward at length they fell, fure wanton Jove In fuch a splendid Storm enjoy'd his Love. When doubtfull Swains behold with wond'ring Keen Exhalations with their pointed Light, (fight, Shoot through the yielding darkness of the Night. They think it was some guilty Star that fell, And trembling pray, that all in Heaven be well. Oh, had they seen with what a radiant pride, These feather'd Meteors from above did glide; They would have pity'd the deferted Sky, Thinking they did a Constellation spy: Which,

Which, that it might indulge blest Mortals Ears,
Had brought with it the Musick of the Spheres.
With such soft Ayrs did all the Birds descend,
And their bright Course to the next Bush they bend.
With purling Noise their flutt'ring Wings they
As if they had for Entertainment rapt. (clapt,
The Thorns themselves shrunk in to make them
room,

And sheath'd their prickles in their barky Womb. New buds from their Potential beds did leap, And peep't to fee who 'twas disturb'd their sleep. Spying fuch Guests, their fragrant Laps they spread; Such Tap'stry none but fragrant Feet must tread. Each awfull twig gave an obsequious nod; And bowing, stoop't unto its welcome load. And now the glitt'ring Bush on high displays Its streaming Branches, deck't with chirping Rays. Its Golden back's clad with a breathing Fleece, Richer than that bold Jason brought from Greece. The wav'ring boughs under their weight did leap, And with their blithfull chantings time did keep. The Neighb'ring Brook stop't its attentive stream, And the hush't Winds hung lull'd into a dream. doin'y Ne'cr

Ne'er did the Perriwig'd Hesperian Grove,
On its bright Head so rich an Autumn move.
Hail, happy Shrub, wrap't in a Golden shade,
Whom Nature hath her living Wardrobe made;
Hail, Queen of Plants, crown'd with a Diadem,
Where every Jewel is a Vocal Gem:
A warm soft Gem, whose splendor do's excell
Th' obdurate off-spring of the Indian shell.
May still such Phanixes shine on thy Crest,
But never burn their odoriserous Nest;
But may each Morn thy glorious twigs recruit,
With a new brood of such Melodious fruit.

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THE

THE THE

POET's Answer to One,

Complaining of their

NEGLIGENCE,

In not Writing the

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM's

E E GAY.

Nais'd above us, do's all our Praise disclaim;
Poets have liv'd by him, he cannot live by them.

So great his Bounty, we as well might show
The secret Head, whence fertile Nile do's flow.

Like Nilus he, for with a willing Hand
He gave to all, his stream o'er-flow'd the Land.

But still the Muse was his peculiar Care;
Now could I ought in Verse! A subject's here
Might

Might——But the Mind's ill serv'd by Faculties,
And something still we know, we can't express.
The Trojan Shield, which Maro once did frame,
With an intent to raise Augustus Name,
Should not do more, if (as my Theme's as great)
I could assume his Majesty and State.
But nothing can rehearse his wond'rous Praise,
Unless kind Heaven from his dust should raise
Another matchless mighty Buckingham,
Who, like himself, could gloss the glorious Theme.
Two great effects we had from's noble Mind,
The State and Theatre at once refin'd.

When e'er he pleas'd to lash the nauseous Times,
And with just Rules correst the Poet's Crimes:
Nonsence, and Bays, and Bombast took their slight,
Like frighted Phantoms from the hated Light.
As by the order of this World we guess,
A God, not Chance, sirst mov'd the mighty Mass:
So whilst we saw, when we made War, Success,
Advantage, when we pleas'd to grant a Peace:
We, by the Beauty, knew, Villers was there,
And God-like Charles was eas'd of half his care:

So in the Realms above 'tis Jove's to will, Whilst lesser Powers his Commands fulfill.

Nor was his Body inferiour to his Mind; For when he was created, Fate design'd That he should be the wonder of Mankind. Goodness and Grace did always with him move; From Men he Honour claim'd, from Women Love Some flighted Swain, whom Celia's fcorn opprest, May raise a Flame in some less guarded Breast: But there the Curse do's not intirely fall, He form'd the Race of Women to enthrall, Reveng'd upon their Sex the quarrels of us all. Ten thousand ways soft thoughts he cou'd inspire, And kindled in all hearts a gen'rous fire, His Bounty wealth, his Beauty gave defire. His Judgment gave us Laws, a Play his Wit; By him we liv'd, we lov'd, we rul'd, we writ-

These

Pa

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H

Si

These Thirteen following COPIES done by
Mr. HOVENDEN WALKER,
Sometime of Trinity-Colledge in Dublin.

PSALM the CXXXIX.

Paraphras'd from Verse the 7. to Verse the 13.

Whither, O whither, can a Sinner flee,

Minighty Low, from thy Ubiquitie!

How from thy Omnipresence can he hide,

Since ev'ry-where thy Spirit do's reside?

Would I alcend to Heaven, ev'n there
Do's thy Refulgent Glory most appear;
Thy Light do's there fill the unbounded space,
And there dost thou thy bright Pavilion place;
At thy right hand, thy dear, thy darling Son
Sits, and thy Spirit hovers o'er the Throne;
While

While Hallelujahs to their God, and King,
Myriads of Blessed Saints and Angels sing.
Would I, to shun thee, dive to deepest Hell,
Ev'n there thy Horrours, and thy Judgments dwell;
Thy Terrours there the wretched Damn'd invade,
No Bed of Rest or Resuge there is made;
For ever there thy Triumphs do remain,
(Which, Satan to forget, still strives in vain)
E'er since for Man thou didst Redemption gain,
And by thy Death both Death and Hell were slain.

Cou'd I with wings fly to the utmost Sea,
Swift as the Light, which brings approaching day;
Swift as the Dawn, which do's it self disperse,
In half a Day, through half the Universe.
Ev'n this a vain and fond Design would prove,
Nor from thy just Protestion could I move;
For the wide World's most large circumference,
Is circumscrib'd by thy vast Providence.
Thy Goodness me from dang'rous Ills would save,
And lead me safely o'er each angry Wave.
Thy right hand would conduct me through all harms,
Thou wouldst protect me in thy mighty Arms.
Under

Under thy Wings I should in quiet sleep,
Though toss'd and threaten'd by the dreadfull Deep.

ell;

de,

Would I propose to hide me from thy fight,
Inan Egyptian Darkness, and thick Night?
Aglorious Splendour, and a Light divine,
From out of that thou wouldst command to shine;
Thou wouldst that blackest Cov'ring make as bright
As the gay Beams of the Sun's dazling Light;
From thee the Night can no conceasment be,
For Night and Day are still the same to thee:
Therefore in vain fond Men attempt to run
From thee, and thy Eternal Presence shun.
Thou unconfin'd thy self, do'st all confine;
For all is full of thee, and all is thine.

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PASTORAL,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's Second ECLOGUE.

All Lowly Swain lov'd a proud Nymph in vain, Who did the Country and the Fields distain, Because the fairest of the City Train.

The haughty She despis'd his humble Flame, And, soaring, slew at a more noble Game.

Unheard, unseen, he daily came to mourn Near lonesome streams, and shades, her cruel scorn: And, while alone, he moan'd his luckless Love, His griefs ev'n senceless Trees and Rocks did move. The neighb'ring Hills with horrour seem'd to shake, While to himself these raving words he spake:

Shall I, as others, to my Flocks complain, That I a cruel Beauty love in vain?

Shall

Shall I, with fruitless cries, disturb my Lambs, Or, with my quer'lous groans, affright their Dams? Their Dams, that strangers are to Lover's cares, And can enjoy their Loves without their Fears! No, let me here in secret pine away, And in fad objects read my Doom each day. Lo, through these Clifts a trav'lling Current glides, And little Rocks the purling freams divides. Ah! how well this resembles my fad Fate! My fruitless tears, and her unsoft'ning hate: For as these Rocks hard and unmov'd remain, And the clear stream but washes 'em in vain; So fall my Tears as unfuccessfully, Nor her hard stony Heart can mollifie: For still they run, unheeded as this Brook, Nor will be stop 'em by one pleasing look. Oh, cruel Nymph! why do'ft thou thus delight To torture me? why thus my fuff'rings flight? My mournfull Songs neglected are by thee, Thou art regardless of my Verse, and me. Thou canst behold, with an unpittying Eye, My forrows, and art pleas'd to fee me dye.

Lo,

Lo, now each Creature ether rests, or feeds, And spotted Lyzards dance in shady weeds; All are imploy'd, and bonny Mall takes care, Dinners for weary Reapers to prepare: But I, by fad complaints, at noon am found, Making, with Grashoppers, the Shrubs resound. And while I trace thy wand'ring fleps all day, Oppres'd with heat of Love, my spirits decay, And by the Sun scoreli't up I faint away. Had I not better far, contented, born Brown Amaryllis little peevish scorn, Whose lofty Soul, high Parents, and Descent, Against my Love had been no Argument? Or I had better far have lov'd black Refs, What though her Wealth and Beauty had been less; What though her Skin was of a tawny hew, And though as fair as whiteft Lillies you. With her fo long in vain I had not strove, But she would have rewarded Love with Love. Oh, beauteous Nymph, do not so much delight, Nor pride thy felf that thou art fair and white; For whitest Blossoms most neglected fall, While the ripe Blackberry is pluck't by all:

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But I am fo despis'd, fo fcorn'd by thee, Thou dost not ev'n so much as ask of me, What stock I do of larger Cattel keep, How ftor'd with Milk, or how inrich't with Sheep. My thousand Lambs wander on yonder Hills, Tis my large Flock th' adjacent Valley fills; Summer nor Winter my Kine ne'er are dry, But with new Milk my little House supply. If or my Verfe or Musick could but prove, Of force enough to make my fair one love; I would oblige her with fuch Songs, fuch lays, As those with which Amphion in pristine days, Himself of old the Theban Walls did raise. Nor am I fo deform'd to be despis'd, For I but lately with the Sea advis'd. When the fell Winas did undisturbed sleep, Nor with their Rage wrinkled the smooth-fac'd And if that Image did not flatter me, I need not fear, though to be judg'd by thee, That I less handsome to your fight should prove, Then happy Citizens whom you so leve. Oh that it necessary were for thee, To live in humble Cottages with me;

To

To hunt fwift Deer, and with a verdant twig, To drive my Emes, which with their young are big. And while my pretty Lambs in Pastures feed, To imitate our Pan upon a Reed: Nor let it grieve you that you wear away Your tender Lips upon my Pipes to play. This, if he were but half fo bleft to know, What would not the oblig'd Amyntas do? I have that Pipe which was bestow'd on me, By Swain Damet as; when he dy'd, faid he, Accept this Pipe as the best Legacie. Dametas faid it, but Amyntas griev'd, That I so great a present had receiv'd. But in an unfafe Vale I found besides Two tender Kids with pretty speckled Hides; They twice a day dreign a full Udder'd Sheep, And these for you with so much care I keep. Mall would long fince have beg'd 'em both from me, And she shall have 'em, since contemn'd by thee.

Come here, bright Maid, come hither charming See what for thy reception Nymphs prepare; (fair, See

See how they do adorn the shady Bow'rs;
See how they gather all the sweetest Flow'rs.
To make thee pleasant Garlands, see how they
Prepare to crown thee, the bright Queen of May.
Lo I my self have search't the Orchard round,
To see where the best Apples may be found:
Chesnuts and yellow Plums I've gather'd, such
As once my Amaryllis lov'd so much.
But here's an Apple that can all out-doe,
Which I particularly pluck't for you.
Some twigs of Lawrel from yon Tree I'll take,
And Myrtle mix, the better scents to make;
Which artfully into a Garland wove,
With Flowers sweet shall crown my sweeter Love.

ig.

But all thy clownish Gifts unheeded are,
Nor do's the Nymph for such a Bumpkin care.
What Gifts of thine canst thou believe will take,
Since City-Youths can so much richer make?
Thy humble Presents sading are, and poor,
Not lasting as their bright and shining Ore.

the the placed of

Alas,

Alas, what shall I do? where find out Rest? Where ease the Burthens of my lab'ring Breast? I leave expos'd (diffracted in my mind) My choicest Gardens to the Southern Wind. My clearest Fountains I preserve no more, From the unruly, and the nasty Boar. My tender Flocks by me neglected are, And are no more as once my only care. While I to Passion am, unguarded they To the devouring Wolf become a prey. Each day the Sun rifes upon my Love; And still as that ascends, this do's improve. But when to Thetis Lap he goes to rest, I feel no quiet in my Tortur'd Breaft. Unhappy Nymph, whom wouldst thou coyly shun? Ah, whither from a wretched Lover run? The greatest Heroes did of old, nay Gods Have chose to dwell in Sylvan Shades and Woods. Dardanian Paris lov'd the Verdant Plains, And liv'd most happy, while amongst the Swains. Pallas her self did Fields and Forrests love, And was delighted with the pleasant Grove;

And

And there, for her abode, built shady Bow'rs, And stately Palaces, and lofty Tow'rs. And therefore I so much prefer above The smoaky City, the delightfull Grove; And in these Shades how happy could I be, Disdainfull Nymph, wer't not for Love of thee: 'Tis that, 'tis that which thus my Rest destroys, A 'Tis that that ruins all my rural Joys; To thee I am so prone, so bent to thee, so shall? I cannot tast the least felicitie. Not flying Wolves by the fierce Lyoness, Are hotlier pursu'd; nor are Kids less Follow'd by chafing Wolves, nor can Kids be More fond of Cytifus than I or thee. All follow that in which they most delight, But you alone can my Defires invite.

Ah, foolish Swain, what frenzy haunts thy mind?

Canst thou no ease, no moderation sind?

Will not thy Love one minutes rest allow?

Behold the lab'ring Ox has left the Plow.

And now the Sun hasts to his Ev'ning bed,

By low degrees still doubling ev'ry shade.

All Creatures now, with the expiring Light,
Cease from their Toil, to sleep away the Night.
Do's Love alone a cruel Master prove?
Is there no end of the hard Tasks of Love?
See how you Vine untrim'd neglected lyes;
What wilt thou ne'er repent? wilt ne'er be wise?
Apply thy self to some more usefull thing,
Which may a much more certain profit bring.
Shake off for shame at last this fruitless Love,
And wasting Time to better ends improve:
Or if you needs must love, hereafter chuse
Some gentler Nymph, who'll not your Love refuse.

The Fourth E L E G Y OF CORNELIUS-GALLUS.

OF THE

Miseries of Old Age.

Made English.

The Poet gives an account of his loving a Young Maid very privately in his Youth, but at last how in his sleep he discover'd what so carefully he hid waking; and concludes the Elegy with the consideration of the inconveniences he lyes under by being Old.

YET let me one more Youthfull Tale reherse,
And please my self with my own empty Verse;
For idle Stories very well agree
With antick Dotage, and stupiditie.
And as in changing years, Mankind is found
With various Chances always turning round:
Ev'n so those times which most inverted be,
Seem most obliging to the Memorie.

A Virgin

A Virgin once there was, whom Heav'n defign'd, Both by the Graces of her Face and Mind, To be adapted, fo, that she became By Nature Candid, as she was by Name. Her pure white Hair around her shoulders spread, Fell decently in Ringlets from her Head: But ev'ry Part of her was bright, and fair, And full as charming as her Flaxen Hair. The tunefull Lyre she touch't with such a grace, That it confirm'd the Conquests of her Face; While from the trembling frings foft Tunes did flow, With Love and Joy my Heart did tremble too. But when she joyn'd thereto some witty Song, How many Cupids fate upon her Tongue! Each moving word, each accent fent a Dart, And ev'ry Note did wound my melting Heart. But then she Dane'd with such a charming Air, As made each Part appear more killing fair. · No stratagems of Love by her e'er mist, Nor bad I pow'r my Ruin to relist: But did with secret Pleasure entertain The filent and the smooth delightfull pain. Thus

Thus one bright Maid, but yet affisted well With fuch Auxiliaries, as nought could quell, In various ways storm'd my defenceles Mind: Nor did one Charm the least resistance find. And when by down-right force fhe was possest. She ne'er forfook my entertaining Breaft. Once feen, her beauteous form still stay'd with me, And day and night dwelt in my Memorie. How oft has my Imagination brought Her absent Image present to my Thought. Fix't, and intent, how oft (though far remov'd) Have I suppos'd I talk'd with her I lov'd. How oft with Pleasure would my Fancy bring Those Songs to mind which she was wont to sing; And how I strove my Voice, like hers, to frame, And bin delighted as it were the same. Thus I my felf, against my felf took part, And, like a cheat, play'd booty with my Heart. How oft, alas, have my own Friends believ'd, That I of Senfe and Reason was depriv'd, Nor can I think that they were much deceiv'd.

For

For neither was I perfectly compos'd, Nor altogether with my Frenzy doz'd.

But 'tis a mighty trying hardship sure, A stifled secret Passion to endure ; The furious Rage no mortal Breast can bear, But in the Countenance it will appear, Though never fo referv'd, though never fo fevere.) By the alternate change of White and Red, A true Discovery is quickly made. Th' affected Face do's the hid thoughts declare, Blusbing bespeaks a shame, and Paleness fear: But ev'n my Dreams betray'd my Privacie, My Treach'rous Dreams did faithless prove to me: They did my fad Anxieties reveal, Nor cou'd ev'n Death like seep, my Cares conceal: For when my Senses all inclin'd to Rest, And by oblivious slumbers were possest, Ev'n then my conscious Tongue my Guilt consest.

As on the Grass, sleeping I once was lay'd, Close by the Father of my lovely Maid;

And while He thoughtless slumber'd by my side,
Thus, in my Dreams disturb'd, aloud I cry'd,
Hast, hast, my Candida, make no delay,
Our secret Love is ruin'd if you stay:
For see, already peeps the prying Sun,
If w'are discovered we are both undone;
The envious Light will our stol'n Loves betray,
Hast, hast, my Candida, make hast away.

Awak'd at this, and in a strange surprize, He started up, and scarce believ'd his Eyes: And for his Daughter, fearch't the place around, But only I was fleeping on the ground; Gasping and panting there he saw me lye, Transported from my felf with Ecstasie. With what vain Dreams, faid he, art thou posses?) Or has a real Love usurp'd thy Breast? And so thy sleep discovers a true jest. Some waking Objects, I indeed conclude, Upon thy gentler flumbers may intrude, And fleeting Forms thy Wifbes do delude. Astonish't! he my broken Murmurs watch't, And each imperfect dropping Sentence catch't: Gently

Pleasure

Gently his right hand on my Heart he lay'd,
And, in fost Whispers, more inquiries made:
For so apply'd, the sty Inquirers Hand
From sleeping Breasts can any thing command;
And the loos'd Tongue do's by that Charm impart
The very choicest secrets of the Heart.

T

H

F

Thus I, who did so long my self behave So well, and seem'd to all so good, so grave; And had a sober Reputation kept, My self, at last, discover'd, as I slept.

And now has my whole wretched Life been free From imipous actions, and impuritie.

Nor can I say I did these Crimes prevent,
So much by Vertue, as by Accident.

But now I'm Old, and want the strength to sin,
It pleases me my Touth hath guiltless been.

Yet what just Praise deserv'dly due can be
To Aged Men, that they from Vice are free,
Since 'tis not choice, but meer necessitie?

Strength only sleeps, but Inclinations wake,
And not they Vice, but Vice do's them forsake:

Pleasure

Pleasure deserts their unperforming Years,
And leaves them fill'd with painfull toils, and cares:
They are but glad they do no evil fact,
Only because they want the Pow'r to act.

'Tis worth our while, if we consider too; What penalties in Age we undergo; How that, with it, a flow repentance brings; For all our youthfull faults, and riotings; How many fighs, and groans it pays, and tears, For dear-bought Luxury of younger years. But though Mankind will sometimes strive in vain, Youth's boyling Heats to curb, and to restrain; Yet oft-times knowingly, and with much skill, We cunningly perfift in doing Ill. W'are oft industrious, studious, wise, and nice, In the performance of fome witty Vice: But Vice formetimes bears us by force away, Yet oft its call more eas'ly we obey. Oft, though we cannot compass what we will, We are Well-wishers to some pleasing Ill.

Qq

To

To my MISTRISS.

wipped ming Years,

Translated out of Tibullus.

Nulla turm nobis subducet fæmina lectum, Hoc primum, &c.

Y Love to thee no Beauty shall betray, For it is firmly fix's, and cannot stray. None, none feems fair methinks in all the Town, But thee; thou pleasest, and delight'st alone. I wish indeed that none thy Charms could see, And they were undifcern'd by all, but me; So might I love with fome fecuritie. I wish not to be enwy'd, nor defire That any should my blessed state admire. The Wife-man loves a fecret Happiness; For to be publick, makes it but the less. With thee for ever I in Woods would rest, Where never humane Foot the ground has prest. Thou who forbid'st Disquiets to intrude, "Who from Nights-shades the Darkness canst ex-"And from a Defert banish Solitude.

Shou'd Heav'n it self conspire to change my Love, And fend me down a Mistrifs from above, Adorn'd with all the Beauties of the Skies, In vain she would attempt to charm my Eyes, Ev'n Venus felf I would for thee despise. This I most solemnly by Juno swear, Whom you to all the other Gods prefer. Hold, Mad-man, hold! what do I do? what fay? But I have Iworn, confest, and must obey. Fool that I was, my Fear has led me on To this grand senceless indiscretion. Now thou hast conquer'd, and may'st tyrannize, With all the Pow'rs of thy reliftless Eyes; While I but dote the more: Yes, brainless Sot, This by thy foolish babling tongue th'ast got. But I submit, command me what you will, I am your most obedient Servant still. Thy hardest Mandates I will ne'er refuse, But the delightfull well-known Bondage chuse. Only to Venus Altars I'll repair, And there my Love, and there my Faith declare; She punishes the false, the just do's spare.

292

The

The Agreement.

I.

Chose by a Silver Rivulet,

Grac'd with rich Willows, mournfull Daphne sate,

Leaning her melancholy Head

On the sad Banks of an Enamell'd Mead,

O'er-charg'd with Griefs her Heart,

Her Eyes o'er-charg'd with Tears,

For an intolerable smart,

For daily pains, and nightly fears,

For most uncertain hopes, and sure despairs,

'Gainst Tyrant Love a long complaint she made,

Whilst each sad Object did her sorrows aid.

II.

Then Three-heart rending sighs she drew,
Deeper than ever Poet's Fiction knew;
And cruel, cruel Thyrsis said,
Why thus unkind to an enamour'd Maid?
A Maid whose Breast abounds
With kindness, that can move
By dire, and miserable sounds,

Compliance from the very Grove,
Whilst my Heart labours to conceal its Love:
But oh in curst Despair first let me dye,
E'er he, by loving me, finds misery.

ere in them reft. III wer I mir

Then three more dismal Groans she took,
Whose cruel noise, like a great Earthquake, shook
The neighbouring Plebean Wood,
Which to commiserate her forrows stood,
I'll tortur'd be no more,
No more I'll grieve in vain;
Inrag'd with surious Heat, she swore,
These silent streams shall ease my pain,
And I'll no more 'gainst him, and Love complain:
Witness these lonely Fields, how I have lov'd,
And for his sake this fatal Med'cine prov'd.

IV.

Just with thick trouble in her face,
Descending from the miserable place,
Thyrsis, to save the Nymph appears,
His Eyes half drown'd with over-slowing Tears.

3

Q9 3

Thyrsis (alas) had heard
The Maid repeat her Woe:
Thyrsis the consequence too fear'd;
Ah, why do'st thou my Passion know?
(Sad Daphne said) loose me, and let me go,
Where at some rest, for ever I may be,
And not despis'd by a Triumphing He.

I noise, like wereat Earthquilte, in

Ah, Cruel Nymph (griev'd Thyrsis cries
With dolefull Face, and lamentable Eyes)
Cou'd you, O cou'd you thus undo
A Smain, who secretly has burnt for you?
With joy she stops him here,
Brighter her Eyes became,
And her all-clouded Face grew clear,
Then (blushing said) I am to blame,
Since you for Daphne had a private slame:
Pleas'd with this blest discovery, both agree
Their Mutual Love no more conceased shou'd be.

Dekending from the militable place;

SONG.

·T.

Did thus express his Love;
Fair Nymph, I must a Passion own,
Which, else would fatal prove.
Can you a faithfull Shepherd see,
Who languishes in pain,
And yet so cruel-hearted be,
To let him sue in vain?

II.

Then with his Eyes all full of fire,

And winning phrases, he
Intreated her to ease Desire,
And grant some Remedy.

Allur'd with Am'rous looks, the Maid,

Fearing he might prevail,

Begg'd that he wou'd no more perswade

A Virgin that was frail.

III.

Fear not, dear Nymph, replyes the Smain,
There's none can know our blifs;
None can relate our Loves again,
While this place filent is.
Then Damon; with a lov'd furprize,
Leap't close into her Arms,
With Ravifbing delights he dyes,
And melts with thousand charms.

The Innocent Discov'ry.

THE Air was calm, the Sky serene and clear, Kindly the Lamps of Heaven did appear. Faintly their Light some weak Reflexes made On the clos'd Casements, which to Eyes betray'd, Nought, but a dying Tapers glim'ring light, Besitting well that season of the night.

Sleep having welcom'd ey'ry weary'd limb, And gentle silence waiting upon him.

Under

Ur

To

A

T

SI

T

Under Olinda's blest Apartment, I

(To ease my never-ceasing Malady)

Took up my well-strung Lute, some Ayrs to play;

Ayrs soft as sleep, and pleasing as the day.

On filence I no sooner made a Breach,
Than the joy'd Sound her sacred Ears did reach;
Willing to know who had disturb'd her Rest,
Came to the Window like Aurora drest,
In splendour; only let this diff'rence be,
That fair Olinda brighter was than sbe.
Lest I should see her (Ah, dear Innocence)
Puts out the Candle, but th' Impertinence
Of the vain plot did make me wonder more,
For I beheld her plainer than before:
She only had remov'd the Moon away,
That hinder'd me of a more perfect day:
Th' Eclipse, when gone, discover'd to my sight
A better prospect of the Sun's strong light.

Recay that to bis relate pleane of

that gently may be by a greater fire.

THE

ear's bleat all amont,

PETITION.

A SONG.

I.

OH use me gently, since I am your slave,
To Tyranize o'er Wretches is not brave;
In tort'ring me, what Glory can be found,
Who am defenceless, and securely bound?

Tues out the Cavalle, b. Inh Impertmence

Tempt not your Conquests, & your Strength too far, But use your Captive with a wiser care; Such influence will your kindness have on me, That I shall never wish for libertie.

tir discover'd to my fight

The wary Shipwright can't by force reduce The sturdy Oak to his more pliant use; But gently warms it by an easie fire, And then it yields to what he will desire.

IV.

For Love is more commanding far than Hate,
And Cruelty Rebellion will create.

That King sits always safest on his Throne,
Who rules his Subjects by his Love alone.

You hade to fee my blocking

FATE.

A SON G. North of

Alas, too late, I know too late. The flromg necolity of Lete.

And that my flames do still improve;

That they still burn, and still appear,

As bright as thy dear Eyes are clear and still they are pure as the first Cause,

Nor swerve they from the very Laws;

That Womens practices impose,

Which sirst their Humors, since their Pride has chose.

II.

No fault in all my Love is found,
And yet you will not heal my Wound;
In vain I tell you how I burn,
You will vouchsafe me no return.
In vain your pity I implore,
You smile to see my bleeding sore;
No, though a Kiss wou'd do the Cure,
Unkind Graciana lets me still endure.

III.

For this what reason can there be,
Why so averse to Love and Me:
Alas, too late, I know too late
The strong necessity of Fate.
No Woman yet was ever made
To Love aright, but be betray'd:
The Men, who dote on them, they shun,
And to the Arms of the indiff'rent run.

RELIGION.

I.

ME in the Church, 'tis true, you often see,
But there I come not with intent
To hear a thick-scull'd Parson vent
His phlegmatick Divinitie:
No, my Graciana, 'tis to look on thee;
On thee I gaze, and in thy Eyes find sence,
Beyond the Gown-man's holy Eloquence;
For what has his dull tale of Doom,
And horrid things to come,
To doe with Love, and Thee, which I alone
For my Established Religion own?

II.

The Croud, nay the more Learn'd, and Wise, for this Perhaps will me an Atheist call,
And say that I believe no God at all:
But oh they judge, they judge amis,

And .

And wond'rously themselves deceive;

For I a mighty Deity believe,

To whom ten thousand Sighs, as many Tears,
With painfull Groams, and with incessant Pray'rs,
As a due Sacrifice each day I give,
Which, sometimes, she disdains not to receive;
And one kind thing from her weighs more withme,
Than all their Bodies of Divinitie.

III.

With much more sence, indeed they may,
Accuse me of Idolatrie;
That I to you that Worship pay,
Which only Heav'n shou'd have from me:
But let the wifest of them all,
The most precise, and Pharisaical,
Tell me, if my Graciana wou'd be kind;
What holy indignation cou'd they find;
What pious zeal, what sanctity of mind,
To guard them from a sin so charming sweet,
But wou'd fall down, and worship at thy seet;
Striving, like me, in lasting Verse, to raise
Eternal Trophies to thy praise.

B

For

IV.

For, if to me she once her Love wou'd give,

Graciana's Name shou'd then for ever live,

And in each proud, and swelling line,

Graciana's Name shou'd like rich Jewels shine:

Nor wou'd it less avail, to make

My Verse immortal, as her Fame:

For consecrated with her Name,

All Men you'd read them for Graciana's sake.

The K I S S.

I.

OH, take not this sweet Kiss so soon away;
But on these Lips let me for ever stay,
This Food, Love's Appetite, can ne'er destroy,
'Tis too Atherial to cloy:
The Manna, from Indulgent Heav'n,
Which to the murm'ring Jews was giv'n,
Did not so many Delicates afford,
As in one Kiss of thine are stor'd:
But it resembles something more Divine,
Like that above, on which bright Angels Dine;
Where,

Where, an Eternal Meal by them's enjoy'd, And yet, with glutted fullness, never cloy'd.

Me therefore do not you deprive Of my Lifes chief preservative; Though I confess that it affords to me More than a bare subsistencie: For thy dear Kifs, a kind of tast do's give, How all the blest above do live ; And I methinks, when e'er I joyn My happy Lips to facred thine; Am with the joy transported so, That perfectly I do not know, Whether my ravish'd Soul be fled, or no: But this I certainly can fay, I feel Pleasures that are unspeakable. Tell me, Graciana, prithee doe, For only you the truth can know. If on thy Lips dwell fuch prevailing Charms,

And in thy Kisses such delights abound;
What Ecstasies, what Raptures will be found,
Within the Magick Circle of thy Arms.

The WRACK.

Set by Mr. G. Hart.

T.

In vain I strive, with Buis'ness, to remove
The pleasing Torments of incroaching Love;
Drest in such beauteous Forms, still He appears,
With sweet Delusions, charming all my Fears;
So strongly he allures, and do's invite
To follow distant Pleasures, scarce in sight;
That his dear Witcherast I want strength to shun,
But yield, with vast delight, to be undone.

II.

Such strange Inchantments the sly Boy do's use, His Chains, before my Liberty, I chuse. And though my Ruin, I before me spy, I'd perish, rather than turn back to sly: So wretched Sailers, in an open Sea, By Treach'rous Syrens, led an unknown way, See the ensuing Storms, their Songs create, Yet want the Pow'r t' avoid their certain Fate.

To

TO

M^r P. Berault

UPON HIS

integral corms

FRENCH GRAMMAR.

he allares, and do's invice

Hat equal Thanks? what Gratitude is due, Industrious Friend from all this Isle to you? For all your Labour, all your Toil, and Care, In bringing us, from France, their Language here: Their Language, which is sure their richest store, And each Wise man do's prize, and value more, Than all the Goods that came from thence before. Their Language, which do's more the Wit refine, Than all their Modes, than all their sparkling Wine. And this thou do'st in such a Method teach, As ev'n the least Capacity may reach.

B

I

By fuch plain rules, and axioms thou dost show The Pronunciation, none could better know, Did they to France for their Instruction go. Tous, thou mak'st, by this, their Learning known, And in th' Original 'ris all our own: Translators oft unfaithfull, and unjust, At fecond-hand we need no longer trust; But in their prim'tive Beauty we may see The famous Roilean, and Sieur Scadery; Now those two mighty Wits we may carefs In their own Elegant, and Native Drefs, And learn from them, bright Ladies how to praise, In softest Language, and in smoothest Phrase: For French alone so easie is, and free; So sweetly gentle, that it feems to be At first design'd for, and contriv'd by Love, As th' only Charm, a scornfull Nymph to move.

Now fure our rambling Touth will stay at home,
Nor wantonly so oft to Paris roam,
Under pretext to learn the Language there,
Since you instruct them so much better here.

They

They need no more tempt the unfaithfull Seas,
For what your Grammar teaches (if they please)
With much less charge at home, & much more ease.
This, therefore, from thy care we hope to gain,
That thy Endeavours may those Sparks detain,
Whose roving Minds lead them to France from
Meerly (for sooth, under the slight pretence (hence,
Of Courtly Breeding, Carriage, Wit, and Sence,)
To learn the Affectation of the Proud,
The noise, and nonsence of the Vain, and Loud;
Foisting upon some easie Coxcombs here,
Those cast of Vices which they pickt up there.

SONG.

B

If

SONG.

I

You are too cruel grown;
No smiles nor pity you bestow,
But Death in ev'ry frown.
My Love, though chast and constant too,
Yet no relief can find;
Curst be the slave that's false to you,
Though you are still unkind.

II.

Were you as mercifull as fair,

My wishes wou'd obtain;

But love I must, though I despair,

And perish in the pain.

If in an Age I can prevail,

I happy then shall be;

And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail

To wait Eternally.

The

The same SONG Inverted.

By Mx. Walker.

EVadne, I must let you know,
Your Cruelty is vain;
For if you will no smiles bestow,
I scorn your proud distain.
And since my Love, though pure and true,
No just relief can find;
Curst be that Fool shall dote on you,
When you are still unkind.

II.

Were you as gentle as you're fair,
I'd strive your Love to gain;
But I can never court Defpair,
Nor cherish needless pain.
If in a Week I cou'd prevail,
Then I might happy be;
But Love and Patience, both will fail,
To wait Eternally.

The Five following Copies done by Mr. C. G. of Æton-Colledge.

A Paraphrase on the 23d Idyll. of Theoritus, from the beginning, to 23d drew 2190 & 200, &c.

I.

A N Amorous little Smain Was fet to keep

His Father's goodly Flock of Sheep,

(Fed in a Common that belong'd to Pan,

About the middle of th' Arcadian Plain.)

By chance a noble Youth came by,

Whom when his sparkling Eyes did spy

His watchfull Eyes,

That there stood Centinel,

And did perform their office well;

Stoutly prepar'd for every quick furprize.

Marking the Beauty of his Angel's Face,

Mix't with sweet carriage, and a heavenly grace,

Well satisfy'd, they let him pass;

Who

Who having got admittance, did impart

The fatal fecret to his wounded heart. (brought,

Charm'd with the Youth he was that Fate had thither

Whose Beauty did surpass desire or thought:

In making whom.

In making whom,

Nature for once did thus presume,

To go beyond her Last, to place

On a Man's shoulders a fair Womans face;

Or rather to adorn,

With more than heav'nly beauty a Terrestial Form.

II.

But ah! his Mind,

Not like his Angel Face, proud, scornfull, & unkind, Despissing those whom Passion,
Whom unresisted Passion mov'd

To highest admiration;

Those who disdain'd him most, he greatly lov'd:

He knew not, nor did he desire to know

What Cupid meant, his Arrows, or his Bow,

How oft, how usually he throws

A Golden Dart,
To wound the Heart
Of those

Who most unconquerable seem,

Jear at his Godship, and his Power contemn.

Cruel in deed and word,

Who never the least comfort would discover, Or one cool drop of ease afford

To a despairing, burning, dying Lover.

Choler and anger in his Entrails boils, No pleasant smiles,

No rosie Lips, nor blushing Cheeks,

Nor languish't Eyes that might betray

An inward fondness, and might seem to say,

I will thy mutual love repay.

No comfortable words he speaks;

Nor fuffers me to ravish one kind kiss,

That entrance to a future, and more perfect blis:

But as a Chafed Boar

With Vengeance looks upon his Hunter's Spear;

Sets up his Briftles on his back,

And roaring makes

The Forrest all around, and every Creature quake;

So he beholds the Swain

With desp'rate fury and disdain,

Adding more fuel to his never-dying flame.

Disdain

cold ut the Light from

Disdain did make his Countenance turn pale, And all his other Charms begin to fail; Anger did banish every Grace From the dominions of his lovely Face, VVhilst cruel Eyes, and harder Heart took place. Yet still the Shepherd finds no Arms Fit to refift these languishing, these fainting Charms, His Angel fweetness he must still adore, Troubled that he could manifest his Love no more. Alas! how vain and useless all things prove, VVhen enter'd in Damn'd Cupid's School, VVe learn his Precepts, and his Rules, When shackled in the chains of Love, Turn fashionable fools; VVe scarce can call our selves our own,

IV.

And our affections pay obeifance to anothers Crown.

No longer able to contain;
Though all was needless, all in vain;
Tears, like a mighty Flood,
Did over-flow their Banks, and drown'd
Th' adjacent Barren, fruitless, famish'd Ground.

Trem-

Trembling with fear,

At last he ventur'd to draw near,

VVhere all in Glory stood,

The object of his Love, the cause of his Despair.

First he presumes to kiss

The facred ground whereon he trod,

In hopes of future happiness,

But all wou'd do no good.

Then strove to speak,

But ah! Disdain and Fear his forwardness did check,

And made his half-out lisping words draw back.

Forcing himself at last, stutters such words as these:

V.

O cruel, inexorable, stony Saint,

Blind to my Tears, and Deaf to my Complaint;

Sure of some Lyoness, or Tyger born,

Unworthy of my Love, as I unworthy of your form.

A gratefull Gift to you I bring,

The welcomest the only thing

That now at present do's remain,

To ease me of my pain;

To ease me of my Love, and you of your Disdain.

And

And lo,
How willingly I go;
How willingly I go, where you
By your unkindness, destin me unto;
I go where every Love-sick Mind
Is us'd, an universal Remedy to find;
The place is call'd Oblivion's Land,
A Lake call'd Lethe in th' midst do's stand:
VVhich were it possible that I could dry,
In flames unquenchable I still should fry;
Nor cou'd I yet forget thy Name,
So oft have I repeated o'er the same,
But find, alas! no liquor that can quench my flame.

V.

Adieu! lov'd Youth, eternally adieu!

But scornfull fair first know what doom,

Undoubtedly shall on your Beauty come,

And from my dying mouth believe it true.

The pleasant Day, alas! is quickly gon,

Flowers in th' Morning fresh cut down by Noon;

The blushing Rose do's fade, and wither soon,

White

White Snow do's melt before the scorching Sun; So youthfull Beauty's full of charms, but all are quick-(ly gon,

The time will come when you your felf will prove How great a Deity is Love.

Charm'd by some beauteous she,
You'll offer up your facrifice of Tears,
And weary her with your continual Prayers;
By Night you'll sigh, and pine, by Day you'll woo,
But all's in vain that you can doe,
No greater pity will you find, than I from you.
Then will your Conscience bring Me into mind,
Not to delight, but serve you in your kind;
My restless Ghost shall come,

VI.

But

However grant me this, ev'n this at least;
I'll ask no more, but grant me this request:
That when thou passest by,
Thou woul'st not let me unregarded lye,
Seeing the fatal Dagger in my Breast.
But come, and grieve, and weep a while,
I ask not (what I once so much desir'd) one smile;

Not to cry Ah! but Io! at your doom.

But pull the Dagger from the Wound,
And close, and close embrace me round;
Thy Mantle o'er my liveless Body spread,
Give me one kiss, one kiss, when I am dead:
I ask no more, O grant me this,
That thou may'st joyn
Thy Lips to mine,
And seal them with a meeting, parting kiss.

When forc'd by thy unkindness I am fled,
Thou need'st not fear that I can then revive,
Though such a kis cou'd almost raise to life.

Hew me a stately Tomb to be my Bed,

Where Love and I may lay our head.

Then leave me, after thou hast three times said, My Friend, my dearest Friend on Earth is dead;

O cruel Death, that canst us two divide; (dy'd.

My friend, my friend, would God that I for thee had

Write this Inscription (since they are in fashion)

To show how base your scorn, how excellent my pas-

Here lyes a Lover, kill'd by Deep Despair; (fion.

Stay, Reader, Stay,

And only be so kind to say,

Alas, He lov'd; Alas, He lov'd a Cruel Fair.

Chorus.

CHORUS I.

Of Seneca's Agamemnon.

Cortune, thou fetter up of Kings, -Upon whose finiles or frowns Depends the standing, or the fall of Crowns. What various Chances Fortune brings? Mounting on deceitfull Wings, She lifteth Kings on high, On Wings of Dignity. Then leaves them all alone, Tells them she must be gone; So let them stand, or fall, or rife, With Wings spread out, away she flies. Fortune, how canst thou cheat us so With naughty Goods, yet make a show Of honest Ware; thou do'st desire Thy Goods shou'd rich, and gay appear, Though they be truly little worth, and truly very (dear. II.

'Tis not the Scepter, or the bearing sway, Can cares and troubles drive away: One trouble on anothers neck do's come;
The first retreats, another takes his room.
The raging Sea contends
For passage through the Sands;
The skipping Waves do beat and roar,
Falling from a losty shoar;
So Fortune head-long throws,
Chances of Kings, and those
That are exalted unto dignitie.
Kings wou'd be feared, yet we see,
They fear, lest they that fear them shou'd use

III.

'Tis not the Night can give them rest,
Whose Hearts with slavish fear are prest;
Nor can sweet sleep expell the care
Of them, whose Minds unquiet are.
What Pallace is not quickly brought,
By Prince's Wickedness, to nought?
VVhat Tower do's not impious Arms
VVeary, with continual harms?
All Law and Modesty is sled the Court,
No ties of sacred Wedlock there resort.

(treacherie.

IV.

But desperate Bellona stands
With quavering Spear, and bloody hands:
There stands Erinnys too, beside,
The Punisher of Courtly Pride;
Who always waiteth at the door
Of such as swell in Wea!th and Pow'r,
To lay them level every hour:
And yet suppose there shou'd be peace,
And th' ills pre-mention'd all shou'd cease.

V.

Are over-turn'd by their own weight.

If Sails be blown by prosp'rous Wind,
We fear those Gales shou'd prove unkind:
And Auster smites the Tower that shrouds
His lofty top among the Clouds.
The little Shrubs, in shades that spread,
Do see the tall and ancient Oak,
Which blasting Boreas oft has shook,
Lie fall'n on th' Ground, wither'd and dead.

Flashes

Flashes of Lightning smite the Mountains high, Great Bodies open to diseases lie.

Among the Herd's, Kine that are fat, and best,
Are chose for slaughter out from all the rest;
What ever tott'ring Fortune do's exalt,
Has only Crutches lent to learn to halt.
Low, mean, and mod'rate things bear longest date,
That Man is truly, and is only Great,
Who lives contented with a mean Estate.
Thrice happy is the Man, whose Means do lye
Above, or else below curst Fortune's eye;
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

C. G.

PENITENT.

By Heav'n! 'tis scarce ten days ago,
Since to my self I made a Vow,
That I wou'd never have to do
With Duscrastes more;
Till Wine, and Love, and Ease complying,
Bore down before 'em all denying,
For having his Persections, told me,
Made me break the Oath I swore;
Threw me head-long to his Arms,
Where tasting of his usual charms,
No Resolution can with-hold me.
Now, who but Duscrastes in my eye;
Tis by his smiles I live, and by his frowns I dye.

IT.

Your Sunny Face, through Cloudy Frowns, in vain Wou'd make my Gazing Eyes abstain,

For I as soon can cease to be,

As cease to Love, and gaze on thee;

Here cou'd I take up mine Eternitie.

Sfz

As well one may

Touch flaming Coals, or with a Serpent play,

And yet receive no harm;

As look on you unmoved by your Charms.

For my part, I am forc'd to lay down Arms;

Although I'm fain

To be content with nothing but disdain.

And fince those things are cheap, we easily obtain,

I am content a while to live upon despair,

Just as Chamelions do on Air.

III.

I play and dally on Hells brink,

Till I perceive my felf begin to fink,

Or scorch my self too near so great a fire,

And so am forced to retire.

Anon forgetfull of my former burn,

I must again, I must again return:

So do's the little Gnat, by Night,

Fly round, and round, the Candles light,

Untill its busie daring Wing

Too near such heat begins to singe;

Yet still unmindfull of the smart,

She must, she will repeat her former sport.

Hence,

IV.

Hence, hence, Heroick Muse, adieu,
For I must take my leave of you;
Love, that usurps the Rule of my Poetick Vein,
Forbids Calliope's Heroick strain;

Charges me nothing to endite,

Concerning this or t'other fight,

Nor of the Scythian, or the Parthian War to write, Unless to beautifie my Poetry,

Those stories to my Love I fitly wou'd apply.

And now methinks I feign My self an honest faithfull Scythian, And he a perfidious slying Parthian,

Whose turned Dart

Strikes his Pursuer swiftly to the Heart:

So the more eager Phabus follow'd on,

The swifter Daphne did his Presence shun;

So much the more encreas'd his Passion higher,

As the chast little Virgin, she grew shier.

I ask not mutual Love in equal weight,

But only give me leave to love thee free from hate.

To

To DUSERASTES.

that utarps the Rule of m Cruel, Proud, and Fair, Cause of my Love, and cause of my Despair. When first a little sprouting Beard, Those lovely Lips, and Cheeks shall guard, Not foft as Down, but rugged, long, and hard. When lovely Locks, that on your shoulders play, Shall turn to the cold hoary Grey, Or, wasting Time shall eat 'em quite away; As when too much of working spoils The very heart of fruitfull Soils, And makes 'em, without moisture, hard and dry, All Plants and Herbs do wither, fall, and dye. And when that lovely Red and White, That in your charming Cheeks do meet, That make the Lilly, and the Rose, Their sweetness, and their colour lose, Shall turn to Wrinkles, wan, and pale, And all your other Charms shall fail.

Sell ment the pall to

Then

Then as you go to gaze

Upon you former Angel's face,

In your too much frequented Looking-glass;

Then your own Presence will you strive to shun,

And thus complain in a forsaken Lover's tone.

Why was I ever Toung?
Why was not Beauty long? (gone?
Why had I ever Charms, or why are they fo quickly

The VOW.

To the fame.

T.

Why do you vex me with continual fears,
And force out needless Tears?
Why do you tell me I shall surely dye,
Since Courteous Heav'n, and I,
Both in one resolution do comply?
That whensoever you are fled, unkind;
I will not stay, I cannot stay behind.

If

If envious Fate must strike the Heart,
My better part,
Why shou'd this liveless lump of Clay
Delay

To mount the Skies to follow thee away?

Propitious Fate has spun

Both threds of Life in one;

I've made a Vow, yea I have sworn,

Nor will I fail (by Heav'n) to perform;

We'll travel both together to our long, long home.

II.

In spite of Hell, to Heav'n we will glide,
And all the heavy World below deride,
Attended by Jove's Messengers on either side:
Not Charon's shabby Barge,
Shall have so great, so glorious a charge:
Apollo's Chariot shall us both transport,
With Mercury our Guide,
Above Moon, Stars, and Sun, we'll glide,
Till we arrive to Jove's Eternal Court,
There in Immortal State
Shall I on yours, and you on Jove's left hand be set.

Nay

Nay, further still our Glories shall extend,
You shall be worshipp'd as the God of Beauty,
To you shall Mortals pay all sacred Duty,
My Name shall signifie a Faithfull Friend;
Here shall our love no quarrels know, our joys no end.

The Six following COPIES done by Mr. T. B. of Cambridge.

An ELEGY on King CHARLES the Second, who dyed of an Apoplexy.

What Mortal Art cou'd keep him from the Dead?
The Miracles of Art were shewn in vain,
Such as cou'd give a meaner Life again;
But Miracles were common in his Reign.
A Diet in distress no comfort brings,
Thus are we sure to lose the best of Kings.

under

Great

bridge Alllow Clarke (all extend.

Great Charles, or lov'dor fear'd too much by Death!

Our Bribes cou'd get us but a parting breath.

Unufual Fate destroy'd our chief design,

And ev'ry Sister cut the Royal Twine;

Direfull Solemnities they us'd below,

And thrice they gave the irrevocable Blow.

Thrice on the Monarch (for each Nation) seize,

And to his Empire suited the Disease.

So did Geryon take his long farewell,

And saw two Heads expire before he fell;

So put Aleydes Vict'ry to a stand,

And piece-meal fell by an All-conqu'ring hand.

Say, envious Stars, did he deserve your spight; Say, all ye grand Caballers of the Night, Did you remember with regret the Day, When his new Star drove all your Beams away, When the glad Sky did wond'rous smiles dispense, Fear'd you to lose your ancient Influence?

The same good Omen gave our Charles his Birth, As usher'd in Salvation to the Earth.

(ורכתו

Under

Under one Planet grisly Death was slain,
But the same bad him live, and slay again.
O ye,just Pow'rs! That Death (by Faith o'er-come)
Shou'd lead the Faith's Defender to his Tomb.

Britains lament, inspir'd by sorrow, sing,
Embalm with Tears and Verse your Gracious King;
Where-ever Death can come, let it be said,
In mournfull Elegies, our Gracious King is Dead.
A Soul so large, so generous a Mind,
As Heav'n all knowing, and as Heav'n all kind.
Let the sad News be born through ev'ry Sea,
And the Winds groan whilst they the News convey.
Our Peacefull Ships will need no Cannon roar,
And with the Tidings terrisse the Shoar.

What Grief in Neighb'ring States shall not be Now the soft link of Amity is gone? (known, Love has the Nat'ral World to Peace confin'd, But the Political by Charles was joyn'd.

What Grief shall not the Foreign Regions shew?

For they have lost their Joy, and wonder too.

Libyans shall slash their Breads, and so declare

Their outward Grief to Charles was joyn'd.

One, o'er her Gold, corroding Drops shall shed, The other Ind. weep Gems for James's head; No Quarter but shall Sighs and Blessings send, And to a thousand Gods our King shall recommend.

Pardon, Great Ghost, your sinfull People spare,
And be our Genius with your Princely care.
Smiling, the Story of your Troubles tell,
And pity the mean Souls who cou'd Rebell.
With joy recount the Changes you have known,
And all the shapes attend the British Crown.
How faithless, as incircling Waves, were We;
How you became the Proteus of our Sea:
How on the Wing you'd now deceive the Foe,
Then vanish't into Air unseen you'd go:
How like a stately Oak you'd sometimes Reign,
And with long Scepters awe the shrubby Plain.

Such were the forms, Alive, you us'd to have, Immutable and stiff now in the Grave; Variously prest, and molded up and down, You were reserv'd for an Eternal Crown.

A

DITHYRAMBIQUE,

Made just before the

KING and QUEEN

Went to Their

CORONATION

I.

Eep now, my Muse, the great Pindarique road,
And fly as if to meet a God,

For Fames and Mary are the same;

Ascend my Muse, mount in your Flame,

For oh my Soul's in hast to be abroad;

Our Souls of old were stol'n from on high,

And fince, as if they fear'd Difcov'ry,

Sneak here below with dull Mortality,

Let mine be open, and confess her Mother-Sky;

Visit the Plains above, and sing

Some worthy Transports of a God-like King:

What

What Muse cannot our James inspire; What cannot Royal Mary doe, They give us Theams and Genius too,

Fewel at once, and Fire.

Leander stretcht along, & buffeted the sawcy Waves,
That, when he thought of Life, and Joy,
Dared the kind Thoughts annoy,

And threaten him with Graves:
The Taper did not only shew his Pathless Way,
But made him bold, and strong,
Leander stretcht along;

But follow'd Love through all the Pores he there It glitter'd in his Mind as well as in the Sea.

Africad my Made mount in your Blame, for oh my Soul's in UI; to be abroad:

Heroes, by Nature, still dispence
Vigour and Sence,
To the most Thoughtless subject-Clay,
Upon the Machins still they shine:
The Machins feel a warmen Divine,
And briskly move, and sweetly play.

What

Their

Their Royal sparkling Virtues are The only Stars that have an Influence, And du 'ile as the Gold they wear. This happy England knows; England is happy in her Sons at last, The Days of Prodigality are past; For Arms and Arts her Sons grow fit, They gather Courage, and they gather Wit; In vain their Temper, and their Clime oppose, And once-infulting Neighbours fear, Those Lyons furl their Mains no more, No longer tear the ground, and roar, They fee our fames his England's shape restore, And break the Charms that made her Beast before; Those Lyons tremble, and reveer, For England once again a Royal Matron do's appear.

And left no point vall the feared

How much indebted must the Coronation be,

Heroick James, to very Thee,

Thy Person wou'd, unrob'd, add to th' Solemnity,

Luster

Luster to Thee thy Diadem will owe, And Flaming Jewels round thy Head, Like a good Omen spread, Thou do'ft on all a noble Stamp bestow, Thy fubtile Beams thorough thy People go, And make each Vulgar look to show, (Foe: Indulgent Planets to their Friends, and Comets to the Thou, with Illustrious Graces, round Thee hurl'd From Thy own felf, do'ft Animate the British World; Poetick Plato, when he made his Deitie, But fancy'd what in James wee fee, The Infinite was plac'd alone, Amidst his wond'rous Creation; The Indivisible the Center did possess, And with Extended Spirit, blefs (his Throne, The living Circles that his Breath had form'd about His Spirit penetrated every-where, And left no point void of the searching Care, Large streams of Inspiration flow'd, And taught the Beings, that they gave, to praise (their God.

19ffull

IV.

Io, my Muse, the Triumphs just begin,
Over our Nations vanquish't sin,
Our Animosities and Feuds are done,
All those unhealthy Glouds are gone;
Fix't is our Delos now, nor can th' imbracing Sea
Flatter her to her old Inconstancie.

Awake, my Muse,
The comfortable news
Reherse,

* And tell it to the President of Verse,

If such a President of Verse there be,

And any way a-kin to Memorie;

How will it work on his Harmonious Mind?

How soft will be his strain,

When he shall find

His own strange Story acted o'er again?

He'll smile when e'er You wond'ring tell,

Our Delos did become unmoveable;

He'll strike his Lyre, when You shall praise

Our crowned Phabus, and describe his Rays.

^{*} Most of this Fourth Stanza is an Allusion to an Old Poetical Fable, and parallels the King and Queen, in some respects, to the Heathen Deities, Apollo and Diana.

* Diana too you must recite,
The Three-nam'd Goddess naturally bright,
Whose Native Glories then were seen,
When a vast Tract of Earth was plac'd between,
When she deserv'd alone to be a Queen,
Tho', like his Sister, say she now but borrows Light.

V.

Lo, where Apollo finiling stands, And strikes his Lyre with his Melodious hands, Possest with mighty Pleasure; Lo Where he has left his Quiver and his Bow; There are his Arrows lay'd afide, And by the milder Lyre fupply'd; The chearfull found, the chearfull found methinks I And lo, how every Tear (hear; Dances in decent order here, By the finooth Motion all their Poyfon's spent, And th' Hieroglyphick Snake grows innocent; At th' chearfull Sound ill-boding Spirits fly, Charm'd from their best-beloved Cruelty, And vanish, like sad Ghofts, that shun the Morning's Ill-boding Spirits on happy Minutes wait, (Eye. And boldly vex the Fortunate,

And

And Politickly seize a glad unwary State;

A Coronation pomp gone by,

Behind the greedy Vultures sly,

The rear's brought up with Judgments, Plagues,

And all the poor Spectators dye; (Mortality,

Instead of Medals to be thrown about,

Malicious Powers

Scatter their Ulcers, and their Sores,
And show'r their Tokens on th' Infected Rout,
This former times have known, avert it Heaven from
VI. (ours.)

Close up, my Muse, the dismal Scene,
Leave the Destroying Angels, or Destroying Men;
Our Monarch shall your Musick make,
Of honourable Actions speak,
Sing of our Present Joys, and Miseries for sake;

Speak of the Prince that aw'd the Main,
And in the Ocean wide began his Reign;
Whose Prowess heavy Flemmings understood;

Whose Valour every-where

Escap'd the Rocks and Shallows of Despair,

Who Noah's lawfull Heir

Succeeded in the boundless Empire of the Flood.

Shew

Shew the undaunted Champion on the shore, Dying his future Robes in Hostile Gore; Shew him in Peace how easie, and how free, And yet beyond the Reach of Mutinie, Eternal Conquerour ! in Peace he gets a Victorie. He stops not there where other Warriours doe, He do's not always force pursue, He can both Soul and Body too, Mankind in all Capacities fubdue: He do's not only use the killing Art, (Heart, With harmless Skill sometimes he wounds the And there plants Loyal Veins to quell the trayt'rous The Vital Flame he do's not always damp, (part; But pours a precious Oyl into the gloomy Lamp; His former Vict ries are in this o'er-come, And he's the greatest Conquerour at home. Illustrious Prince, humble and brave, Head of his Country, and his Countries flave; A Souldier's hardships oft h' endur'd, And in bold Deeds the Prince obscur'd; As Jove to the Egyptian Beafts was known, Oft he retir'd to our Condition, And thence took Rife to leap into a Throne.

He

He ran through every Task that Subjects bear,
Accomplish't, by degrees, for Royal Care;
With Toil he climb'd the Pinnacle of State,
His Fortune of was us'd before 'twas great,
and Lawrels did his Dead for the Imperial Crown (prepare.

Theseus and Bacchus thus Ambrosia gain,
And with the Healing Nestar calm their former Pain:
Thus Hercules upon twelve Trophies rose,
He labour'd for, and merited a long Repose.

Thus facred Charles afcends,
And visits his Celestial Friends;
Safely he cuts the thund'ring Skies,
Adorn'd with new imperious Joys;
Young Angels kiss each tender Limb,
And fondly call him Cherubim,

His Saviour and his Sire embrace him as he flies.

VIII.

James, thou hast won 'em, & our Lives are thine,
Thousands of ours vouchsafe receive,
For that Great One thou woud'st so often give;

^{*} The Motto of the King's Medal.

That Life which weather'd Storms, & a more damn'd (Design,

Which can the Devils various shapes decline, In Patience Second Brother of the Stuart's Line.

Patience, the stay of angry Fate,
That pleases Heav'n when it's inclin'd to Hate:

Patience, that Patience purchases above,

By facred Sympathy,

The Bar at which the Heav'ns and We

Meet and Agree,

Patience the Alchymie,

That turns to Gold the Leaden Darts of Love;

By Touch-stone Patience, the creating Counsels know

If they have fram'd a Master-piece, or no.

In Patience Thetis dip't her Boy,

And fent him to defy the Force of Troy;

Patience the Shield which Cyclops beat,

Compos'd of Cold and Heat,

Struck by the Sword of Envy, or of Spite,

The more it sparkles, and confounds the fight.

The Icy Sword snaps on the Shield,

Spite falls unarm'd, and Envy quits the Field.

Thus far th' inconstant style betrays my mind. Wav'ring, as needless, till the Pole they find. But here 'tis fix't, fince to the Queen 'tis brought, The Queen is the Perfection of our Thought: Her Beauty, which can fire the So'id fames, With ease must put our tinder Breasts in flames. Such Beauty Heav'ns in Modena misplace, We lay the justest claim to such a Face. Such radiant Eyes our Nation's loss repay, For the rich Pearls that Cafar bore away; As in some Vital, where the Scarlet Blood Glides smoothly on, and keeps an equal flood; The brisker Soul rides high, and knows no bound, Expands it felf, and flashes round: Smust our Queen, when she shall pass along, So be distinguish't from the Crimson Throng. Hail, Gracious Queen of Beauty, and of Wit, In whom the two best Characters are writ, From the bleft Hills; Oh, Aiding Goddess! You Both warm our Climate, and our Fancies too. What Off'rings for fuch Prefents cou'd we bring, If we had not been happy in a King.

T. t:4

To

To Their GRACES,

DUKE and DUTCHESS

OF

ALBEMARLE,

Upon Their Voyage for JAMAICA.

Great Sir,

Your Presence still we wou'd implore,
Did not the Indies court You to their shore;
Thence rising Glory drives our Grief away,
And only Envy can desire your stay.

Tremble we might, and dread Another's Doom,
But Your strange Blessings promise more to come.
We that beheld how Riches flow'd to Thee,
Need not suspect a Tributary Sea;
Nor can we fear that Danger's there design'd,
Where Providence has made the Rocks so kind:
Prodigious Fortune must on him attend,
To whom the Waves such pleasing Monsters send;

Your.

Your Father's Spirit, sure on th' Water mov'd, Wont to restore the Gallant Men he lov'd.

Go then, lov'd Prince, Success your Actions crown, Guarded with vertuous Honours there unknown: How shall your Star shine on the new-found Coast, And please the Pride of the third Edward's Ghost's So far out-doing his Prophetick Boaft. The George by him pent up in Lands he knew, Will make the utmost Conquest under You. How shall the slaves to Labour born, and Toil, When Your kind Person shall refresh the Isle, Wonder with joy to fee each other fmile? The Spirits which, to them, You shall dispence, So much their once-vex't Souls will influence, That they shall banish all sad forrows thence. What eale shall Natives, what delight possess, Who from bleft Tou derive their Happiness? New Kings at home have Acts of Grace bestow'd, And Albemarle gives Jubilees abroad.

Madam,

'Twas no desert in us, we own,
So long detain'd You to our selves alone;
No Worth of ours, but Charity in You,
Gave more to Us than was by Nature due.
Your Grace for Universal Comfort made,
As the Day-Beams are round the Globe display'd,
Shou'd equally distribute Light and Shade.
And Beauties still of Alexander's mind,
In one poor World too narrowly confin'd:
But these two Conqu'rours do this Distrence keep,
Fate will not let the charming Victres weep.

When Thund'ring Spaniards Mexico did seize,
Indians surprized, thought 'em Deities.

By suff'ring since, taught what the Furious are,
Now wisely will adore the soft and fair;
Even from their Sun to gentler warmth they'll fly,
And at Your Rays their smother'd Souls supply;
They'll thank the Heav'ns that made their Herbs for
And sacrifice Plantations, You t' invoke. (smoke,
Their teeming Soil vast Treasures needs must give,
For You can ripen where the Planets leave:

Your

Your chearfull Eyes all forrow shall destroy,
And fill their Hearts with Plenty, and with joy.
What cannot Greatness, Wit, and Beauty doe,
Such constant Bliss is to Your Presence due,
As if their Spring but Prophesy'd of You?

Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg. 15.

A Ring Presented to his Mistress.

Go, sparkling Ring, my Fair one's singer bind,
Shine there, and tell what Flames you lest beLeap on the tender Joint with eager Zeal, (hind.
And may she smile, and entertain thee well.
Close may her Finger be to Thee embrac'd,
As Fate has made my Arms to class her Wast.
Thou little Ring, how happy must thou be,
Handl'd by Her, and Envy'd ev'n by Me.
Rais'd to my Heav'n, a Comet thou wilt prove,
And vex the quiet Government of Love.
Now for a Spell, that I my Gift might grow,
To rise all the Charms my Fair can show.

Then as her naked Skin she ever prest,
Or hid her hand within her heaving Breast;
With joy grown big I'd quit my former hold,
And send to better Mines th' enliv'ned Gold.

Then when she seals her Letters with my Gem,
(Let not my Ruine be contriv'd in them)

Lest the soft Wax result to let me go,
What balmy Kisses will her Lips bestow?

Then, if hence Betty with this Ring she cries,
And throw it where my other Plunder lyes.

Shrunk with the fright, I'll lengthen a Delay,
I'll gently squeeze her, and my Love betray.

Disgrace from me, my sweetest, never fear,
I am a pretty Woman's Ring, my Dear.

Let You and I go to the Bath's alone,
And let the fruitfull Waters change my Stone.

O, Madam, then, Madam, the Blessing then,
Passion shall teach your Ring the Crimes of Men.

But these are Dreams, my little Gift, adien, Say I adore Her, and have offer'd You.

TO

AFER. MARTIAL. Epig. 31. lib 4.

This for an hundred Pound's engag'd to me,
That Merchant owes me two, that Banker three.
The Chamberlain runs deeper in my score,
And the Exchequer keeps a thousand more.
The new Plantations raise my Treasure much;
Beside a Trade with Spaniards, and the Dutch.

The same dull Tale Afer so oft you tell,

I scarce remember my own Name so well.

Afer, I saint, my Patience quite is lost,

I cannot hear your Gains, but to your Cost.

Without reward, such Torture who will bear,

Poundage is due for every Summ, I hear.

An Excuse for not Rhiming in the Time of the Rebellion.

Is true, my Friend, my Style is mean and low;
But if you like it, 'tis no longer so.
What to the unkind World do's Humble seem,
Lovers and Friends may raise by their Esteem;
E'er since the Image of Immortal Love,
Made Dust and Ashes sit for Joys above.

Yet though I had as clear and smooth a Vain, And Sung as well as any Jovial Swain.

Though I cou'd force the Dulness of our Clime, And aid the Lab'ring Fancy with my Rhime;

Heighten my thoughts, expel the Clouds from thence, Or strike from them Flashes of Wit and Sence.

War wou'd disorder my soft Spirits quite, And, like a Plague infect, and make them fight.

Rebellious War all Melody destroys,

From Plow-men's Whistle, to the Laureat's Voice.

Swords fright the Muses from their peacefull seat,
And Poets are the first they captivate.

Mine-

Minerva's easie, while her Garment flows,
Dress her in Armour, and how stiff she goes?
The Harps that drew wild Mortals from the Wood,
And taught the Harmony of Common good,
By just proportion of their tunefull strings,
Rank't People, Gentry, Nobles, and their Kings.
Hence is it when State-Unisons expire,
They barbarously slay their Parent Lyre.

FINIS.

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